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CAVOUR AND ITALY.

IT is not often in the world's history that such sorrow is excited for the loss of one man, however great, eminent, and able, as was felt last week when the telegraphic wires from Turin flashed to every capital in Europe the unexpected intelligence of the death of Cavour. Though for some days previously it had been asserted in every society in England where the illness of the patriotic statesman was discussed, that the doctors were killing him by their over-zealous phlebotomy, it was scarcely believed that the Sangrados would persist in their murderous treatment; and when at last the fatal news arrived, it fell upon all men's minds with a suddenness that added terror to the calamity.

Such an event might well cause the most thoughtless to reflect upon the littleness of the greatest; upon the paltry accidents on which hang the issues of the mightiest events; and upon the sentence of death which obstinate and ignorant physicians, with the best intentions, may decree and carry into effect upon the benefactors of the world. It was sad, if not humiliating, to know that not even the highest purposes, the acutest intellect, the most indomitable energy, could insure against the doctors the life that was of such inestimable value to millions; and that the strong man had been stricken down in the fulness of his glory: his great work unfinished, and the coil of his mighty projects but half unravelled; and all because there were not in Turin physicians to understand the case, or even to leave the sufferer alone with nature, to fight out the malady unencumbered by their assistance.

It has been said so often, within the last few days, as to have already become trite, that at this juncture of Italian and European affairs the loss of Cavour is so great that it cannot be supplied. We acknowledge the greatness of the deprivation, but demur to its irremediability. No one man in any country, however important he may be, leaves a gap which it is impossible in course of time to fill. In all societies and communities, and particularly in the complicated civilization of modern European states, the machine of Government moves after the hand and the brain of the directing engineer lie powerless in the dust. Men give events momentum, and the momentum lasts when the man is no more. Even the death of Cavour may, for all we can calculate to the contrary, aid that very cause of Italian unity and liberty which for a moment it may seem to have imperilled, or rendered less facile of accomplishment. So great a teacher must have left great scholars. When Elijah was translated to his glory, his unfinished work was not left in abeyance. In ascending to that high sphere, wherein no envious breath could sully his purity, he dropped his mantle upon the ground, and a new prophet took it up and wore it. In like manner, able, ambitious, and patriotic men sat at the feet of Cavour, and imbibed his teaching and his inspiration; and, untimely as is his death, he lived long enough to carry his great work to a stage where it is capable of completion by inferior agencies.

In estimating the character of Cavour, and the probable effects of his removal from his labours, we must not forget that he was, above all things, a diplomatist. It was not his business to fight, but to scheme. He originated nothing. But in a world and an age of shifts and expediency, he made it his peculiar business to draw good out of evil, to turn men and circumstances to account, to keep his temper, and, when beaten, to put on a face of triumph and blow the trumpet of victory. It was thus that he towered high above all

contemporaries in the difficult and not always cleanly craft of statesmanship. He was the model Minister of our age, clear-headed as Wolsey, cunning as Machiavelli, tenacious as Richelieu, jesuitical as Mazarin, worldly-minded as Talleyrand, sagacious as Walpole, patriotic as Pitt, and urbane and popular as Palmerston. He possessed a patience, a foresight, an adaptability, a pliability, a wisdom, and a cunning seldom united in one person, and still seldomer employed for such high purpose as the independence and liberty of a nation. Often defeated and outmanœuvred, he never despaired or lost heart, but made defeats the stepping-stones to successes, and used the manœuvres of his foes as hints and materials for deeper and cleverer manœuvres of his own. And all was for Italy and nothing for Cavour. This will be alike his justification and his glory; and those who follow him in his difficult path may perhaps be excused if they employ no worse means than he did to attain ends so unexceptionable.

But in estimating the consequences likely to ensue upon the death of such a statesman, we must recollect that he was not what he was by the mere force of his own merits. Had there been no Victor Emmanuel to rally around his person all the hopes of the Italians, and to risk throne and life in the battle field, Cavour might have had all the rare and valuable qualities which united in his person, without becoming a great Minister. Had there, on the other hand, been no unselfish and greatly-daring Garibaldi to do the deed by a *coup de main* at which statesmanship and diplomacy revolted as alike unprecedented and perilous, Cavour would have had to play a smaller game, and might have advanced the cause of Italian unity little farther at his death than it stood at the time when the petty sovereigns of Tuscany, Modena, and Parma, gave it a happy impetus by relieving the land of the weight of their presence and pretensions. The King and Garibaldi still remain to render the prosecution of the great work possible to any new Minister who shall take Cavour for his model; and that there are such Ministers to be found, either to cut or to disentangle the difficulties that remain, we thoroughly believe. That they will be as great as Cavour is not likely, for they will not have such a great work to take up at the beginning; but that they will be as successful in what remains to be done, it would be disparaging to the Italian character, as well as distrustful of the cause of Italian liberty to doubt.

One thing is obvious—the unification of Italy, so dear to Cavour's heart, is impossible without the possession of Rome; and the possession of Rome is impossible without the consent and aid of the Emperor Napoleon. What price does the Emperor ask for that assistance; and will it be higher now that Cavour (the only statesman of Europe who could aspire to checkmate him) is removed, than it would have been had Cavour lived? Cavour reluctantly gave up Savoy and Nice for the sake of Italy; and circumstances have proved that, bad as the bargain was, it was the best that could have been made; and that Italy gained by it much more than she lost. A similar huckstering was in progress when Cavour died. That huckstering will continue. The "man of destiny" will have his price, or he will yield no service. The Emperor of the French, a half-Italian by birth and race, did more for Italy than Victor Emmanuel, Cavour, or Garibaldi, for by his aid he turned a dream into a fact, and rendered possible, without a European convulsion, the independence of the greater portion of the peninsula. And if he do not choose to



but will not lessen the necessity of treating with him on the part of those who aspire to make Italy a nation.

It is supposed that the Emperor's price for leaving the Pope to his fate is the island of Sardinia. The price is large. Cavour would have procrastinated and trusted to the chapter of accidents to the very remotest moment; but when it came to the point of urgency he would have bartered the superfluity for the necessity, and given up Sardinia as he gave up Savoy. France has long had Corsica, and might as well have Sardinia, if she wants it. And doubtless the new advisers of the King of Italy will differ in no other respect from Cavour in their treatment of this question, than in the greater or lesser amount of obstruction they will put in the way. Yield they will and must if the Emperor be firm. And then will come the still more troublesome and perplexing business of Venetia, which not even the dead Cavour could have settled, or the living Emperor of the French can arrange, without a furious war or the consent of Austria. In the meantime, to use the dying words of the illustrious departed, "*La cosa va*"—and Italian independence consolidates itself, as all great causes must do, amid difficulties and discouragements, that give it strength and increase its chances of vitality.

ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

GOOD sense and good feeling are usually found together, and the House of Commons exhibited both on Friday last, in persuading Mr. Gregory to postpone, *sine die*, his threatened motion on the disruption of the United States. The member for Galway, who has travelled in the Southern States, might doubtless have enlightened Parliament on some points on which information is desirable, if he had been permitted to speak, but the inconveniences of the debate would have so greatly overbalanced any possible good that could have grown out of it, that the House instinctively felt that silence was its best wisdom. The question has not yet assumed shape for the cognizance of the Legislature. Englishmen, in their individual capacities, cannot avoid taking an absorbing interest in this dispute, one of the most important, in its ultimate results, that has arisen in our time; but they deprecate as fraught with mischief any action, on the part of Government or Parliament, that is not forced upon them by the American executive. They wish well to both parties—they desire neither the triumph nor the defeat of either—and intend, if they are allowed to do so, to keep their hands wholly out of the business, in hopeful reliance that the allwise Ruler of the world will, out of this partial evil, educe some universal good, of which neither the Old World nor the New can yet form any prognostication.

But in watching the progress of the struggle, the press and people of this country are in a position to see more of the game than those who are playing it. There is a well-known story of a philosophic by-stander, who heard two men disputing in a language which he did not understand. One of them was calm, but very decided in his tone and manner. The other was loud, blustering, and vehement; his eyes flashed fire, his lips quivered, he tossed his arms angrily about, and stamped savagely upon the ground. "That man is in the wrong," said the philosopher, "he has lost his temper."

Applying this test to the Americans, we should be justified not only in deciding that the North is in the wrong, but that the North is painfully aware of it. Feeling that it cannot reconquer the seceded South, it is venting its ill-humour on its friend and kinsman on this side of the water, and making itself look very undignified, if not ridiculous. The South, on the contrary, keeps its own counsel, pursues its own course, and says nothing, except in the calm and well-reasoned messages of its elected President. The North swears and blusters, and mingles friend and foe in one common anathema and howl of vengeance. Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Seward deliberately strive to provoke a war with Great Britain because of its non-fulfilment of an impossible condition—that of declaring itself against the South, while remaining completely neutral! And their organs in the press, while they hold the most insulting language towards this country, proclaim the determination of the President and his Ministry "to crush out the rebellion before the 4th of July; to make simultaneous attacks on Norfolk, Richmond, Harper's Ferry, and Pensacola; to send a flotilla to scour the Mississippi from St. Louis to New Orleans; and to hang all traitors, and confiscate their property." Considering that the "traitors" of the eleven seceded States are more numerous, and hold a larger and richer territory, than the "traitors" of the thirteen colonies which, under the "rebellious" and illustrious Washington, threw off the yoke of Great Britain, such language, to say the least of it, seems exceedingly ill-judged and intemperate. Added to other and more important indications of weakness, it helps to prove that the North has grown desperate in finding its cause hopeless.

Rushing from the extreme of indifference to the extreme of anger, it has been wrong in both cases. The probability is that, ere the dispute be many weeks older, it will calm down to a truer appreciation of the issues involved, and to a state of mind more consistent with wisdom. George III. was compelled to abate his high preten-

sions when rebellion became too mighty to be called by its original name, and assumed the large proportions of success; and President Lincoln, if he would not overthrow the Northern Republic itself, in the vain attempt to re-annex the seceders by force of arms, will be compelled—Republican as he is—to learn by experience, and yield as Emperors and Kings must do—to the inevitable and the irresistible.

The very threat of treating the Seceders as persons who are to be hanged, and whose property is to be confiscated, will add vigour and determination, if they be needed in greater quantity, to the councils of the South. When a man fights "with a rope around his neck," as the penalty of failure, he fights all the better; and when the Southern leaders, if they be met on their own soil, fight for their homes, their fields, their property, their lives, for all that men hold dear, they will fight at an advantage over their adversaries. At best, the North only fights for a perilous victory over an unwilling people, whom it would cost more to retain in subjection than their subjection would be worth, and whom it could not hope permanently to retain, except by the abandonment of the principle of voluntary adhesion, on which the defunct Union was based, and the relinquishment of its own liberties. There cannot be a conquering and a conquered party in a democratic republic. Kings, emperors, and oligarchies may, by the aid of large standing armies, coerce and enslave their unwilling subjects; but in the American Republic which Washington founded there can be no such result. To obtain it the Republic must first of all be destroyed. In fact, Republicanism in America would be doomed as a principle of Government if the North could carry out the avowed intentions of good Mr. Lincoln and able Mr. Seward, and the tyranny exercised upon the South would be exercised over North and South together by some new Cromwell or Buonaparte, after a long and desolating course of warfare had prepared the weakened, demoralized, and impoverished country to accept any strong tyrant as a welcome relief from the government of brutal mobs and bloody-minded factions.

The North, blinded by its passion, is not at present able to look upon the matter in this light. It cannot see its way before it; nor comprehend the momentous issues that are involved in its own possible defeat; but still more in its not impossible victory. It boasts very loudly of the great armies which have sprung out of the ground at the tramp of the President's heel; but the South and all the world know of whom and what these armies are composed. There may be among them some adventurous spirits of the professional classes—the sons of rich merchants, lawyers, and physicians, and even men of middle age and settled purpose, who have left their business to enrol themselves in the uncongenial ranks of war, in support of the principle that the American Republic, like that of revolutionary France, is one and indivisible; but, to use the hideous phraseology of their own cities, the great bulk of them are "rowdies," "plug-uglies," "dead rabbits," "blood tubs," and other ruffians of the worst class—who scent disturbance as vultures scent carrion, and have no higher principle to guide them than the hope of sharing in the plundered and confiscated estates of the secessionists. The army of the South, on the other hand, is officered by some of the ablest professional soldiers in the service of the late Union; has its ranks filled by men who have everything to lose in case of defeat—who fight for their homes and native soil, and wait for the invader to attack them. It will thus fight at an immense advantage. Its courage will grow with reverses, and its energy will display itself after as well as before defeat. Not so the army of the North; that only fights for the indivisibility of a thing that has been divided, and for a cause that is inconsistent with the liberty on which the Republic professes to be founded.

THE LOTUS, THE CRESCENT, AND THE CROSS.

THESE are the three great symbols of three distinct and conflicting creeds. The Lotus is the representative of Buddhism; the Crescent, of Mahometanism; and the Cross, of Christianity. Fully a quarter of the human race rallies around the first, not much less lies under the second, and more than a quarter professes Christianity in some form.

The lotus was the favourite plant of Egypt, and from the streams of the Delta was transferred to Hindostan, where it represents a cognate superstition and a related race. The Buddhist holds the belief that the lord of the world is to come to destroy the serpent-tormentor, and accepts the lotus unopened carried in the hand of Godama, which points to the arrival of the Buddha who is to restore and rebeautify the earth. This religious system was introduced into China about the time of the Christian era. As a religion it is clearly the drift of primeval religion, holding fragments of everlasting truth imbedded in vast masses of human superstition, but almost dead, and if retaining unquenched any sparks of the ancient fire, they have been too feeble to raise in the least degree the surrounding temperature or to quicken into life or light the inert masses under which they lie. But in recent years an upheaval seems to have begun which indicates the existence of long latent, but unspent forces. India and China are rocked by the throes of no common subterranean energies. The people of these vast regions seem making an

effort that will not be repressed. The lotus unfolds its petals—it may be touched by the rays of a better sun, and attracted by the warmth of a new and nobler influence, and, for good or for evil, apathy is gone, and the excitement of another era has begun. Hope predominates in the hearts of those who best appreciate the Eastern mind. They know that stagnation is its ruin, and excitement, even to fever-heat, a more promising symptom of progress and elevation. The whole East is agitated, the religious element, such as it is, stirs it to its depths. A new *genesis* may be in progress, and out of chaos may emerge a *kosmos* all symmetry and order and beauty.

Turning to the Crescent we recognize an analogous quickening movement. In Constantinople there is a growing belief in the minds of the Moslems that the end of their dynasty is come, and that the Giaour is to have the supremacy. Hence crowds of their aged, and it may be their most superstitious people, are found crossing the Bosphorus to repossess what they regard as their true home, hoping there to find a carpet to pray on while they live, and a grave to rest in at death. It is this presentiment that has exasperated the Moslem in every land, and that accounts for the fearful massacres in India, in Syria, and in other places where they have the supremacy. A new fire it may be, and in most proofs of its action it must be, from beneath, has kindled the passions of the Turco-Moslems, and impelled them to make one great and spasmodic attempt to regain the ascendancy they have lost. Success is impossible. A lie has passion but not power in it. What is good in the Koran is borrowed from a better book, and the overwhelming mass of absurdity and senile superstition must continue to melt into that light which tips the mountain-tops of the Andes, the Alps, and the Apennines with tints and glories such as never before gilded the earth or gladdened mankind. Both the Lotus and the Crescent heave with life—perhaps like the light of an expiring candle, throwing out its brightest flashes before it dies in the socket. The deaths exceed the births in every Mahometan country. Sensualism and opium render the young prematurely old, and destiny traces legibly and steadily the waning of the Crescent over all the earth. Nations beating with life, and overflowing with energy, are ready to pour along the exhausted channels of the Euphrates, and to turn to better account the hidden possibilities of a fertile but neglected soil, and a glorious but unappreciated climate.

The Cross, as the representative of Christianity in all its phases, is still, as in the days of Constantine, the conquering sign. It is still full of life and power and victory. Where it covers a corrupt religion it is remarkable to see the insurrection of its truths against the errors that repress them, and the reform of the evil, sparing and fixing more permanently the good. In Roman Catholic countries, Luthers and Latimers are starting to their feet in every hamlet, and priests and prelates, long regarded as demi-gods, are ceasing to be regarded as men. Rome, the very centre and capital of the Cross, has heard the trumpet of the resurrection, and its awakened people are throwing off dead popes and priests and the cerecloths of superstition, and asserting for themselves with irresistible energy that inheritance of freedom and truth and responsibility which, long buried in the catacombs, has risen and lives, and regains its foothold.

In Spain, the tidal wave of a purer faith has broken on the steps of the Cortes, and penetrated cathedral, palace, and Alhambra. Superstition has unsheathed its sword, and sharpened its old weapon, and preached the Inquisition. But the Matamoras and the Alhamas, the representatives of truth and love, wield stronger weapons—stronger because not carnal, and the success that threatens to crown their exertions is irrefragable proof that the crucifix must give way to the cross. In Austria, the concordat, which was to make the Kaiser the serf of the Pope, is cast away. In France, the bishops have disgusted the people, alienated the Government, and have undesignedly become the pioneers of a reformation or the precursors of a Gallican Church. In Ireland, the decadence of the M'Hale and Cullen tyranny is conspicuous; O'Donoghue's savage yell at the death of the illustrious Cavour is an exception, and a token of Irish Roman Catholic feeling.

In Protestant nations apathy and indolence have fled. Never was an intenser feeling of the importance of religion, or greater energy in disseminating the Christian faith, manifested by all denominations. One day a bishop may be seen preaching from an omnibus; another day a rector treads the boards of the Victoria; and in Seven Dials a curate and a Dissenting minister may be found preaching Christianity to masses who are as ignorant of it as the Pagans.

The last ten years have been the era of life among Christian men. Port-consuming prelates, fat and lazy rectors, have become the geological formations of the past; and a vigorous and vital growth of earnest, and active, and intelligent men have appeared on earth as its new dynasty. A new table-land in the upward ascent has been arrived at. The era of life has come. The Cross, with its glorious reminiscences, its sublime revelations, its rich suggestions, its thrilling truths, has become a power, an advancing power, a motive force that shakes the earth, and shapes the ages. Christianity seems to have dropped the trappings of the grave, and to have laid aside her sepulchral weeds, and to have put on her bridal attire, her coronation robes,

her Easter apparel. The Lotus must die, the Crescent must wane, and the Cross will take possession of that grand future in which its past ages will be crowned and glorified. Humanity hails the prospect with its thousand tongues. Civilization leaps for joy at the dawning sunrise. Philosophy recognizes the sure solution of its problems; and the earth, weary and weeping, lifts up her head, and "yields her increase," and is glad.

PRIVATEERING AND NEUTRALITY.

THE combined remissness and precipitation of our Government seem likely, as we feared, to involve us in some serious complications in reference to the two trans-Atlantic combatants. The Southern Federation, finding itself without a regular navy, and without a large mercantile marine, resolved to assert the old belligerent right, and to revive the old belligerent practice, of privateering. Their foes had a vast commerce and countless ships and cargoes afloat, which offered not only a tempting prize to the covetous, but a tempting mode of inflicting mischief to the angry. As, however, they had no vessels of war, or very few, they resolved to issue Letters of Marque to any mercenary plunderers who would take them up; and our Government—as we think, with little wisdom, and certainly with great haste—announced their intention of sanctioning the questionable practice and the unquestionable barbarism. They adopted this unfortunate decision, no doubt, from a laudable and prudent motive, viz., the desire to be perfectly neutral in the contest, and to show that neutrality by conceding to both belligerents whatever rights belligerents, according to the widest construction and most liberal customs of international law, could possibly be considered as entitled to claim.

It now appears, however, that this premature zeal may have exactly the opposite effect from that intended, and may involve us in the quarrel, instead of keeping us out of it. For the Northern federation—the old "United States"—we learn by the last advices, have signified to our Government, nearly six weeks since, their readiness to accept the new terms of international law laid down at Paris in 1856, by which privateering is abolished and made piracy, and by which neutral flags make neutral cargoes. That is to say, it now suits their purpose to agree to a code which four years ago it suited their purpose to reject. Better late than never, perhaps; but, in the meantime, *their* consent to treat privateering as piracy has crossed on the Atlantic *our* consent to treat privateering as lawful warfare. The result is, that to their inflamed passions and superficial view, we shall seem to have virtually played into the hands of their antagonists, and practically and inferentially violated the neutrality we were so anxious to preserve, by conceding to the South the only belligerent right by means of which it can seriously injure the North, that right being a most questionable one, and one which we ourselves, four years ago, joined all other decent nations in condemning. That is, we have publicly announced our intention to permit the Confederate States to prey upon the commerce of the United States by means of a barbarous system which we recently asked the United States to renounce and punish, and which they now consent to renounce and punish. Of course, in strict justice, and fairly considered, they have no valid ground of complaint against us whatever; for it is their own selfish refusal of our proposal, *when first made*, and that alone, that made it *possible* for privateering to be revived to their detriment, and their penalty is therefore only natural and righteous retribution; but they will not see it in this light, for when did furious combatants ever look fairly or calmly on any question? And it is evident enough from the irrational language held by excited Americans, both at Paris and at Washington, that they are prepared to regard our precipitate admission of privateering as an extant belligerent right in the light of an act of hostility towards themselves, and of assistance to their foes.

The same paper which informs us that the United States have sent to us an offer to abide by the Maritime Code adopted at the Congress of Paris, contains, also, Lord John Russell's statement that our Government have sent to America proposals founded on that code. It might appear, therefore, that as both we and they have made similar proposals to each other, the affair may be regarded as decided, and that we have mutually agreed that the flag shall protect the cargo, and that privateering shall be abandoned and treated as piratical. But then, how shall we stand as regards the Southern Confederation, to whom we have announced by a ministerial declaration in Parliament, that, by the advice of law officers of the Crown, we consider them entitled to exercise all the rights of belligerents, and that one of these rights is that of privateering? How, in the face of this declaration, can we refuse to recognise their Letters of Marque? And yet how can we recognize them without risking a quarrel with the United States, and without stultifying the proposal we have just made to them and received from them—to abide by the code laid down at Paris, which declares privateering to be piracy? There may be some explanation of this seeming dilemma; but, till it is explained, "the position" (as our neighbours say) looks strangely anomalous and confused. Among the papers brought by the *Great Eastern*, are some issues of the *New York Herald*

and the *New York Times*, which show how the matter will be regarded there, and place our difficulty in a striking point of view. They seem to assume as indisputable that we shall at once close with their offer to accept the Paris declaration of International Law in all its conditions. No doubt a few weeks since this would have been the right and simple course to pursue; but it is by no means so certain that we can pursue it now. Whatever we do we shall have virtually infringed the neutrality we have so distinctly declared our resolution to observe—or at least we shall be considered by the two infuriated combatants to have infringed it.

If we keep faith with President Davis, and recognize his Letters of Marque, we shall be charged with sanctioning piracy in order to injure the North, and favour the cotton states. If, on the contrary, we withdraw our previous admission of privateering as an extant belligerent right, the South may fairly complain that we have turned against them, and are directly assisting their antagonists, since privateering is their only means of injuring the commerce of the North. If we recognize privateers as pirates, moreover, it is argued by the organs of the Federal Government that we shall be bound to treat them as such—i. e. to sink or capture the ships, and to hang the crews at the yard-arm. If we do this we shall be actually making war upon the South; if we do not do it, we shall be, by implication and connivance at least, making virtual war upon the North. In a word, matters seem, partly by our own fault, to have reached this point—that it rests with us to decide, whether or not vessels authorised to bear the flag of the South shall be permitted to prey upon the commerce of the North;—whether (that is) *we shall tie or untie the hands of one of the belligerents*. Whichever we do, we are, in effect and in practice, interfering in the quarrel.

That this at least will be the view taken by both sections of the American States, there can be no doubt; and it is impossible to deny that, though not wholly just, it is at all events very plausible. The Southern Confederation has hitherto been decent and conciliatory in all its language and proceedings to this country. The politicians of the United States, on the contrary, both amateur and official, have been diametrically the reverse. They are evidently watching for offence, and, in their insane pride and folly, seem actually desirous of fixing a quarrel upon us. The speeches of the three Diplomats, who last week addressed the meeting of Americans at Paris, leave no doubt on this head. Anything more silly, indecent, or laboriously offensive to this country, it would be difficult to imagine; and if Mr. Lincoln sends such bombastic babies to represent him in Europe, he will imperil his cause as well as disgrace it. The whole assembly, both speakers and hearers, seemed to have jumped to the conclusion that England was hostile to them, and only waiting for an opportunity to manifest hostility; because we had not at once sided with them, they chose to assume that we were on the point of joining their opponents; because we deprecate and condemn a civil war between brethren, they denounce us as encouragers and allies of rebels, and threaten us with the instant vengeance of France. All this violence is very unseemly, and may become very mischievous. Certainly we have done nothing to call it forth. We have sympathies with both belligerents, and are too closely connected with both to wish ill to either. We do not forget that the South is pledged to slavery, and that slavery is an abomination in our eyes. We do not forget that the American Government, which for years has bullied and insulted England upon all safe occasions, has been, for the most part, composed of Southern States men.

On the other hand, we are compelled to remember that in all that regards the treatment of the negro race the hands of the North are far from clean; that their citizens behave to the free blacks nearly as scandalously as the Southerners do to the enslaved ones; that most of the ships that carry on the infamous traffic in human flesh are fitted up in Northern ports, and are sustained by Northern capital; and that the clamour about the "sacredness of the American flag," which has prevented our cruisers from freely exercising the right of search, and has thus been the main cause of the continuance of the slave trade, has been raised at least as loudly from one section of the old Union as from the other. We remember, too, that as regards encroachment on our territory Mr. Seward has been at least as insolent and as aggressive as Mr. Buchanan, and that while the South is anxious to favour our trade by every means in its power, the North has just levelled at that trade the malignant, if not very serious, blow of the Morrill Tariff. If, while the Southern statesmen use the language of decency and conciliation, both in word and deed, the Northern politicians add unprovoked insult to intended injury, and indulge in gratuitous menace and abuse, couched in the terms they are in the habit of using to each other in their streets and senate-houses, they must not be surprised if English sentiment should gradually incline to those who, if not more immaculate, are at least more decorous and more friendly.

THE WIDE, WIDE WORLD.

WHERE and when shall we see the return of the halcyon days of peace? At every point of the world's wide horizon we detect actual disturbance, or the seething elements out of which it

must of necessity evolve. A disintegration seems to be going on, which, like decomposition in chemistry, must culminate in new and it may be more beautiful combinations; and this is not the exceptional, but the almost universal character of the world at the present moment. France maintains an army, not to speak of a vast navy, in the highest efficiency, numbering half a million, surely not merely as an expensive and pretty toy for the amusement of the people. So powerful a weapon so laboriously finished, and in itself so greedy of action, and by all the known laws of national life so sure to die of inanition if it cannot live by employment, necessitates what it suggests, war—occupation somewhere, and with somebody. One of those tolerated, and because tolerated, all but approved pamphlets, which appear at intervals in Paris, has lately been published by Prudhon. He tells us, in this document, plainly, that England is to be the object of attack—that such an aggression would melt into one all the discordant elements of France—that its success would be certain, and that the tribute levied from subject England would be the aggrandizement of victorious France. If we seek out the points at which the repressed ill-feeling of the French is most likely to explode, we shall find one at least in Syria. The Emperor blames us for insisting on his withdrawing his troops in terms of the European convention. He has very plainly hinted that he will do so in the letter, but not in the spirit of that compact. He will keep his ships and soldiers hanging about the seaboard of Syria in case of there occurring what he will take care to secure, another outbreak of the Moslem against the Christian population. The instant this occurs he will disembark his troops, and reoccupy the post they have just abandoned. Russia, substantially, encourages France to do so, desiring herself a similar pretext for seizing on another slice of the sick man's estate. In such an eventuality what are we to do? To strike would be to kindle a war, the flames of which would spread over Europe. To remain quiescent spectators, is to connive at the infraction of treaty, the disturbance of Europe, and the interruption of our intercourse with our eastern empire. The words of the Emperor are "peace, peace," but his acts are "no peace." France at this moment is a heavily charged lightning cloud. Its explosion is certain. Where and when depends on the complications that a day or a year may bring forth.

In Russia, a vast social change is in progress. Twenty millions of serfs have been invested with freedom. Whether this shall convulse or consolidate the empire is not yet to be determined. The nobles are, many of them, dissatisfied; the serfs are, few of them, fit for enfranchisement; and it is doubtful if Russia herself is wholly prepared for so great an organic and social revolution. But instead of this uncertainty being a greater guarantee for peace, it is generally found that increasing factions and party-spirit in a country rather suggest than repel foreign war as the uniting and restorative force. In the eyes of Alexander and Napoleon, the Turkish empire is the victim of incurable consumption; death-stricken from its centre to its circumference. Over it poised in mid-air are the eagles of France and Russia, making ready to descend and take possession of the prey. Syria is to be the French portion; Constantinople must fall to the Czar; and the one potentate plays into the hands and encourages the annexation policy of the other. Poland heaves with internal fires, and yearns for a chance of regaining her long-lost autonomy. Hungary refuses every concession she thinks inconsistent with her traditions, her ancient laws, and her still unextinguished constitution. Venice disquiets Austria. Italy is struggling, we trust successfully, with treachery, with Jesuitism, anarchy, and absolutism, in a variety of forms. It is hard it should be so. Having suffered for centuries and wandered in the desert, and having crossed the red sea of revolution and bloodshed, it is deeply to be regretted that her Miriams cannot yet strike their triumphant harps, and celebrate in peace the victories so dearly won. Rome is the workshop of evil at this moment. Till it becomes the capital of Italy and the residence of Victor Emmanuel it will send out irritating influences wherever it has a priest to represent it, and a blind and bigoted people to accept its will as the will of Deity on earth.

But it may well be that the Sovereign Pontiff, by the very obstinacy with which he clings to a few acres called the Estates of the Church, and originally won by fraud, is precipitating the downfall of his spiritual and temporal authority together. His policy has parted with its ancient subtlety, and his religion has been exposed by mismanagement to the contempt and hatred of many who had long yielded it an unquestioning acquiescence. America is still in the throes of a fearful convulsion. She had boasted so long, and so frequently indulged in very smart censures of her mother land, that she needed chastisement and humbling, and both have overtaken her with a speed and a severity that, however painful and distressing, will yet bear good fruit for many days to come. Such national baptisms are not empty and unprofitable. They have a meaning and a mission in the education of communities. The disruption of the North from the South will work out her most complex problem—the slave question; and perhaps stimulate England to seek out in her own colonies fields for a growth of cotton which will benefit us, and teach the North and South American States to put on fewer airs and graces than they have

been lately accustomed to. China is emerging from her isolation of position, customs, and conceit, into something like the comity of nations. These self-important mandarins have a very different idea of "the barbarians" from that which they held a few years ago. They have learned that our arm is long enough to reach Peking, and strong enough to scatter their armies to the winds. This lesson they cannot unlearn, and its practical results are already apparent. China, like America, needed the discipline, and she has felt it. Her vast regions are now open to our commerce, our Christianity, and our literature, and her people are sharp enough to recognize in our acquaintance all the elements of their own prosperity and progress. Japan, externally and internally, is in the great crucible of the nineteenth century also. That vast population is coming under new influences, which must prove beneficent to us and themselves too.

Spain, so long dead, heaves with life of some kind. It has come out of its tomb—the bandages are taken from its eyes, and hands, and feet, and if its first impulses are wild and ungoverned, life in its excesses and its indiscretions is better than death. It is impossible to overlook the fact that religion, in some shape, is to a great extent, directly or indirectly, the moving force in all these complications. Dissatisfaction with corrupt systems, weariness of priestly domination, or yearning for far higher forms of intellectual, moral, and spiritual life, are awakening up the nations of the earth. It looks as if some new breath had fallen on the four corners of the world, or as if some new inspiration for good or evil had entered cabinet, congress, and divan. Nations are armed to the teeth, for what war they cannot say. A vague presentiment of change has taken possession of men's hearts, and phenomena they cannot explain are construed into auguries and portents. We in this island of ours occupy the only solid and peaceful stand-point. The troubled waves break on our shores, and recoil, and only by the half-spent sound, and the far-off troubled surf, do we learn that other nations are wrestling with the tempest. Our freedom, our faith, and our insular position no doubt have much to do with our immunity. Yet, while we have much reason to be thankful, we have no ground for boasting. Should our turn come to feel the fury of the world-wide sirocco, let us hope that at the helm, and on the deck, and about the machinery of our craft men will be found who "have understanding of the times," and abilities equal to the worst emergency that may overtake us.

THE DEANERY OF EXETER.

THE Deanery of Exeter was left vacant for an unusually long time. Various rumours have been in circulation respecting the causes of this untoward event; how much truth they contain we know not. Lord Palmerston is not the man to leave such an important preferment unfilled without some strong reason; and we can scarcely believe that the difficulty of finding a suitable man was the impediment. The selection, however, of a suitable man for a post of such importance undoubtedly required great deliberation and care; and we think that a mature consideration of the position of the Church of England at the present day, cannot be too strongly inculcated on those whose duty it is to make that selection when similar vacancies occur, as from time to time they must occur.

England has undergone a great change during the last thirty years, and so also has the Church of England. Both the material and the moral progress of society have largely modified the actual situation of the Church. Each of these forces has acted upon it with its own proper influence. The Reform Bill of 1832 was in substance a revolution in the government of the Church; its action on the Church hardly deserves a milder name. The reform of the Church was one of the first fruits of the Reform Bill, just as the desire to obtain that end was one of the forces which led to that great event. The actual changes produced by legislation in direct consequence from the Reform Bill were enormous; the limitation of episcopal and decanal incomes, the transfer of episcopal estates to the Ecclesiastical Commission, the reduction of the number of canonries, the abolition of pluralities and non-residence, taken together, amount to a vast ecclesiastical reform. The commutation of tithes, also, though in the main a mere alteration in the mode of collecting income, in many cases practically arrested the increase of rectorial stipends, and so far diminished the revenues of the Church.

But the changes enforced by public opinion have been probably yet greater, and have exercised a still more decided influence over the character and position of the clergy. The comfortable feeling that a rich living, with a snug rectory and gardens, was an easy and enjoyable provision for life, received an immense shock from that excited intelligence of the nation which led to the termination of the good old days of Tory rule. The religious sentiment, too, of the country had grown in depth and extent. The seed sown by the Evangelical movement and the zeal and example of Mr. Wilberforce and the other members of the Clapham sect had borne fruit; both Church and Dissent felt the power of a warmer piety, and became more earnest in the work of the religious training of the whole people. The result was a most marked improvement in the tone of mind, energy, and devotion of the clergy. Careless and easy-going incumbents receded more and more into the shade; and patrons ceased to regard the family livings as nothing more than gentlemanly maintenances for younger sons. Public opinion demanded, and to no small extent succeeded in exacting a more laborious life, a loftier earnestness of purpose, a more diligent attention to parochial duties, to the visiting of the sick and the superintendence of schools, than had been known in preceding years. Clerical conversation turned less on the chances of preferment or the duties of the magistracy; amongst themselves the talk of the clergy was more occupied with a more vigorous administration of the Church. Religious societies sprang up and multiplied; the rector's time was exposed to more severe demands for the support and extension of diocesan,

scholastic, eleemosynary, and missionary institutions. The extent of work they imposed on the clergy must not be measured solely by the number of meetings attended, or other more marked indications; let any man spend a day at a London rector's house, and he will see what vast inroads on his time and leisure are daily made by the countless details of parochial business. A large living, now-a-days, is no longer a sinecure, held pleasantly on the condition of a couple of services a week; the population has grown in numbers, it has formed strong opinions of its claims, and is disposed to enforce attention to its spiritual wants from its pastor. A careful comparison with the state of the Church thirty years ago would surprise an inquirer by the effects produced by an increasing people, a more religious sentiment, a vigilant press, and a resolute public opinion. A good living now means a post of valuable influence, indeed, but of hard and unceasing labour; anything rather than a sphere for the luxurious enjoyment of wealth. The expectation of "being at ease in Zion" is assuredly not the inducement which prompts a young man to become a candidate for holy orders.

This is a much improved state of the Church, and a very real gain both to her and the country. She is more respected now than probably at any other period of her history, and society repays the zeal and laboriousness of the clergy with the honour they deserve. But nothing human is pure good: no social benefit can be obtained except by privation; and even in this case there are some drawbacks to the advantages acquired. The heaviest is the deterioration in the quality of the candidates for ordination. The Church no longer draws within her field the most promising and vigorous talent amongst the young. It is known that the bishops have frequently regretted the existence of this unwelcome fact, and the Bishop of Oxford has even gone so far as to direct public attention to it. It is a lamentable, but easily explicable misfortune. England has grown so rich, the expanding commerce of the nation has opened so many lucrative courses for young men, both at home and abroad; whilst, on the other hand, the Church has presented so much fewer attractions to those who are conscious of ability, and such a fitting field for its exercise, that the stream of youthful energy has swept past the Church and flowed on towards other professions. The aspiring youth may reasonably like to become a great lawyer, or a wealthy physician, or a rich engineer, or a princely merchant; but if he turns his eyes towards the Church, he cannot safely reckon on anything more than taking his place among the working clergy, with possibly a so-called good living, counterbalanced by many arduous duties. How very few rectories are worth a thousand a year; how countless are the men who earn that income in other callings. In former days, the young first-class man of Oxford became the family tutor of some powerful patron, and rose to be a bishop or a dean; but that system is now happily ever, and the improvement of the public schools has also largely reduced the power of the distinguished clergyman to increase his inadequate resources by taking private pupils. We are throwing no aspersions on the youth of England; no young men in Europe are less actuated by a sordid spirit in the choice of a profession. But it would be idle to affect to ignore the world as it is; and where great careers and high rewards abound, it is natural and right that the able and the strong should be found.

Another evil that now makes itself felt in the Church is the decay of learning. Bishops are absorbed by multiplied details often of petty and unworthy cares; the machinery of modern life overwhelms them with business. A modern bishop has more than work enough in merely watching the spiritual work carried on in his diocese. The parochial clergy are now hard-working men; they have no time for deep study and the cultivation of learning. Prebendal stalls have been reduced; some are fitting rewards for laborious lives spent on the parishes; others may be made available retreats in which intellect and learning may pursue a tranquil career. There remain the deaneries: and here we find our moral. The very idea of a modern deanery is a post from which the Church and nation should derive their supplies of real and profound learning, which are among the true and indispensable wants of a civilized society.

COUNT CAVOUR—HIS ENGLISH VISITS AND ENGLISH TRAINING.

CAVOUR was well known among the ruling classes in England. When he visited this country in 1855, in attendance upon the King of Sardinia, nothing could exceed the cordiality and *empressment* with which he was received by our Ministers of State, and the high nobility who were honoured by the royal commands to meet the Sardinian monarch. The Count and his master were deeply impressed with the royal courtesies and magnificent hospitalities of Windsor. They were not less gratified by the triumphant entry which awaited the King on his arrival in the metropolis, and his enthusiastic reception by the countless masses who thronged the line of route when he visited the City with the Prince Consort, and partook of the hospitality of the Lord Mayor at Guildhall. At all these public displays, Count Cavour was, next to the King, regarded with interest and admiration.

Cavour, at the period of his last visit to England, was about five-and-forty years of age. He was of middle height, and of rather full habit, with short neck and florid complexion—one of those men with a plethora of blood, who are peculiarly liable to acute and inflammatory diseases. That the deceased statesman has fallen another victim to the lancet, is not doubted by our medical men; yet, in justice to the Italian physicians, who are a century behind our own, it should be known that the Count was of full-blooded, apoplectic habit; and that in the days when the garments of English *Æsculapians* literally "rolled in blood," and when people seemed to consider it a duty to have a vein opened once a year, he would have been bled without mercy in any inflammatory fever by the English Lettsoms and other practitioners of the Sangrado school of medicine.

Still Cavour when he visited England was in the prime of life and the full vigour of health. If we may sketch the portrait of his outward man, as he so lately stood and moved among us, we would say that this was a man of ruddy complexion and sanguineous temperament. His brown hair inclined to auburn. He always wore spectacles, which to a great extent concealed the eyes and much of the expression of the face. His face was somewhat full. He wore no moustache (the king, his master, had enough for two), but a brown whisker continued under the chin, and even then becoming tinged with grey. His lips were not full, and were frequently compressed in a manner indica-

tive not only of great firmness of purpose but of the secretiveness which enabled him to cope with the French Emperor himself. When he smiled, however, and addressed those about him, it could be seen how conciliatory and persuasive the countryman of Machiavelli could be upon occasion.

An Englishman may feel some pride in reflecting that the two greatest continental statesmen of modern times, Napoleon III. and Count Cavour, passed many of their earlier years in England. They both studied profoundly our political institutions, were familiar with the working of our representative system, and recognised the extent of our national wealth and resources. Both these great men learned to estimate the weight and influence of public opinion in England, as it finds free expression as well in parliament as in the press, and sought unceasingly, although with varied success, to enlist it in their favour. Napoleon found France in possession of a representative system which had not averted the perils of revolution and intestine commotion, and which he suppressed because the safety of his dynasty required that he should govern France by means of the army and with the strong hand. Yet if there should come a time when Bourbons and Orleanists agree to accept his sway, and the stability of his throne is assured, no man better understands the theory and practice of a constitutional government, or would, we might even assert, be more disposed to grant representative institutions and a free press to France.

Count Cavour, on the other hand, was called to the helm of affairs in a constitutional monarchy, threatened by no revolution within, and fearing no dynastic changes. Sardinia, in his time, was menaced by many and great dangers; but they were associated with foreign invasion and aggression rather than intestine convulsion. Victor Emmanuel's claim to lead and rule the Italians was, that he was a constitutional monarch, prepared to give representative institutions and an Italian Parliament to races groaning under the cruellest and most insensate despotism. Count Cavour's English studies and experience, and his familiarity with our Parliamentary traditions, admirably qualified him to be the minister of such a king. English freedom, commercial, political, and religious, was the model on which he sought to frame the young and nascent liberties of Italy. He aimed to give her freedom of commerce, to secure the liberty of the subject, and to give toleration and equality to all religious sects. When the advantage of our habeas corpus was pointed out to him, he showed that he was fully alive to the necessity of engrafting the principle upon the new Italian constitution in the manner most consonant with the feelings and institutions of his countrymen.

Seeing the aspirations after freedom which agitate Continental Europe, and the certainty that with the growth and diffusion of intelligence a larger amount of liberty must be conceded to the people of every nation, we are entitled to ask, whether young statesmen preparing to take a part in European administrations would not do well to consider a residence in England a necessary and essential part of their political training? As Athens of old attracted the youth of other countries to study eloquence, philosophy, and the arts within her walls, so England should be regarded by wise and discerning statesmen in continental states as the school of political philosophy for young men who propose to devote themselves to public life. Cavour's English training manifested itself in a thousand enlightened acts of administration, in the tone of his speeches, in the spirit and vigour of his measures, and his moderation in success. He drank of constitutional lore at its source and fountain-head, and on his return to his own country in 1842 his busy and teeming brain was full of schemes for adapting and assimilating English institutions and safeguards to Italian needs. In the political daily newspaper which, in conjunction with Count Cesare Balbo, he established in 1847, he earnestly advocated the interests of the middle classes, and laboured to establish a sound public opinion among them. If he did not openly propose to make them, as in England, the chief depositaries of political power, they were mainly present to his mind in the representative system he suggested on the model of the English Constitution, opposed alike to absolutism on the one hand and mob rule on the other. Cavour led the way in petitioning the King for a constitution, which was granted in 1848, and which has been the magnet towards which all Italy has since turned. Being elected a member of the Chamber of Deputies during the exciting period succeeding to Charles Albert's rash and premature declaration of war against Austria, Cavour on the one hand stoutly opposed the Mazzini party, and on the other urged an alliance with England as the best and safest guarantee for the success of the Italian arms.

In D'Azeglio's Ministry, formed soon after the defeat of the Sardinians by Radetzky, Cavour served successively the offices of Minister of Agriculture and Commerce, of Home and of Finance. There is scarcely a department, indeed, that he has not filled; for when, in 1852, he succeeded Azeglio as Premier, which he held without interruption until the conclusion of the Peace of Villafranca, and again after a brief interval until his death, he took upon himself, at various times, in addition to the Premiership, the duties of Minister of Home Affairs, of Foreign Affairs, and of Finance. In these departmental posts his knowledge of our political organization and of our industrial institutions was of the greatest service to Sardinia. He greatly improved the financial condition of the country, introduced Free Trade, consolidated constitutionalism, weakened clerical influence, and by a master-stroke of policy brought Sardinia into alliance with England and France against Russia.

Napoleon has encountered the risks of a revolution in causing France to abandon her restrictive system, and enter upon the path of Free Trade. If the Emperor had not passed so many years of his life in this country, may we not doubt whether France would have relaxed her commercial restrictions for another quarter of a century? If Cavour, on the other hand, had not by his residence among us comprehended the genius of our institutions, and the breadth and depth of our moral influence in Europe, who shall say that Victor Emmanuel would at this moment wield the sceptre of a free and united Italy?

While England may proudly claim her part in the political education of the great Italian statesman, we may take hope and courage from observing that England is thus fulfilling the high destiny coveted for her by one of her greatest men, of "teaching the nations how to live." In looking around at the present moment, Milton's noble dream, indeed, seems on the point of fulfilment:—"Surrounded by congregated multitudes (he said) I imagine that from the columns of Hercules to the Indian Ocean, I behold the nations of the earth recovering that liberty which they so long had lost ;

and that the people of this island are transporting to other countries a plant of more beneficial qualities and more noble growth than Triptolemus is reported to have carried from region to region ; that they are disseminating the blessings of civilization and freedom among cities, kingdoms, and nations."

EUROPE'S SHARE IN AMERICAN TROUBLES.

WE have already indicated some of the evils likely to fall on England, and on society generally, from the discord in America, and our present purpose is to advert to the influence of Europe in bringing it on. The press, which professes to guide opinion, may in such a case deny its influence, or ignore its power, in order to shirk responsibility. It may plume itself on kindling a national enthusiasm in favour of war, as in 1854, and in 1861 deplore, without the least acknowledgment of its own default, that a love of violence predominates in society. That the press in the United States, where a printing establishment precedes the grocer's shop, and is one of every dozen houses, has had great influence in exciting abolition zeal, mistaken patriotism, ignorant cupidity, improper reverence for State and for Federal authority, and in bringing about the fratricidal contest which now interests and alarms all Europe, cannot for one moment be doubted. Neither can it be doubted that the newspapers of Europe, eagerly clutched on the arrival of every mail-packet in America by scores of reporters and editors, have a great influence over the press there. They are hastily read, not merely for market reports, or narratives of events—though these may be first considered,—but for the colouring they give to the events they make known, and the opinions they express. The leaders of the European journals, especially those of London, are very generally quoted and widely circulated, and the present condition of society in America is, in part, a consequence of opinion in Europe.

After what has so recently occurred in China, where a domestic revolution facilitated our ingress into the heart of the country, and is now occurring in Cochin China, where a dispute betwixt its government and the government of our powerful European neighbour excites the jealous attention of our politicians, it is scarcely necessary to remind the reader that now all the people of the globe have a mutual and reciprocal, though in some cases only a slight, influence. Between America and Europe, with the Atlantic bridged by steam, mutual and reciprocal influence is intense and constant. The bulk of the people there are of European descent; about one-tenth of them belong to this generation, and still cherish ties of kindred and affection with their European relations. From Europe the Americans derive the bulk of their knowledge and skill. By its literature and science their minds, which, it is scarcely too much to say, are a pretty exact reflection of the thought of Europe, are enlarged and improved. Three-fourths of their vast trade, one conspicuous element in their wonderful prosperity, is with Europe. Over Europe their prosperity has a great physical and moral influence. It has increased population and wealth, and, existing in conjunction with political freedom previously unknown, has increased the desire and promoted the progress of liberty. By no round-about nor concealed path did the independence of the United States help forward the French Revolution. The mutual and reciprocal influence of the people in both hemispheres, then, is very great, and opinion in Europe has done much to bring to issue the two great interests which now divide the Americans.

The combatants on one side are waging a ruinous war to retain slavery and to defy Federal authority; those on the other fight to get rid of slavery and to maintain the Constitution as the ark of the national safety and greatness. On both these questions Europe has long spoken with great authority; and though England be foremost, both in influence and interest, all Europe has shared in the opinions expressed and will feel the consequences.

The attacks on slavery, begun by the North, which have irritated the South, are an imitation of the conduct of Europe. Only in reputation, in the eyes of the world, is the North injured by slavery; by slave-labour the North is enriched. But slavery has been for some years denounced by Europe, especially by England, and to abolish it is held to be highly honourable. The crusade against it here was born of the cruelties of the Middle Passage and of the cruelties practised in our colonies. It was dictated by a desire to relieve and elevate the Negro race, and culminated in their emancipation throughout the dominions of England. Slavery in the States and in our colonies had the same origin, but in the former the slave trade and the cruelties of the Middle Passage were prohibited at the era of Independence. In both it was originally a part of that peculiarly selfish colonial system, from all the effects of which we are not yet wholly emancipated; and from which, by slavery, the South still suffers. The North continues to suffer, too, by the protective tariff which it has never got rid of. The error inherited from us, that protective laws promote native industry, neutralized our free-trade example; and our example as to the abolition of slavery, too eagerly sought to be enforced, only made the South cling to the institution. There it is still unfortunately believed, as our common forefathers believed, that a tropical soil can only be cultivated by slaves. In the North no such opinion could be entertained, and our example in abolishing slavery has been extremely influential. It has stimulated the North into abolition activity. The enlightened people there sighed to share in the honour conferred on our philanthropy. It led to the continual attacks on slavery which have provoked the apprehensions and the anger of the South. It helped to bring on Secession, which with all its consequences may thus, in part, be traced to our opinion and conduct. The crusade of the North against slavery in the South, has its origin rather in English thought than in any actually injurious consequences which have been felt.

The preservation of the Constitution and of the Union are identical. If the Seceding States had separated in the most amicable manner, it would have been the destruction of the Union, and would have required a considerable change in the Constitution. The Seceding States, having their own customs, laws, and regulations, must have compelled the non-seceding States to treat them as a distinct political body; and as they both enjoy the benefits of a common and admirable inter-communication, Secession, under the most favourable circumstances, would have complicated the position of both. But the Seceding States have carried into effect their right of Secession by the strong hand. They entered into no negotiations, submitted their desire of Secession to no congress or general convention; but of their own mere will

declared themselves out of the Union, and at the same time took possession of much property, consisting of forts, arms, stores, &c., belonging to the United States, and lawfully in possession of the Federal Government. Their Secession, therefore (to say nothing of the accusation that it was the result of a traitorous conspiracy, in which some members of Mr. Buchanan's Cabinet took the lead), was a high-handed destruction of the Union and of the Constitution, accompanied with actual plunder. The attack on Fort Sumter continued the wrong. To prevent the arms, dockyards, ships, and other Federal property from falling into the exclusive possession of the Seceding States, much property was forsaken and destroyed; and the loss already occasioned to the Union by the violence of the Secessionists is estimated at 10,000,000 dollars.

In the eyes of the surprised and angry North the Secessionists seemed from that time to be traitors, rebels, and pirates, whom it was the duty of the Federal Government to subdue and to punish. Its power was openly set at defiance, its property forcibly seized, and it would lose character and caste if it failed to vindicate its authority by the use of force. The North has accordingly run to arms, and demands vengeance. We could quote many passages from the Northern journals, conceived in the same spirit as this:—"The people of the North regard this whole country, all the States, as a common inheritance—a great trust confided to them by a noble ancestry, to be transmitted intact to the generations of the future. To divide is, in their view, to destroy it. To strike one State from the brotherhood of States, is to sever the unity of all. To break one link in the chain that binds them together is to scatter them all to the winds. Destroy the supremacy of the Constitution as it exists, and they would regard themselves as without a Government—dissolve the Union and they would have no country."

The Secession, then, is regarded in the North as the overthrow of government, the entire destruction of the Constitution effected by violence and outrage, and all the writers and speakers in Europe, all the journalists and statesmen of England especially, have long taught that such an overthrow of a constitution is the ruin of a people. Whatever be the truth or the value of the opinion, Europe has steadfastly inculcated on the States a reverence for constituted political power as essential to the welfare of all. On its authority the Americans believe that national welfare will be annihilated by the destruction of the Federal Government, and this being unexpectedly, furiously, and piratically assailed, they started up in anger and amazement, and became wild with excitement. They are animated, as we think, judging by their newspapers and by private letters, by a furious passion, which has its origin and its apparent justification in the opinion inherited from Europe, that they must fight to the death for their Union and institutions, or perish and be a disgrace to the "fathers of their country," and the founders of their Constitution.

Confining our remarks to the well known effects of these important opinions, it is not necessary to say a word about the truth of them. All political opinions are ultimately tested by facts, and the consequences which follow from entertaining them can no more be rejected from fair consideration than the moral principles on which they may be grounded. The hatred of slavery has in moral principles an everlasting foundation; but the disastrous consequences of a probable interference with slavery by those who do not suffer from it, however generous and philanthropic, tends to prove that the interference may easily be too zealous, and is not equally justified with the hatred. So the love of order in society has an equally sure foundation in the constitution of man, but the many political revolutions in Europe and America, south and north, in recent times, prove that the principles on which political order is established may be too zealously pursued, till they run into political disorder, war, and anarchy.

In North America one party has flown to arms influenced by ambitious leaders, from an unfounded apprehension, born in part of its own wrong, that its property would be attacked, and like all men when they act in fear from groundless errors, the party has committed gross violence and injustice, at least, in the manner of seceding. The other party is moved by the equally unfounded apprehension, for which, in no country, is there so little just ground as in America, that the dissolution of the political union will be the destruction of society. Society, we may all be sure, will live for ever; the political union, we may be equally sure, is destined, in time, to come to an end. That both parties are grievously in error is at once demonstrated by the consequence—the horrible and destructive war in which they are engaged—and to what extent this will be ruinous it is impossible to foretell. Bound together as Europe and America are by trade and by opinion, the two having increased together in population, wealth, and political freedom, till the extent of the sufferings of the latter be known, no reasonable conjecture can be formed of the share of the former. From the general arming of the whole people, from the partizan warfare which has commenced, it is plain that production and trade will be much diminished. Already the population of Paris, Lyons, Liverpool, and Manchester, are experiencing some bitter fruits from the quarrel; and, even if England and France should become in no wise involved in the war, their progress in wealth and material welfare will be seriously checked. We may, at the same time, hope that the sufferings of the Americans from the civil war will abate their arrogance and increase their discretion; while it will certainly throw a new light on the political duties of individuals and of nations. As the future is completely hidden in darkness, we can only rely with confidence on the old creed, that man will live on, and society emerge from the cruel and chaotic conflict increased in beauty and grandeur.

THE ENGLISH UNIVERSITIES AND THE REPRESENTATION OF THE SCOTCH IN PARLIAMENT.

THE people of Scotland entertain a strong desire that their Universities should be placed on a level with those of England and Ireland, and obtain the right of returning a member to Parliament. For Scotland's sake, and for the sake of the highest interests of the nation, we heartily wish them success.

The Universities of Oxford and Cambridge are the most characteristic institutions of England. Even to a greater degree yet than the Parliament, they mark the country in which, as the late King of Prussia said, the old is

ever young and the young is ever old. They are the most striking illustrations of the transforming and invigorating power which is so deeply seated in the character of Englishmen, and which is the most efficient cause of the continuity of England's history and England's greatness. They were born in the Middle Ages, they had a vigorous youth then, and they have never known old age. They formed an important part of the national life in the days of Alfred. It would be difficult to point out a more influential element of the spirit and substance of England in the reign of Queen Victoria. They enter largely into the formation of the character of the English gentleman of the nineteenth century. They, and the public schools, of which they are the second stage, beyond all other causes, determine what he is. Their influence pervades all the upper strata of English society,—those who do not, as well as those who do, go to college. If they were annihilated, or lost their distinctive features, in fifty years the gentlemen of England would, in many most important respects, have ceased to be what they are now. The tone of our civilization, the peculiar features of our social culture, many of the almost instinctive feelings and habits of English gentlemen, are due, directly or indirectly, to the old Universities. So long as they retain their vitality, certain elements of character will live in England also; forces which will seize hold of the strong men of industry, as they emerge to wealth and power, and mould them into nobler forms; instilling into them sentiments and notions far more exalting than any which could be derived from a merely refined and rich society. We know how strongly foreigners feel what is implied in the word "gentleman." "Parole de gentleman" was the highest assurance which the Emperor Nicholas could devise; and for the qualities meant by that term we claim the University and the public school as the chief origin. These influences of the University reach every upper English home. The tone of mind developed in the educated man of rank, the clergyman, the barrister, and often the physician, becomes the standard for all the other sons of the house; even the army acknowledges in no small measure the assimilating energy of this social force.

There is nothing like the English Universities in Europe. There are universities in abundance. There are seats of great learning, centres of distinguished professors, assemblies of scholars instructed by ex-ministers and ex-ambassadors; there are students in larger numbers, and drawn together from many diverse lands; but there is no "going to college" anywhere but in England and Ireland. Oxford and Cambridge were once great schools: thousands of little boys thronged to them to be taught by famous men; but they are, in a strict sense, schools no longer. Nor are they best entitled to eminence as seminaries of instruction. There is probably not a single branch of knowledge which is not better taught in many other institutions at home and abroad. The first-class man of Oxford or Cambridge, we believe, taken all in all, to be the best and highest educated man in Europe; but in every department of instruction, except, possibly, the mathematics, the senior wrangler of Cambridge, he is surpassed by many trained under a different discipline. The mass of students who are annually sent forth from Oxford and Cambridge are notoriously deficient in exact and systematic knowledge. Few also, and those in decreasing numbers, of the most cultivated and powerful intellects of the nation, conduct the teaching in our universities; whilst in Germany and France, instruction is imparted at the universities by many of the ablest and most distinguished men in the country. Nevertheless, in spite of these defects, Oxford and Cambridge render immeasurably greater services to England than the famed academies of Paris, Bonn, or Berlin render to their respective nations.

The secret of this superiority is the much more powerful and much more varied influences which are brought to bear in England on the training of the students. Our universities are corporations of a peculiarly composite and transforming nature. The widely-ramified hierarchy—the connection with the great national institution of the Church—the college with its dignified head, its distinguished fellows, its wealth, its glorious architecture, and its strong feeling of association—the sense of society which pervades it, and binds its members to the promotion of its glory and the protection of its interests—above all, the very peculiar position of the academical student, his respect and submission for men whom he justly feels to be his superiors, and, at the same time, his self-government and modified independence carried out in a society of equals—his reverence for authority combined with self-respect and his right to receive respect from those above him—the training for life developed amidst the companionship of fellow-students, young men of the most varied rank and fortune, but forming, all united, a single society, in which he learns knowledge of the world, the habit of dealing with every form of character, self-education, under the happiest influences—these are wholly wanting elsewhere, and yet form the strongest and the most abiding forces of the English academical system.

Scotland, unhappily, has failed to develop modern seminaries of similar efficiency from the elements which she likewise inherited from the Middle Ages. Her universities are without the college, that eminent characteristic of Oxford and Cambridge; and with the college she has also lost the degree; for graduation, which plays so large a part in England, which confers a distinction of the highest value at the opening of life, and links together many generations into a living union with the university, is almost unknown in Scotland. The Scotch universities have been manned by professors of European renown, teachers of much greater celebrity than those actually engaged in the instruction of English youth, the foremost men of the country in their respective fields of learning; but they have not been academical corporations, but only schools. The very idea of the university had declined in Scotland; there was no adequate conception of its varied forms and influences, its social principle, its ramified and distinctive organization. We all know what it is in England to have obtained a high degree, and to be a fellow of a distinguished college; what a brotherhood is felt, not only by members of the same university, but in a yet closer degree by members of the same college; how strong the common interest in its fortunes, how eager the desire for a succession of successful scholars to perpetuate its fame. These things were unknown in Scotland, and their value for the individual and the nation was lost.

But the commencement of a remedy has been made. The University of Edinburgh has been organized: it has received a council and a senate, and it has originated a system of graduation, which will confer a valuable distinction on the successful student, and form, as it were, a real academical body. The demand for degrees has advanced steadily each year. And now

Scotchmen ask that, if the importance of a genuine university of the English type is recognized, one instrument for imparting and sustaining the feeling of a corporate brotherhood shall be bestowed on Scotland also. The privilege of returning a member of Parliament will knit Scotch graduates together; it will keep the university in the living memory of the graduates; it will teach them to watch the sentiments of each other, to cultivate social and intellectual intercourse, to nurse those influences over each other which form character and enrich a nation. They are still without college life,—a grievous defect, which a Government cannot supply, but against which private munificence, as the sense of the advantages of such a system makes itself felt, will, it is hoped, provide. But, they ask—what Parliament can give—for a seat in the Legislature for a constituency which, for intelligence, education, and political qualifications, will challenge comparison with the proudest in the kingdom.

In respect of the general interests of the nation, there are very many reasons which ought to prompt compliance with this petition. If there is one point by which English civilization is distinguished, it is its abhorrence of uniformity. English unity is glorious—even French unity is weaker; for foreign influence and foreign invasion, we are certain, would be repelled yet more unanimously in England than in France; but that unity is built on a detestation of uniformity. England, her Parliament, her representation, her Church and its rights, her social structures, swarm with antagonisms and anomalies. Her multiplied and varied interests at times wear the appearance of hostile forces encamped on the same field. No nation, not even Austria, is, in this sense, less homogeneous than England. The representatives in Parliament of a great county, a university, a mighty town, a vast trade, and immense agriculture, meet in the House of Commons almost as so many foreign nations. There is scarcely a measure of any kind that can be passed, that does not involve a pitched battle and a defeat of some force. In this prodigious and antithetical variety lie the security and solidity of English life. Every element of human nature and human society exerts its legitimate and necessary influence; no danger can threaten dissolution, which does not encounter some power specially interested to resist it. The uniformity of foreign states has furnished a road and a sure foundation for despotism; for when men and forces are all alike, one defeat subdues all, and one common master is natural. The diversity, on the other hand, of Englishmen from one another, the difficulty of making any single idea, even though so clear and scientific as one as Free Trade, penetrate the whole mass; the number of objectors who must be heard, the many forces of opinion and special knowledge which are brought into play, furnish wonderful guarantees that progress shall be safe and judicious, that mere revolutionary impulse shall be driven off. The constitution of modern England now renders progress certain. The great problem to be studied, the precautions to be taken, are that it shall be salutary and not subversive. On this ground a new academical constituency would be a most desirable acquisition. The old rotten boroughs secured adequate weight for small but important interests—even individual opinion obtained a hearing by their means; whilst in our days, there is a much greater identity of position and feeling in the boroughs. The trading element is much the same everywhere as to its objects and desires; every additional voice, therefore, which can proclaim truths and facts of a different character is an important gain to the House of Commons. Two more metropolitan members will only reinforce a class already strong, whilst a member for the Scotch Universities may defend interests of learning, science, religion, and civilization, which might easily be overridden by the pressure of purely material development.

CLERICAL DESTITUTION.

POVERTY, next to ill health, is undoubtedly the greatest of earthly evils. There is no subject on which all mankind are so unanimous as on this. At the same time it is one which has many gradations, and those gradations depend not only on the amount or degree of the poverty, but on the class or rank of those who labour under it. In saying this we do not mean to allude to the well-known position that what is riches to one class is poverty to another; that the income which to a duke would seem beggary, a professional man would look on as affluence; but to the equally certain truth that the very same measure of poverty is harder to bear when it falls on the well-born or well educated, than when it pinches those whose origin and station almost forbade them from the first to expect any other lot. Those whose happier fate has prevented them from having any experience of such sufferings as affecting themselves or others, imagine, probably, that the instances in which actual indigence befalls members of the better class are very rare, and generally traceable either to personal misconduct, or to some casual misfortune affecting the individual alone; and they will probably be astonished if they shall be told that absolute penury, a state of incessant want of ordinary comforts, ay, even of ordinary necessities, is the fate of a large body of men, for the most part gently born, and almost invariably well educated, who are, moreover, members of the most useful and the noblest profession to which man can devote his faculties.

Those of whom we speak are the clergy of the Established Church. In spite of arguments hastily or maliciously drawn from occasional instances of wealthy prelates, the fact has been amply proved that the entire income of the Church of England, if equally divided, would afford but a very scanty livelihood for each individual minister. As it is, 10,000 clergymen, one-half of the entire body, derive an income from their profession of less than £100 a year each, and above 1,000 of this number have either no private resources whatever, or, if they have any property of their own, it is so small in value as not to be worth mentioning. On the impossibility of any one maintaining himself as a gentleman, much less supporting a wife and educating a family on such a pittance, we need not dilate.

The great extent to which such destitution prevails has been of late brought out more strongly than before by a Society for the Relief of the Poor Clergy, which was established four or five years ago, since the knowledge of the existence of such a Society has tempted numbers to apply to it for aid, who, without such an institution, would have shrunk from making known their deep distresses. Most melancholy and most strange are the disclosures which their necessity wrings from them; and yet the most careful scrutiny ascertains that they are in no degree exaggerated. One clergyman, whom

the poverty of his rector deprives of his curacy, having a wife and seven children, is reduced to such utter destitution, that for two months the whole family live on bread and water; till, when starvation has brought fever, and fever threatens to thin the band, still united in affection as in starvation, the extremity of his misery raises him up a friend. Another, worse off still, sees his wife actually perish from hunger; a third, with a daughter dying of decline, dreads the moment of her decease, from the consciousness that he has no means of burying her.

That one clergyman, for whose virtues and abilities there is the unhesitating voucher of his bishop, skulks away to a distant town to buy second-hand clothes; shame which, in such a case, none can term false, preventing him from so doing where he is known, lest he should diminish his influence among his parishioners; that another should, with all his family, and for months at a time, be ignorant of the taste of meat; that another should incur the reproach of his diocesan for writing letters, as a luxury wholly beyond his means—are circumstances which, however startling, are insignificant by the side of lingering starvation, of untended sickness, of unburied death. Yet these appalling incidents befalling the ministers of our National Church are of common occurrence among us, the richest people whom the world has beheld.

We will not weaken the facts by one word of comment. Nor for an evil so extensive and so intolerable are we able to suggest an immediate remedy. The question of its relief is surrounded with great difficulties, but no difficulties are insurmountable to patient deliberation and honest earnestness. In the meanwhile, though nothing short of organized permanent action on a large scale can adequately surmount them, many, we feel sure, will be glad to contribute individual and temporary aid to the alleviation of distress of which they never suspected the existence.

HINTS ON TRAVEL IN ICELAND.

THE more adventurous section of our summer tourists, who have already exhausted the bye-paths of the Alps, and those numerous anglers who have hitherto frequented the Norwegian salmon fisheries, are now turning their attention to this comparatively unfrequented island on the confines of the Polar circle. The want of communication, which has hitherto rendered it inaccessible to the ordinary tourist, has, within the last few years, been overcome by steam, and we may now congratulate our sportsmen and Alpine climbers that a new field is thrown open to their energies, though under penalty of an eight days' sea voyage. That those whose love of adventure is not to be daunted by the miseries of the sea, will be amply repaid by a visit to that most interesting island, we cannot doubt; and, as many of our tourists are about to wander in the far north, we offer the following suggestion on a summer tour in Iceland, which we believe will enable them to combine an amount of sport and travel which they could not otherwise accomplish.

The best way of visiting Iceland would, of course, be in a steam yacht, but as that is wholly out of the question with the mass of tourists, we shall describe the trip which they may make by availing themselves of the steamer sailing from Leith to Iceland, during the summer months. She usually makes the voyage every six weeks, thereby giving tourists, who are only charged £9 for a return-ticket, an opportunity of seeing the far-famed Geysers, and also of a hurried glimpse of the surrounding country. Those, however, who can afford the time, would do well to miss one turn of the steamer, thereby securing six or seven weeks' stay in the island, for travelling and fishing; and it is to such a trip that we shall confine ourselves in this article. The fisherman and sportsman will alike understand that they can obtain no material in Iceland, and the former will do well to provide himself with stout tackle, and abundance of all kinds of flies, though dark ones are generally the best for its waters.

Regarding outfit, the tourist should recollect that the less he takes the better, and the more rapidly will he travel. A stout tweed shooting-suit, a pair of high waterproof boots, a cording coat and leggings, and three suits of under-clothing, will alone be indispensable in the interior. All other baggage will be best left at Reykjavik, to await his return, that is, unless he is prepared to incur considerable expense and delay in his journey. With respect, also, to provisions, the same holds good. Travellers who cannot live on black bread, milk, coffee, salt mutton, and salmon, or the produce of their fowling-pieces, which may constantly be employed on duck, plover, tarmigan, and snipe, must, of course, carry with them what they consider necessary. Nothing but the above-mentioned commissariat can, as a rule, be obtained out of Reykjavik. But it will be as well for them to remember that a team of baggage-ponies will reduce their rate of travel by a half; and the six weeks' tour which we are about to propose will not be accomplished under nine weeks.

We will suppose the tourist landed at Reykjavik with about forty or fifty pounds' worth of Danish rix-dollars in his pockets, that he can rough it in the simplest acceptance of the term, and that he wishes to see as much of the island as possible in six weeks, at the same time obtaining here and there in his route a few days' salmon-fishing.

If the hotel be full, he will have little difficulty in obtaining lodgings, and may pass a couple of days very pleasantly in surveying his position and making the necessary preparations for his journey in the interior of the island, which we propose should commence northabout by Reykholt.

As there is only one guide to be had at Reykjavik who speaks English, and he will in all probability be engaged, we shall arrange the trip without him; indeed, Icelandic guides are generally useless beyond their own immediate districts, and what is wanted is an interpreter, rather than a guide, since horses may be obtained in any part of the island of a better stamp, and much cheaper than in Reykjavik—the tariff out of Reykjavik being a rix-dollar a day for a guide and three marks for each horse, the traveller always giving a small gratuity at the end of a journey, and allowing half the usual day's pay for the return journey.

If the tourist can neither speak Danish or obtain an interpreter, he had better carry with him a species of manifesto drawn up in Icelandic and endorsed by one of the Danish merchants, stating who he is, and where he wishes to go; and with this, and by the aid of the people he will from time to time meet with on his route who can talk English, he will be able to manage.

The tourist should provide himself with the admirable chart of the island published by the Danish Government, and also, if possible, with a copy of Henderson's "Iceland," a book which will be invaluable to him, as it contains a description of nearly every portion of the island. Forbes's "Iceland," though it is confined to the south-western districts only, will also be very useful, from its comparatively recent date.

Starting for Reykholt, the first night will be spent at the far-famed Thingvalla, and by an early departure the following morning, the valley of Reykholt in the Biogar Syssel may be reached the same evening.

The churches throughout this trip will be the best marks to make for, as, if the clergyman cannot house wayfarers, the church is their legitimate abode, and a payment of a rix-dollar or two for milk and hay will be considered ample remuneration.

About Reykholt there are numerous hot-springs, many of which are well worthy of notice; and in the numerous rivers which flow into the Biogar-fjord, abundance of salmon-fishing may be obtained. And as the tourist will be able to afford a week in this locality, he may either visit the celebrated Snæfells Yökul and the basaltic caverns at its base, or obtain capital fishing in the vicinity of Reykholt.

During his stay he will engage a guide, tent, and horses for the journey across the desert by the caverns of Surtshellir—which are well worthy of a day's exploration—to Goadalir in the north, where he will hire fresh horses and go on to Holum, famous for the massive remains of its old cathedral. This journey will occupy about four days. The scenery is throughout very fine, and in the northern rivers there is capital fishing.

Fifteen days will have now elapsed, and the tourist must move on through Akreyri on the Eyja-fjord, the chief town of the northern districts, to the sulphur fields near Husavik, and then down to Reykjahlid on the Myvat, which he will make his head quarters for three or four days, visiting the great mud caldron of Krabla, the sulphur banks of Namafjall, and numerous hot-springs in the vicinity.

On the twenty-fifth day the tourist should start south across the interior for Hecla on his return to Reykjavik; this journey across the desert will occupy from five to seven days, and forage and provisions will alike have to be carried.

On arrival at the farm of Næftholt at the base of Hecla, the ascent may be easily made with the farmer as a guide, and the extensive view from the summit will well repay the little fatigue incurred.

The tourist will employ his remaining ten days in visiting Skalholt, the ancient capital; the Geysers, to which he may devote a couple of days; Little Geyser, and Krisuvik, returning to Reykjavik on the forty-second day. It will nevertheless be prudent of him to have had his letters forwarded by messenger to Geyser, and exact information relative to the departure of the steamer, which is sometimes irregular.

By following out the foregoing sketch the tourist will not only have seen the principal objects of interest in the island, but will have several days' fishing—as for the vast glacial districts in the north-western peninsula, and the extensive Klofa Yökul in the S.E., there is little there to interest the ordinary traveller, and much time would be expended and danger incurred to very little purpose.

The fisherman, in halting from time to time, will of course be guided by the state of the weather, which can never be depended on in Iceland, as elsewhere; always bearing in mind that there is abundance of fishing to be had, not only at Biogar, but in nearly all the northern rivers, as also in those on the south coast, which he crosses in his homeward journey. Information of the favourite pools and localities of the fish may be obtained from the farmers, but it is as well to mention that in all rivers flowing directly from Yökul districts no fish are ever found.

In concluding this brief sketch, it only remains to be said, that the tourist will find patience, good humour, and a capacity for roughing it, the best passports for a similar excursion. Hospitality in Iceland exists in the old Scandinavian sense of the term, and there is no limit to it, save in the poverty of the dispenser. As in many cases hosts are unwilling to receive money, a few presents, such as books, prints, knives, scissors, &c., will be often found very opportune.

But, wherever he goes, the tourist is sure of a hearty welcome, and will not fail to look back to his sojourn in this unique island, amongst its yet primitive inhabitants, as one of the most interesting and instructive of his summer rambles.

"A JEWISH FAMILY" AT FLORENCE.

ONE of the most characteristic features of Italian summer life is the theatrical representation *al fresco*, with the blue sky for vaulting and the unclouded moon for chief chandelier. It happens, for various reasons, that our countrymen make their acquaintance with the life of the Italian cities for the most part in the winter; but, as it has been said by people who know Russia well, that those who would see St. Petersburg to advantage should visit it in the winter, so it is the case, for similar reasons, that the characteristic life of the cities of Italy shows itself in greater completeness and perfection in the summer.

This is especially the case at Florence, which, intent on the great business of entertaining, amusing, and making profit by its hosts of guests during the winter months, wears then a sort of company air and full-dressed aspect, very manifestly discarded by it as soon as the English and Americans, seared by the first real summer's day's sun, are off either homewards or to some shady nook among the Alps or Apennines. It is then that the true southern life begins,—the out-door life, which shows itself so readily and in such varied aspects and vivid colouring.

The open-air theatre—that dear delight which so happily unites two of the great pleasures of these people, the enjoyment of the *al fresco* and of the drama—is one of the principal features of the popular summer life in all the cities of Italy. Florence possesses two theatres of this sort, one at either end of the city. One of these is near the Porta Romana, and is called the "Arena Goldoni"—and very appropriately called so, for it must not be supposed that the most approved entertainments at these places consist of anything less intellectual and refined than the regular drama, nor is it found necessary to eke out the attractions of the evening by a multiplicity of fragmentary entertainments, or by anything whatever of the nature of *spectacle*.

These people go to see one dramatic representation well performed, and if it be well performed no accessories of brilliant lighting, splendid dresses, or gorgeous scenery is needed to their entire satisfaction. It is possible, therefore, to afford this altogether intellectual pleasure to the Florentines at an easy rate. The price of admission to the Arena Goldoni ranges from 2*d.* to 8*d.*, and the dramatic talent of the company whose performances may be enjoyed there would not discredit any theatre, in any city, in Europe.

But it is not our object on the present occasion to speak of the Italian *sub Dio* theatricals in general, or of the pictures of southern life to be studied in them. The recent performance at the Arena Goldoni, of which we are about to speak, was of so very remarkable a character, and so curiously illustrative of the tone of public feeling prevalent in Italy at the present time, as to deserve a record on more important grounds than merely as a sketch of southern manners.

The title of the drama is "Una Famiglia Ebraica,"—"A Jewish Family," and the action is based on a genuine historical fact, very similar in its general outline to the celebrated Mortara case. Indeed, it is a mere repetition of that, with the additional feature that the bereaved father is a strong patriot, and especially obnoxious to the Papal Government.

The first scene shows the interior of a Jewish Rabbi's home. A child lies dangerously ill. The father and mother have gone to the Synagogue to pray for it. A Christian nurse is left in charge of the infant. The woman has previously been tampered with by the medical man, who is in truth a friend and creature of the Legate, who governs the province—the scene is laid in Ferrara,—for the Pope. Led to suppose that the only way to save perhaps the child's life, and, at all events, its soul, is to baptize it, she does so; but is much troubled in mind by this breach of the trust reposed in her. The doctor comes in; declares the child out of danger; assures the nurse that she has been the cause of its miraculous recovery; and on hearing a knock at the door, retires behind some curtains into an alcove in which his little patient is sleeping, and from this place of concealment sees and hears a stranger ask for the master of the house, and on being told that he is not at home, sees him write a note, which he gives to the nurse, with strict orders to deliver it into her master's own hands. The doctor, as soon as the stranger has gone, persuades the nurse to let him look at the address of the letter, and when once he has it in his hands, refuses to return it, saying that it is his duty to show it to the Cardinal Legate.

The parents return, find their child out of danger, but in the midst of their joy are interrupted by the spies and *shirri* of the Government, who arrest the rabbi, on account of the letter, and carry off the child on the assertion, confirmed by the confession of the nurse, that it is a baptized Christian. The wretched father, in his despair, curses the repentant and deeply-distressed nurse.

The solemn curse thus pronounced shatters the unhappy woman's reason; and a third act shows us, at a period twenty-nine years after the date of the above incidents, the rabbi in the Pontifical gaol, his lost and stolen son secretary to the Cardinal Legate, but secretly a patriot at heart, and detesting the Papal rule and the manifold iniquities of it, and the poor distraught nurse in her husband's cottage. This husband is one of the popular leaders of the insurrection then on the point of breaking out, and is in secret correspondence with the secretary. The nature of the plot constructed out of these elements may be readily imagined, and need not be more specially detailed, as—although the piece is a very well-conceived and effective drama—the real interest of the thing lies, not in this, but in the reception of it by the popular audience which crowd to the Arena Goldoni to hear it.

In the first place, the Legate is of course a cardinal, or at least a "Monsignore"—an ecclesiastical dignitary—and the introduction of such a personage on the stage—not merely as part of an historical pageant of ancient date, but as a principal character in an action of contemporary life—is a startling novelty on the Italian stage, and could not have been attempted a very few years ago. Now "Monsignore" the Legate of Ferrara is not only there in his ecclesiastical "shorts" and silver buckles, and silk stockings, and the distinctive clerical collar, but is made the representative of a detested system, and has to bear throughout the piece the very energetically expressed disapprobation of the entire audience. For it is curiously characteristic of the popular Italian stage, that the favour and disfavour of the house is very frequently awarded with no reference to the artistic merit of the performers, but altogether according to the sympathies of the audience with the characters they represent, and the sentiments which the author has put into their mouths. It has thus not unfrequently occurred, that great difficulty has been experienced in finding anybody willing to enact some part which was sure to be visited with the noisy disapprobation of the audience. Pleasant stories are told among ourselves of children or simple country folks yielding thus to scenic illusion. But a popular audience on the sunny side of the Alps is composed of elements all equally simple and childlike, and the representative of Monsignore the Legate of Ferrara was rewarded for the skill of his impersonation by a continual storm of heartfelt yells and hisses.

But still more remarkable than this is the introduction on the stage of a Jewish Rabbi, and that in a part designed to carry with it all the sympathies of the audience, and most abundantly successful in so doing. Such a thing would have been utterly out of the question in Florence, and, indeed, in Italy generally, three years ago. The prejudice against the Jews was very strong in Florence—strong as usual in proportion to its unreasonableness; for the Hebrew community in the fair city on the banks of the Arno is a numerous and remarkably respectable one. Three short years ago, a Jewish rabbi, coming on the stage as such, would have been sure to have had all the popular feeling against him, even had his appearance on the boards been tolerated at all. But, in this case, the bereaved Jewish father, from first to last, carries all the loudly expressed sympathies of the people with him. And every sentiment favourable to the most absolute liberty of conscience, is applauded to the echo; and, as may be readily imagined, the entire piece is thickset with such.

"You took my child from me by fraud and violence," says the father, upbraiding the Papal Legate, "and you implanted in his heart your religion—a good one, doubtless; I have no wish to deny it; but not that of his fathers. And in so doing you violated the most sacred of all rights and duties!" And the words bring down a storm of applause from every part of the theatre.

"Yes!" says the discomfited priest in his malice, "you have recovered

your son; but what son will he be to you? I have, at least, placed discord and division between you and him. He is a Christian, and you are a Jew!" "No! priest!" rejoins the father, "you have made no such discord, no such division! Yes! he is a Christian, and I am a Jew; a third, perhaps, is a Protestant. But what of that? Are we not all brothers? all Italians? all freemen?—free to choose each his faith according to the dictates of his own conscience?"

And again the enthusiastic applause rises in a shout that is echoed from one side of the house to the other again and again.

Every denunciation of the temporal power of the Papacy, and of the interference of the clergy in the affairs of civil life, were similarly received. And when, in the last words of the piece, the rabbi says to the Legate, on the point of retiring from the insurgent city to Rome, "Go! and say at Rome that the handwriting on the wall is legible enough to all eyes save those of the men who hold rule there; that they have been weighed in the balance and been found wanting; and that the sceptre has departed from them!" the curtain falls amid a storm of enthusiastic applause.

The drama, and the reception of it, by such an audience, in such a city, are surely among not the least significant signs of the extraordinary times in which Italy is living.

LIMITED LIABILITY COMPANY FOR THE SALVATION OF SOULS.

We beg our readers to believe that, in the above heading, we have no intention to speak irreverently, and that we have not the most remote idea of a joke. As we were passing the other day through one of the great pious and charitable establishments in Paris, several papers were pressed into our hands by zealous tract distributors, and among them a prospectus, in four pages, of a company (*association*) which has been formed "for the deliverance of souls from purgatory." The origin of this company is told in a few words. A poor servant, who had saved a little money from her wages, resolved to give it, with her services for the rest of her life, to the Catholic Church, for the relief and deliverance of souls in purgatory. Her example excited emulation—so at least we are told in the prospectus,—and suggested the idea of this company, which was formed in 1847, and if any of our readers are desirous of obtaining shares, we can recommend them to the central bureau, 95, Rue de Sévres, Paris.

We are assured in the prospectus that the shareholders incur no liability beyond their subscriptions—and we do not very clearly see what liability they are likely to incur, unless it be to the poor unfortunate souls. The subscription itself is moderate enough, being only three francs—half-a-crown—per annum. Any individual who wishes may become a life shareholder, by paying a composition of 100 francs (£4); and a *dead man* (*un défunt*) may become a shareholder *for ever* (*à perpétuité*), by paying 50 francs (£2). Shareholders belonging to this latter class are called foundationists.

The funds of the company are to be employed for the following purposes. In the first place, on the first day of every month a mass is to be said for all the souls in purgatory. Secondly, on every Monday throughout the year a mass is to be celebrated for "the most neglected souls" (*les âmes les plus délaissées*) in purgatory; by which we presume we are to understand that the Romish Church has not an equal care for the souls of all who die within its bosom, but that some receive more attention than others (of course heretics never get into purgatory at all, but go directly to perdition, without any intermediate station). Thirdly, three masses are to be said for each shareholder immediately after his decease, if he die being a shareholder; if he should not have kept up his subscription, of course he loses these three posthumous masses, with all other benefits of the company. Fourthly, all the other masses, as well as the alms (for one-third of the money, it should be stated, is to be expended in alms), are to be applied equally and for ever—1, to the most neglected souls in purgatory; 2, to the defunct relatives of the shareholders; 3, to the shareholders who have died while they were shareholders.

Let nobody suppose that this is a bad investment for his money, for the Company guarantees to the shareholders a minimum dividend of "9 masses a day!" We print the figure in bold type, as it is printed in the prospectus. When we read a document like this, we can hardly believe that we are living in the nineteenth century; but we suspect that the whole affair admits of some explanation, from the circumstance that the central bureau of the company for the deliverance of souls from purgatory is one of the establishments of the Jesuits in Paris, and the ingenuity of the Jesuits in practices for raising money, even from the poorest of the people, is notorious. But in this transaction the church of Christ is not only made a common market, but it is literally turned into a stock exchange. Yet the brethren of the Society of Jesus might have gone a step further. Why not start a spiritual lottery, each prize being so many souls saved out of purgatory, the names to be filled up at the will of the subscribers who gain the prizes? It would no doubt be a profitable speculation. The prospectus of this limited liability company is tricked out with all the attractions which are employed by traders to captivate the attention of the public. A nicely executed engraving in front represents a multitude on their knees before the altar, while the priest (in this case a director) is performing mass; in the clouds above are angels approving, and in a vault under the church are a vast number of souls in the fire of purgatory, who are gradually rising out of the flames in consequence of the "nine masses a day," and one of whom one of the said angels is dragging out in consequence of the prayers "as above."

CONSUMPTION AND CHEST DISEASES IN LONDON.—At the last annual meeting of the Governors of the Brompton Hospital for Consumption and Diseases of the Chest, some very interesting facts were mentioned. The admissions into the Hospital in the year 1860 were 1,075; of these were discharged, greatly benefited, 729; died, 158; and remaining, on 31st December, 188. During the last winter the full number of beds, accommodating nearly 200 patients, had been continually occupied, and at one time there were 231 applicants waiting for vacancies. The number of out-patients in 1858 was 3,971; in 1859 it was 4,647; and in 1860 it was 5,070. The general income of the Charity last year was £11,706. It will, we are sure, aid in exciting general sympathy and support for this invaluable institution the knowledge of the fact that the yearly expenditure of the Hospital exceeds £8,000, whilst the most precarious portion of an uncertain income, viz., the annual subscriptions, only amount to about half that sum.

PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

PARIS, 12th June.

THE feeling here, upon Cavour's death, is a remarkably complex one. After the first astonishment at the news had subsided, I am disposed to think that the prevailing sentiment was one of congratulation, as at the removal of a cause of trouble and ever-possible complication; but that has disappeared now, and has given way to a deep and lively regret—to a strong sense of a "chance" being lost that may, perhaps, never recur. There is now a growing conviction that France has no longer any one with whom she can ultimately negotiate, or from whom she can secure "compensation" for any *disinterested* effort she may make in future. The men who surround Louis Napoleon begin to fear that France may be forced into once more going to war for "an idea," and may, in that case, be left with only the "idea" gratified.

I believe there is no doubt that the day after Cavour died, the Emperor despatched a very trustworthy and favourite aide-de-camp to Victor Emmanuel to communicate personally with him, and impart to him the Emperor's readiness (if he would agree to the Imperial terms) to come to the aid of Italy in "an emergency." Some of those who are most consulted on these kind of matters by their master profess, in their intimacy, to *know* that it has been sought to put pressure on the King of Piedmont, in order to induce him, in the first moment of anxiety and discouragement, to settle with France and consent to what she demands. It is affirmed that, within the twenty-four hours following on Cavour's demise, Louis Napoleon signified to Victor Emmanuel that he would leave Rome, put no more obstacles in the way of the consolidation of the Southern Provinces, and allow Italy to try, with all her own forces, what she could achieve in the way of Unity; but, for this, the King was to give up Sardinia and Genoa! At all events the King's reply would, *at first*, be decidedly a negative one, whatever the inexorable "logic of events" may oblige him to in the future; but that what I here relate has taken place, is the belief of many of those who, were things to stand thus, would be inevitably sure to know it.

Another fear, however, is, lest the "revolution" should force Louis Napoleon to act without there being the slightest likelihood of his obtaining any reward therefor. There has always been, and there is still, a dread of the mysterious power which is exercised over Louis Napoleon by the extreme party,—by the men who (whatever their shades of difference between themselves) are, in the last resort, linked with the *carbonari* and the "party of assassination," as it has been termed. No one here knows how far these men can oblige the Emperor to go,—to what limit their strange hold over him is carried,—for, as to denying that they have a strange hold over him, that no one has done here since the war of '59, following as it did upon the explosion of Orsini's bombs.

The consequence of all this is intense anxiety and perturbation of spirit, and it is felt that now Cavour has disappeared from the scene, there is no one who can be relied upon to keep a check over the violent revolutionists. The state of the case, for the present, stands thus: either the Emperor must, as some of his adherents say, "wash his hands" of the whole Italian question, and let Italy dwindle to nothing for want of help, or he must act violently,—giving the sword of France to the Italians, but taking himself from them what he covets for the territory of the French empire. Now, the latter line of conduct is not in his nature, and the former is. But then, will the revolutionists allow him to leave them in the lurch and "wash his hands" of what they forced him to undertake? There is the knotty point.

With Cavour, France was sure in the end to obtain what she needed. He would have staved off the evil day to the very last, but *at last* it must have come, and the price have been paid for the French help, without which Cavour, better than any one, knew he could not build up the fortunes of Italy. But with Cavour the violent revolutionists were momentarily held at bay, and, as French people term it, with him, "*il y avait toujours moyen de s'entendre*."

It is a curious fact that the very first person the Emperor turned to in spirit, on the news of the death of Count Cavour, was his cousin Plon-Plon. No sooner had the sad final telegram on the morning of the 7th reached the Tuileries, than Prince Napoleon was instantaneously telegraphed for. This surprises no one to whom the habits of the present ruler of France are familiar, for it is a well-admitted circumstance in his *entourage* that, when anything serious occurs, his first recourse is always to his cousin; but it may teach something to those who do not gain an insight into his intimate ways and acts.

There has been, to my mind, a very revolting scandal taking place here within the last few days. Whilst the man who was about to come to his trial for dishonesty and corruption—whilst Mirès was struggling with the irresistible power of the Emperor, in order to get the possibility of speaking a few words in his own defence, his far worse and far guiltier accomplice (whom everyone knows to be guiltier and worse), M. de Morny, was entertaining all Paris with private theatricals, at which he figured as composer and author, under the name of M. de Saint Remy. A farce called "*M. Choufleury reste chez lui*," was enacted at the Présidence de la Chambre, not more than a day or two before the first opening "audience" of the *procès* Mirès, at which the chief culprit's outward appearance bore witness to the frightful hardships he had been made to undergo. The man by whose side he ought to have stood, in a very different place, was bent, aged, white haired, and M. le Comte de Morny was gaily walking about his gorgeous saloons (part of the splendour whereof was traceable to the Mirès scandal), inviting the modern society of Paris to listen to his music and his jokes. Both are very inferior—but that has nothing to do with the matter. The frightful fact is, that here are a set of people, officially the highest in the land, who, knowing what they know, thoroughly disregard all the monster mischief revealed to them, and in the morning go to see "how Mirès looks," as they express it, "*in a court of justice*," crowding round the Présidence at night, to see "how M. de Morny looks out of one." (I use the terms invented by a well known imperialist dandy.)

If this do not prove a society to be in a condition of irretrievable corruption, it would be difficult to say what does.

There is no attempt at concealment, no mystery, no effort at denying the imputation of guilt. No! The guilt is admitted to the utmost; it is openly commented on and discussed, and then it is all set at nought, and its fellow-

ship is sought, and the materially good things it can dispense are accepted; whilst the "ill-luck" of the men who do not know how to avoid being "caught," becomes subject for a hearty laugh, and gets turned into a by-word.

Meanwhile, "M. Chouffeur reste chez lui" is destined to the honours of the little theatre of the *Bouffes Parisiennes*, which it will not particularly grace, for a more sadly vulgar performance can hardly be imagined. The entire fun of the piece turns upon the desperate attempts made by M. Chouffeur and his housekeeper to pass themselves off as Rubini and Grisi at a party given by M. Chouffeur, at which these famous singers *forget* to appear. The music is even worse than could have been expected; the style of the prose is below criticism; but the author of the whole would be grievously annoyed if he could not induce the Parisian press to eulogise him, and he is not pleased when the name of Saint Remy is not pointed out as a pseudonym!

It is of small matter to us whether this functionary or that plays a sorry part here, but it is of consequence to see what progress a community is making in corruption; and I think what I have stated suffices to prove it.

SKETCHES FROM THE HOUSE.

BY THE SILENT MEMBER.

THE royal assent was given on Wednesday by Commission to the Customs and Inland Revenue Bill. The Upper House do not usually sit on Wednesday; but a pig with such a soapy tail as the Paper Duty, so perverse, with such a proved disposition to run up and down "all manner of streets," could not, in the opinion of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, be too soon converted into domestic bacon. How the obstreperous quadruped has run from one side of the House to the other, so that it has been difficult, at any moment during the last half dozen years, to say who had him—how we thought we had got him fairly across the plank last Session, when he suddenly turned, ran back, and all but upset the Chancellor of the Exchequer—how, this year, he has squealed and grunted, and got between everybody's legs, and entangled a respectable "party" in his bit of rope—we all know too well. Wretched animal! Piggish in his conception, swinish in his life, and noisy, screaming, self-willed, pervivacious, and undignified in his death—how heartily we all rejoice that he has received his *quietus*! Yet St. Stephen's to this hour, so rings with his shrieks, that we can hardly persuade ourselves that we are rid of him for good and all. Between this and the 1st of October his unclean ghost will wander in Stygian shades. And should transatlantic embroilment and financial disaster threaten us, Disraeli, like another Orpheus, will hardly be dissuaded from going down to the infernal regions to recover the Eurydicean horror.

However, on Wednesday, just when the excellent and luminous Darby Griffith had somehow got us into a muddle upon some Locomotive Bill, and had moved some amendment that nobody understood upon some other amendment that nobody had heard, the outer door was shut, the sergeant-at-arms walks up and puts the mace on the table; the Home Secretary, who was on his legs, is summarily shut up, and the yeoman usher of the black rod, walking to the table, acquaints the Speaker that the Lords Commissioners *desire* the immediate attendance of our Honourable House in the House of Peers to hear the Commission read. We are all on the look-out for the proper form, because, if the Lords Commissioners presumed to *command* our attendance (a message reserved for her Majesty when she awaits us upon her throne), we should commit him to the Tower there and then. When the yeoman usher has backed out of Mr. Speaker's presence, the "first commoner" rises, and, preceded by the mace, marches down the floor. We all rise from our seats as a mark of respect, which the Speaker acknowledges by three stately obeisances. When he has got some way down the floor, those who wish to accompany him to the other house, either as a mark of respect to the chair or from a desire to be "in at the death" of any particular measure, follow him with little regard to order or ceremony. The rest walk about with their hats on, talk aloud, and pass the ten minutes as they can until, at the proclamation, "Mr. Speaker," they rise and receive the right honourable gentleman as before. On gaining the steps of his chair, he said,—"I have to acquaint the House that I have attended the Lords Commissioners in the House of Lords, where the royal assent has been given by commission to the Customs and Inland Revenue Bill." A spontaneous cheer arose from the Treasury benches. It was not surprising. If party prejudices had not intervened, every man in the House and every member out of it would have echoed that cheer. Those who had accompanied Mr. Speaker whispered on their return that some one had persuaded old Lord Montague to be one of the Lords Commissioners for giving the royal assent to the bill, and as his maundering lordship was put forward last year by the Derbyites to move its rejection, we thought Mr. Gladstone properly revenged by his appearance in the three-cornered hat and Guy Faux habiliments of a Lord Commissioner.

There are moments in every man's career when he is disposed to cry, *Nunc dimittis*. Washington, when American independence is conceded; Cobden, when the Corn Laws are abolished; Cavour, when his monarch is acknowledged King of Italy by the great Western States, feel that they have not lived in vain. At such times men who have struggled much and long for great and worthy objects, feel a craving for repose. They wish to confide the trust to other hands, and leave younger men to fight the battle and guard the liberties they have won. Something of this feeling has come over us since the Paper Duty Abolition Bill received the royal assent. If your "Silent Member" should now retire from Parliament, it would be with an inexpressible satisfaction and contentment, at having witnessed, in the removal of the Paper Duty, the consummation and completion of the great series of financial changes and commercial relaxations, which began, in 1842, by untaxing bread, and which end, in 1861, by the removal of the last, greatest, and most monstrous tax upon knowledge and the free interchange of thought. At the hazard of being thought to overrate the advantage of removing the Paper Duty, I may declare that, next to the repeal of the Corn Laws, I have never assisted in the passing of a legislative measure which has given me such deep and heartfelt pleasure as the Act that received the Royal assent on Wednesday. Do not, next year, or the year after, accuse me of being premature or short-sighted because the repeal of the Excise Duty may not

have realized all the benefits that some have anticipated. Free Trade took between five and ten years before anything like a general concurrence was expressed by its adversaries that it had been a success. An oppressive and vexatious Excise duty always creates a monopoly in a manufacture, which at first prevents the public from gaining the full advantage of the change. It will take a year or two before the enterprise and energy of the manufacturer will bring their reward in the discovery of new and cheaper material and the application of new machinery. In ten years' time the Paper Duty will be regarded as so impolitic, so oppressive, and so unjust, and the diffusion of knowledge among the poorer and less instructed classes will be seen to have received so healthful and beneficial a stimulus from its repeal, that the Paper Duty Act of 1861 will take rank with the Reform Bill, the Penny Postage, and the abolition of the Corn Laws.

Of course we mustered in force at the Bar and galleries of the Upper House last week when the Customs and Inland Revenue Bill came on for a second reading. A few peeresses came down to hear the debate. The Chancellor of the Exchequer and his *fidus Achates*, Milner Gibson, sat upon the steps of the throne, where also stood Lord John Russell. It was a night of undisguised triumph for all three. Derby was in the toils, and it was certain he would chafe, and bite the chain, and seek to rend his captors. In the galleries were Sir James Graham, who interfered at the right moment with prodigious effect on the constitutional question of the one bill for the whole financial scheme of the year; and Mr. Bright, who has attacked this tax powerfully, persistently, and heartily, and but for whose hammer of Thor we might not have been assembled to-night on such a celebration.

Derby's demeanour, to do him justice, was, upon the whole, that of a true knight. He might have led on his belted earls and barons of high degree to throw out the bill and create confusion; he might have asked them to separate the bill into two or three measures, and thus sent it back to the House of Commons, in order to assert the privilege of the Upper House to deal in detail with the financial proposals of the year. In either event angry feelings would have been excited between the two Houses, class would have been set against class, and food supplied to the railers against the aristocracy.

The Conservative chieftain took a true view of his position. As Mr. Bright remarked with much truth, he fired a good deal of harmless powder to cover his retreat. He launched several sarcasms at the Chancellor of the Exchequer, quizzed Lord Granville, did not even spare the House of Commons, defended the privileges of the House of Lords, and finished by accepting the Bill. The least generous part of his speech was his representation of the motives by which the Chancellor of the Exchequer had been actuated in sending the Bill to their lordships in its existing shape, viz., a petty and unworthy desire to avenge himself for the humiliation cast upon him last year. Great party-leaders are, however, seldom generous in their construction of each other's aims, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer was too much elated with his real and substantial triumph, and his complete vindication of the privileges of the House of Commons against "the most dangerous and most gigantic innovation of modern times," to scan too narrowly the language of a conquered and unresisting foe.

Lord Derby's submission is said to have given great satisfaction in an illustrious circle, a rumour which deserves some confirmation, from the fact that he was invited a day or two afterwards to dine with royalty. As he did not call upon his followers to vote with him against the second reading, they did not rebel against his summons, which is more than can be said for his leader in the other House. Here there have been solemn reclamations and remonstrances, much correspondence, and no little mystery, in consequence of the behaviour of the Conservatives, some of whom absented themselves from the House on the Paper Duty debate, while others went into the lobby with the government. The affair has happened awkwardly enough just after Lord Derby had vaunted the discipline of his host.

I would rather not imagine Disraeli, a novelist and man of genius, expostulating with Bulwer-Lytton, another author of genius, for voting with the Ministry against the Paper Duty.

CONTEMPORARY SCIENCE.

VERY slowly, and in a tottering, uncertain manner, do we become acquainted with the mysteries hidden in apparently the most simple substance. The discovery of oxygen was one of the first fruits of modern chemistry; and after its properties have been seemingly investigated scores of years ago in the most exhaustive manner, we are just beginning to find out how utterly ignorant we are as to its real nature. A substance which is the very breath of life for all created beings on the earth, the consumption of which, to supply respiration and combustion, amounts to more than seven millions of tons weight per day,—forming three-quarters of the animal kingdom, four-fifths of the vegetable kingdom, half the mineral kingdom, together with one-fifth of the atmosphere and eight-ninths of the water on the earth, constituting, in fact, nearly two-thirds of our globe, and endowed with properties more strikingly remarkable than any other body in nature,—certainly offers some inducement for the earnest inquirer to explore its mysteries; and if we now feel so ignorant on the subject, it is not on account of the little that is already known, so much as the vast regions of unexplored wealth of which we have recently caught some faint glimpses.

In connection with the most wonderful, as well as the most fascinating, branch of this inquiry,—the mysterious power which oxygen, ordinarily quiescent, possesses of splitting up into two intensely energetic oppositely endowed *halves*,—the name of Schönbein will always be remembered. The untiring manner in which he investigated the subject of ozone,—tracking it from the *electrical smell* through all its phases, patiently working on in spite of the ridicule with which it was, up to a very recent time, the custom to assail him as the philosopher with one idea, the man with an ozonic monomania, and ultimately forcing the subject, by its very importance, before the notice of physicists,—is a worthy model for every young experimenter. Through him we have been led to ask whether the so-called chemical elements may not, after all, be mere allotropic conditions of a few bodies?—whether the speculations of the alchemists upon the mutual convertibility of the metals into each other, may not prove ultimately correct, and, in the language of Faraday, to view their fundamental doctrine of transmutation as

no longer opposed to known analogies, but only some stages beyond the present state of knowledge.

It has at last become the custom to record ozone observations at most of the meteorological observatories, and the scientific and general public are pretty well aware that these indications afford a rough but on the whole a reliable test of the healthiness of any particular locality. The usual way of preparing the test papers for ozonimetric purposes has been to soak fine paper in a mixture of starch and iodide of potassium dissolved in water. Upon drying, the paper was cut into slips, and the rapidity of its darkening, or the intensity which it acquired, in any given time, was compared with a numbered scale and recorded—the indications ranging from 1 to 10. Two errors are liable to creep in when the ozone papers are used in the ordinary way. They are usually suspended freely in the air, and exposed to light. Air is of course necessary, as the ozone is an ingredient of the atmosphere; but light causes the papers to fade, and thus destroys the indications. The other objection is that the papers are liable to be darkened by other bodies in the atmosphere—nitric acid, for instance, which is known to be present in quantity after thunder. The former difficulty has been overcome by Mr. E. J. Lowe, who has contrived an ozone box, which is simple in construction, small in size, and cylindrical in form; the chamber in which the test slips are hung being perfectly dark, whilst at the same time there is a constant current of air circulating through it, no matter from what quarter of the compass the wind is blowing. The air either passes in at the lower portion of the box and travels round a circular chamber twice, until it reaches the centre (where the test slips are hung), and then out again at the upper portion of the box in the same circular manner, or in at the top and out again at the bottom of the box.

The second difficulty is not so readily got over; but from some recent researches of Schönbein it seems probable that the substance known as pyrogallie acid will answer the desired end. He has just found that when a strip of paper, moistened with a solution of pyrogallie acid, is introduced into an atmosphere containing ozone, it is rapidly darkened; whilst, if no ozone be present, the paper retains its original whiteness. Schönbein therefore suggests that unsized paper, moistened with a solution of pyrogallie acid, would form a good test for the presence of this form of oxygen. This would seem to be a far better test than that in which starch and iodide of potassium are used. Nitric acid in the atmosphere would not be likely to have any action upon it; indeed, every photographer is in the daily habit of mixing pyrogallie and nitric acids together without any discolouration taking place. There is only one slight drawback, and that is, that long-continued action of strong ozone has a bleaching effect; this, however, would not be any disadvantage in practice, for a paper would never be exposed so long to atmospheric influences for this reversed effect to take place.

We do not know a more valuable or instructive study than that of the ever-varying quantity of ozone in the air. A test for this body ought to be as common in a house as a barometer. Ozone is equivalent to health. In crowded cities or unhealthy neighbourhoods it is scarcely ever to be detected; whilst on the ocean, the sea shore, or elevated, open tracts of country it is almost invariably present in quantity. The first outbreak of an epidemic is always heralded by a rapid decrease of ozone in the atmosphere, whilst its reappearance is almost as certain a sign of the cessation of the sickness.

LEARNED SOCIETIES AND INSTITUTIONS.

Royal Institution.—The closing Friday evening lecture of the season was delivered by Dr. Tyndall, "On the Physical Basis of Solar Chemistry." He had before him, the lecturer said, an arrangement of apparatus for the purpose of showing these experimental facts:—1st. That gases and vapours radiate heat in different degrees; 2nd. That gases and vapours absorb heat in different degrees; 3rd. That those gaseous bodies which radiate best absorb best. First, then, to show that gases and vapours radiate heat in different degrees. If we take the thermo-electric pile, no action is manifested unless one side differs in temperature from the other. Allow the heat to fall equally on opposite faces, so as to equalize the temperature, and it becomes neutral. But whenever a difference is effected, an electric current, however small it may be, passes by the conducting wires round to the galvanometer, the deflection of the needle of which will give the exact measure of the difference of temperature. Taking a common ring gas-burner, and placing on it a heated copper ball, a stream of heated air was made to ascend over the burner, any radiation of heat from which would strike against one face of the pile, and destroying the equality of the conditions, ought to cause a deflection of the galvanometer. Air, however, has long been considered to have little or no radiating power, and this the experiment completely proved to be correct.

Oxygen gas was then forced out against the ball, and its heated column, in like manner, made to cast its rays against one face of the pile, and the effect produced was equally slight.

Olefiant gas was next to be passed through the burner under the heated ball. The ball had now considerably cooled, and therefore this experiment was performed under a disadvantage compared to the former cases, but the rising column of olefiant gas would radiate a considerable amount of heat; and if the experiment was performed under adverse circumstances, it was the surer proof of the correctness of the result. It was thus the man of science should experimentalize; he should not be aided by meretricious adjuncts; for if he tried to falsify, nature was certain to expose his shams. The olefiant gas was now passed through, and the galvanometer was strongly deflected, as had been predicted.

The arrangement of the apparatus was then altered, the object being to prove that gases and vapours absorb heat in different degrees. The first operation was to heat both sides of the pile to exactly the same temperature, so that there should be no deflection of the galvanometer. Oxygen gas was now, by means of a tubing, passed through a slit, and issued as a thin sheet in front of one face of the pile. If there were absorption by the gas, the temperature of that face would be lessened, and in proportion to the inequality produced would be the action on the galvanometer. The needle, however, remained still. The oxygen had little or no action. It had no sensible radiation, it had no sensible absorption.

Now olefiant gas is passed and the needle of the galvanometer moves sensibly to the right. It was thus thoroughly established that the gas which radiates the least absorbs the least; the gas which radiates the best absorbs the best. Olefiant gas radiates better than oxygen; olefiant gas absorbs better than oxygen. And this was the point of the subject, that the radiation and the absorption were constant equivalents.

With regard to absorption there was in bodies a certain power of selec-

tion, of choice. In gaseous bodies there were exhibited certain hostilities by each towards different rays, which they cut off—picked out, as it were, with deadly certainty to kill. Nitrous-oxide gas was well known for its red fumes; he had some in a cylinder, and he would place it before the electric lamp, the rays from which should be transmitted through it.

But, first, as to the lamp and its arrangement. The direct rays of white light were not to be passed at once to the screen; he had interposed a prism filled with bisulphide of carbon. His object was not merely to pull aside the ray, but to pull it asunder. One pull was not sufficient, he wanted to tear it widely apart, and therefore he placed a second prism before he allowed the beam of light to fall on the screen. A magnificent spectrum was here produced on the screen, with the same vivid colours in their ordinary succession, from the red at one end to the extreme violet at the other, but unmarked by any dark lines whatever, as in the spectrum from the sun. If the nitrous oxide be introduced into the path of the rays it will cut off the weaker part of the spectrum towards the blue end, but this is not all, it will cut off certain slices besides—certain bands will be dug out, as it were, by the spectrum of this gas, showing it possesses the power of absorbing certain rays which otherwise would be transmitted. This experiment was most successfully and brilliantly performed, and the dark-banded spectrum on the screen fully proved the lecturer's position, that certain gaseous bodies absorb certain groups of rays and leave others unabsorbed, thus producing the dark bands in the spectrum, which were first observed by Sir David Brewster. Now for the converse. He intended to play with each topic in this antithetical way;—to give to each its counterpart. Certain gaseous bodies radiate certain groups of rays, which appear as separate bright bands in their spectra. The heating of gases to sufficient intensity is a matter of great difficulty, but we have another means in the volatilization of metals, each of which gives off a characteristic group of rays of greater brilliancy than those of gases. He would, therefore, by heating some of them to volatilization, cause the rays emitted from them to fall on the screen, when it would be seen that the metals did not give continuous spectra, but that each metal had its own system of bands. The first experiment was with mercury. A globule of mercury was put in a crucible into the lamp, and there appeared on the screen two or three bands of brilliant colours within the region of the purple and yellow spaces. The second experiment was with brass, which is, as is well known, an alloy of zinc and copper, the consequence being a compound spectrum on the screen, in which the blue lines of the zinc and the green lines of the copper could be plainly detected, each metal telling its own tale, no matter how disguised.

What is true of the pure metals is true also of their compounds, whether they are combined with oxygen as oxides or there again with acids to form salts; and when any of these are subjected to the same test they exhibit the like brilliant bands in their respective spectra, always with the same colours and in the same positions. Nothing can be more characteristic; and whenever we see any of these bands their origin can be certainly inferred, and we can unerringly refer back to the particular metals which produced them. It is a language addressed to the eye instead of the ear, it is not dependent on distance; and when we see in the spectra of the light emitted by the fixed stars millions of miles away the dark bands corresponding to those of our earthly metals, we are equally sure of their presence there as if they were audibly proclaiming, "we are here." The lecturer then introduced some experiments to prove the uniform spectrum manifestations of the metals. First, by burning sodium in its pure state, and then chloride of sodium, or common salt, the electric lantern in both cases throwing the splendid double yellow sodium line on the screen. The lithium lines were then shown in the same manner, their brilliancy, such as the painter would fail to rival, attracting general admiration. Various substances commingled in a carbon crucible were next volatilized, and the compound spectrum thrown on the screen; but there was no confusion, the bands were visible there and only required knowledge and a little time to disentangle them. Every metal was distinctly marked; each volatilized metal had its peculiar refrangible rays deflected through the prism with the utmost certainty; each band appeared within a rigidly accurate space.

His audience had so far been entertained with pleasing colours; now he had to take them over drier ground. Having led his hearers on a little way, as a guide would escort up Etna a party on mules, they must now dismount at the base of the cone, and toil their way over ashes and lava to the summit. They had next to consider the nature of the agency producing these bands. It was now admitted that light and heat were produced by the vibrations of bodies. A fine form of matter, called by philosophers ether, pervades space; through it the vibrations of material atoms are continuously propelled in waves until they reach the retina of the eye, and then, by a process natural philosophy does not pretend to explain, they are manifested to the senses, and convey the impression of light.

Radiation consists in the transference of motion to the ether from the vibrative atoms. Absorption consists in the transference of motion from the ether to the particles of the absorbing body. Now, clearness of apprehension is essential here. We must have a perfectly definite idea of these vibrating particles and the ether in which they are immersed. The idea may be rough, but by that power of abstraction which belongs to the human mind, we can subsequently purge its grossness away. Imagine, then, the ether to be like an ordinary liquid—like treacle, if you will, or water—and these atoms like spheres, like lead bullets, oscillating in this liquid. We may figure the particles of oxygen and other elementary gases as single spheres gliding with comparative freedom through the ether, and producing comparatively little commotion, while the particles of olefiant gas are to be figured as groups of spheres which generate considerable resistance in passing through the ether, and impart to it a comparatively large amount of motion. Conveyed these complex molecules, on receiving the shock of the waves of ether, will receive a greater amount of motion than the single spheres: in other words, radiation will go hand in hand with absorption.

Let us consider now the case of a volatilized metal, such as lithium, emitting groups of distinct rays.

Again we must aim at definition in our conceptions. "I have here," said Dr. Tyndall, "an ivory ball suspended by a string, so as to form a pendulum. I puff it with my breath; it moves a little aside from its position of rest: I wait till it returns, and then puff again, and, thus timing my puff, I can accumulate the effect so as to produce oscillations of large amplitude. Now, figure the atoms of a gas united together by springs, each spring having a definite period of oscillation. We have here a type of the condition of a volatilized metal. Its particles are so related to each other that they oscillate at definite periods, one group of atoms giving the periods which produce one colour, another group the periods of a distant colour, while the periods which would fill the gap between them are wanting in the metal. Having thus cleared the way, we will proceed a stage further.

In 1741, it is recorded that Ellicot, the clockmaker, placed two clocks near each other at the Royal Exchange, both their backs leaning against the same rail. One only of the clocks was set going. Some time afterwards, on Ellicot's return, to his astonishment he found the second clock going also. The fact was that the pendulums were nearly of the same length, and the ticks of the one

clock communicated through the railing were so timed as to produce an accumulation of motion in the second pendulum, as in the experiment of the puffing of the ivory ball. Let us apply these mechanical considerations to the case of light. Let us send a beam of white light through, say a sodium flame. The sodium particles oscillate in periods, which produce yellow; the white light possesses particles which oscillate in the same period, the oscillation of the latter being taken up by the particles of the sodium flame. The waves of the white light followed each other in such periods as to heap up their motion on the sodium particles; in other words, their motion is absorbed and scattered by the sodium particles through the ether in all directions. Hence, in the words of the list of facts and principles, the waves which any system of atoms absorbs most effectually are those which the same atoms would generate if set in vibration. Thus, then, the soda vapour-flame will cut off the rays which the soda-flame produces.

Sending an intense beam of white light from the electric lamp through a soda-flame produced from a mixture of alcohol, salt, and water, a dark band was seen in the spectrum cast upon the screen. By another experiment the lecturer rendered this effect even more striking. The object was to make it certain that the yellow sodium line was obliterated by the second soda-flame. On one of the coal-points of the lantern a drop of a solution of salt was placed, and, evaporating, it left a crust on the point. This was quite sufficient to show the double yellow soda line on the screen, surrounded by the other prismatic colours. The flame of a Bunsen gas burner was brought in the path of the rays as they were emitted from the lamp, and into this flame a small piece of metallic sodium, placed in a little spiral disk of platinum wire, was volatilized. The yellow band on the screen was immediately obliterated; the rays from the sodium vapour cut it out, and a double deeply dark line took its position, the dark line being produced, or the yellow bright line restored, as often as the sodium was introduced into, or removed from the flame of the Bunsen burner. If we used lithium, magnesium, or any metal, in the same way, or if any or all of these were present together, dark lines would equally take the place of these bright ones, which in each case are their peculiar characteristics. And this is exactly what takes place in the solar spectrum, which is marked by such metallic dark bands. We therefore know that the exterior portion of the great centre of our system consists of a flaming atmosphere, the spectrum of which alone would present the bright lines of the sodium, magnesium, and other metals burning in it, were it not for the more incandescent and luminous nucleus, which perfectly cuts off the brighter lines, and leaves the dark spaces which proclaim to us the existence of those metals there.

The real merit of these conclusions belongs to Professor Kirchhoff. Eminent men have worked on the subject before; Mr. Talbot, Dr. Miller, Wheatstone (whose ingenuity is conspicuous in all he does), Masson, Angstrom, Foucault, and others, had obtained interesting results. But we have been looking at these spectra-lines for years without knowing what we were looking at until Kirchhoff turned our knowledge to this admirable account.

Euler, long years ago, referred the production of colours to the principle of resonance. Angstrom was within a hair's breadth of this great discovery. He actually surmised that the light absorbed by a body was that which that body can emit. He went even so far as to state that one of his electric spectra looked like the inversion of the solar spectrum. Indeed this, like every other great discovery, had been nibbled at, it had been simmering, as it were, in men's minds, but the glory belonged to Kirchhoff of unravelling the mystery of Fraunhofer's lines.

The solar spots of course demand consideration now in a new light. Observers had associated with their existence certain effects on the magnetic needle. What, then, were those spots? They could no longer be referred to an opaque nucleus, for Kirchhoff's investigations show the nucleus to be far more brilliant than the photosphere, the rays from which were cut away.

The usual hour being exceeded, Dr. Tyndall concluded with some remarks on the precipitation of metallic vapours and the connection of solar with terrestrial magnetism, this most valuable lecture, which absorbed the complete attention of a densely-crowded audience, such as we are accustomed to see on Faraday's nights. How truly is the human mind ennobled by such investigations, and spiritualized by these vaultings beyond the bounds of earthly science into full knowledge of the sun itself.

The following axioms, as exhibited on a diagram at the lecture, give a concise summary of the important and difficult topics illustrated so ably and instructively by Professor Tyndall.

ELEMENTARY PRINCIPLES.

1. An elastic medium named ether, which sensibly retards the motions of comets, pervades space.
2. Heat and light originate in the vibratory motion of the particles of bodies.
3. Radiation consists in the transference of this motion to the ether which fills space.
4. Absorption consists in the transference of motion from the ether to the particles of the absorbing body.

EXPERIMENTAL FACTS.

1. Gases and vapours radiate heat in different degrees.
2. Gases and vapours absorb heat in different degrees.
3. Those gaseous bodies which radiate best absorb best.
4. Certain gaseous bodies absorb certain groups of rays, and leave others unabsorbed, thus producing dark bands in the spectra of light sent through them.
5. Certain gaseous bodies radiate certain groups of rays which appear as separate bright bands in their spectra.
6. The bands produced by volatilized metals are especially brilliant; each metal has its own system of bands.
7. The bands of each metal appear in the spectra of the volatilized compounds; they never vary in colour or position.
8. The bands, therefore, enable us to infer with certainty the precise metallic vapour by which they are produced.

EFFECT OF SYNCHRONISM.

1. The waves generated in the ether by the oscillations of a body's atoms, succeed each other in the same periods as the oscillations themselves.
2. When the vibrating atoms of a body excite waves which strike against the atoms of a second body, those particular atoms of the latter which have the same vibrating period as the waves, accept most motion.
3. In other words the waves which any system of atoms absorb most effectually are those which the same atoms would generate if set in vibration.

JOINT ACTION OF A NUCLEUS AND ENVELOPE, BOTH BEING LUMINOUS.

1. An incandescent solid or liquid gives a continuous spectrum.
2. If an incandescent solid or liquid be enveloped by a flame, this flame will select for absorption those rays of the nucleus which it can itself emit.
3. In a spectrum produced by the joint light of the nucleus and its envelope, the following effects are possible:—
 - a. If the nucleus be less brilliant than the envelope, the bands of the latter will appear bright on the spectrum of the nucleus.

b. If both be of equal brilliancy, the quantity absorbed by the envelope is equal to the quantity which it emits, and a spectrum without either bright or dark bands is the consequence.

c. If the nucleus be more brilliant than its envelope, the quantity absorbed by the latter is greater than the quantity emitted, and a band, dark in consequence with the adjacent light, appears at each place where the envelope alone would produce a bright one.

4. The sun is a body thus constituted: it consists of a solid or liquid nucleus, surrounded by a flaming atmosphere. The spectrum of this atmosphere alone would consist of a series of bright bands, many thousands in number; but the overpowering brilliancy of the nucleus converts these bright lines into lines which are dark in comparison with the adjacent intensity of the illuminated spectrum.

At the Ethnological Society, last week, J. Crauford, Esq., President, in the chair, a very valuable suggestive paper was read by Professor Busk, "On a systematic mode of Craniology."

The present discussion, and inquiries respecting the antiquity and creation or development of the human races renders necessary for the attainment of practical scientific results some uniform method of measuring as well as of delineating the various characteristic crania. This has hitherto been done generally with one object alone, namely, to give the cubic contents of the skull, or, in other words, to indicate the size and capacity of the brain. Now, however, more minute and detailed measurements of constituent parts are required not only to elucidate the topics we have referred to, but to mark those more minute characteristics by which the solid brain-cases of different races may be osteologically distinguishable from each other. Complete originality was not claimed by Professor Busk for the views expressed in this paper, which was, in fact, an amplification of those propounded by Professor V. Baer, in the Memoires of the Imperial Academy of St. Petersburg, in which that ethnologist describes the characters of the various Asiatic and other crania contained in the Anthropological collection in that city. Whatever opinions may be entertained on the subject of the unity or plurality of the human species, it cannot be denied that permanent and, in their extreme forms, well marked varieties of man have through all historic times to the present day existed. The object of craniology is by selecting the most prominent and decisive characteristic portion of the skeleton to simplify the means of distinction. In viewing any collection of crania, the most unobservant will be struck with the fact that the specimens may be divided into separate groups marked with distinctive characters. One set will be found nearly as broad as long, whilst in another, the length will considerably exceed the width. In some, the jaws with the teeth, will be seen to project somewhat like the elongated muzzle of an ape, whilst in others the perpendicular profile will exhibit a more perfect or elevated type.

These broad distinctions, and several others, such as an oval or an oblong, a triangular or rounded outline of the cranium when viewed from above, a greater or less width and difference in the position of the cheek-bones, a uniformly arched or pyramidal form of the upper part of the skull, will be obvious enough to the observer, and it is an important problem in natural history to determine how far these and other less obvious characters may be so expressed as, in the absence of the objects themselves, to enable others to appreciate them, and so defined as to admit of accurate, or approximately accurate, comparison, *inter se*. At the present time there are no exact methods of estimating the morphological relation of the cranium, nor of clearly defining them, a deficiency which has not arisen from want of attempts to accomplish the purpose, but from their never having been conceived in sufficient general terms. The study of human crania, in an ethnological sense, may be said to date from Blumenbach, but he was contented with a survey of the general form, and devoted little or no attention to the measurement of their dimensions. Since his time, various methods of measuring have been proposed, some very ingenious, but most of them so complicated and inapplicable, except for special purposes, that we are still without any generally-adopted mode of comparative craniometrical measurements.

Since Blumenbach the most important researches have been those of Professor Retzius, of Stockholm, and Professor Baer, of St. Petersburg. One important benefit conferred by Professor Retzius was the proposal of terms, since almost universally adopted, by which certain of the most strongly marked varieties of crania are designated, such as brachycephalic for the short skulls, dolichocephalic for the long skulls, and those for their respective modifications throgmatic and prognathic, under which, in a certain sense, all forms of human crania may be classified. Useful as are these designations, it cannot be denied they are wanting in precision, while Professor Retzius has given no terms in figures by which the proportions constituting a dolichocephalic or a brachycephalic cranium can be distinguished, nor any criterion to enable an observer in a doubtful case to place the cranium in one class or the other; the same may be said of the varying degrees of prognathism, zygomatic width, and so on.

One object the author of the paper has in view in his scheme of measurement now proposed is, that precise numerical values should be employed in place of words, in speaking of the proportions of a cranium, or, at any rate, that any term employed should be associated with some given numerical value. Professor Baer seems to have been the first to express the proportion or some of the proportions of a cranium in terms of a common modulus, namely, its length. It will be readily seen by the adoption of such a plan, whether the length or any other dimension be taken as the standard of measure, the comparative length or shortness of a skull may be accurately expressed in figures. As for instance, assuming the length as the standard, the breadth of the crania may be stated as '6, '7, '8, or '9 of the length; the two former numbers actually embracing all those hitherto classed under the dolichocephalic type, whilst the two latter included all the brachycephalic skulls.

By reference to the same modulus, the degree of prognathism or of occipital projection, of height, of zygomatic (cheek) breadth, and so on, may be readily also expressed and placed in columns in a table, so that the comparison of one set of forms with another, and their average values, may be seen at a glance. The author, after detailing the nature of Professor Baer's table of measurements, and its division into thirteen, or, more properly, into nineteen columns, proceeded then to describe the mode and arrangement of measurements he had been led to adopt, with the concurrence of Professor Queckett, who has likewise taken great interest in this subject. Professor Busk's system corresponds in a great measure with that of Professor Baer, though the principle upon which it is based is not exactly the same. That on which Professor Busk proceeds is to endeavour to condense in as few columns as possible such measurements as may be readily made, even in imperfect skulls, but which may yet suffice to show,—

- 1st. The comparative capacity or size of the frontal, parietal, and occipital regions of the skull corresponding to the main divisions of the brain.
- 2nd. The proportions of the skull as regards length, breadth, height, &c.
- 3rd. The degree of prognathism and of the occipital projection, and inferentially the position of the foramen magnum, &c.
- 4th. By the comparison of two measurements, that is to say, of the nasal radius (equal to the cranial vertebral axis of Von Baer), and of the maxillary

radius, to arrive at some notion of the facial angle, which, without a complicated and expensive apparatus, it is difficult, if not impossible, in some cases to estimate with any approachable accuracy.

There was another part of the subject which the author considered of even greater importance than the taking of measurements—the method of making delineations of the cranium as may trustworthily admit of direct comparison. The chief objects in preparing figures of crania for ethnological or similar purposes are—1. That the cranium should be invariably be in a certain definite position. 2. That it should be drawn either from natural size, or reduced to given proportions alike in all cases. 3. That so many figures should be given as without any perspective may afford a sufficient idea of the outline of a section of the cranium in the three dimensions of length, breadth, and height, together with a view of the face, and of the base regarded as in a horizontal plane. Five figures of a skull would thus consequently be indispensably necessary to afford an adequate idea of its conformation. These five aspects are thus obtained:—1. A small cork, with a steel point in its centre, is fixed in the external auditory foramen, and from this point a line is drawn with a pencil to the junction of the sagittal and coronal sutures. This line, which was, I believe, first employed by the Abbé Frère, is assumed as the vertical line, and used as the invariable standard of position. 2. A line drawn at right angles with this vertical line, and crossing the same point in the auditory opening, is regarded as the horizontal or base-line of the cranium, and it will be found to coincide sufficiently nearly with the base-line of all writers, and to be nearly coincident also in most cases with the floor of the nostrils. 3. The cranium being placed on any convenient contrivance with the vertical line perpendicular, and the size which it is proposed to delineate it determined on, one half linear being regarded as the best, the camera lucida is placed at the proper distance, and at such a height that the centre of the prism is opposite the vertical line, and level with a spot midway between the auditory opening and the vertex. The views of the skull are then made, and their accuracy tested by actual measurement.

A second paper was read by Mr. Major, being an Inquiry concerning Native Australian Traditions. The object of the author was to learn if any of the members of the society were aware of the existence of any traditions of the early discovery of that country. The question arose from Mr. Major having found a MS. *mappemonde* in the British Museum, in which, on the north-west corner of a country, evidently Australia, was written, in Portuguese, "Nuca antara was discovered in the year 1601, by Manuel Godinho de Eredia, by command of Viceroy Ayres de Saldanha." This carried the date of the first authenticated discovery of Australia five years farther back than any previously recognized account, and transferred the honour from Holland to Portugal.

Reference was then made to the asserted discovery of Australia, four hundred years before, by the Chinese, and the finding of Chinese oars and nautical instruments, in 1851, in that country, at some considerable depth from the surface.

No information was elicited from the society, and the statements regarding the Chinese discovery and relics seemed to be pretty generally doubted.

At the Zoological Society, on Tuesday, Dr. J. E. Gray, V.P., in the chair, Dr. A. Günther exhibited, on the part of Mr. J. Y. Johnson, an example of the singular fish, described under the name *Saccolaryx flagellum*, by Dr. Mitchell, and *Ophiognathus ampullaceus*, by Dr. Harwood, which had been obtained in the Atlantic, on the coast of Madeira. Dr. Baird communicated a note on the structure of the *Lernæa cyclopterina*, a barnacle parasitic on the gills of the *Cyclopterus spinosus*, from Greenland, as exhibited in specimens in the collection of the British Museum. Mr. Bartlett made some remarks on the Japanese variety of the domestic pig, now exhibited in the Society's Gardens. The Secretary read a letter from Mr. Swinhoe, corresponding member of the Society, dated from Amoy, in China, respecting the deer of Formosa and Japan, which he considered to be distinct, and referring the latter to *Cervus sika* of the "Fauna Japonica."

Dr. Gray called attention to the mode of progression of the pipe-fishes (*Syngnathus*), as exhibited in the fine series of these animals living in the tanks of the society's fish-house; and made some remarks on the specimens of a deer killed in the Emperor's summer palace at Pekin, and transmitted to the society by Mr. Swinhoe. Dr. Gray also gave a notice of a new species of antelope from Zanzibar, collected by Captain J. H. Speke, which he proposed to call *Calotragus nigripes*.

Papers were read by Mr. J. Y. Johnson on a new species of crab from Madeira, which was proposed to be called *Cancer bellianus*; by Mr. S. Hanley, on a new species of mollusk of the genus *Leda*; and by Mr. Harper Pease, on new species of Mollusks from the Pacific islands.

Mr. Leadbeater exhibited some fine heads of the *Ovis ammon* of the Himalayas.

ASTRONOMICAL NEWS.

In the *Astronomische Nachrichten* of Monday last, June 10th, M. Pape, of the Altona Observatory, publishes an important paper on Comet I. 1861. In the course of some investigations he came to the conclusion that a parabolic orbit failed reasonably to satisfy the observations, and he accordingly computed the following elliptic set of elements:—

Perihelion passage (τ)	= June 3 228 Berlin M.T.
Longitude of the Perihelion (π)	= $243^{\circ} 3' 15''$
Longitude of the Ascending Node (Ω)	= $29^{\circ} 51' 9''$
Inclination of orbit (i)	= $79^{\circ} 55' 3''$
Eccentricity (e)	= 0.99388
Perihelion distance (q)	= 0.921
Semi-axis-Major (a)	= $150.644 = 14,311,000,000$ miles.
Periodic time (p)	= 1,848 years.

Ephemeris of Hesperia (68).

	R.A.	Decl.
	h. m. s.	° ' "
June 16	11 0 39	+6 5
17	11 1 46	6 0
18	11 2 54	5 55
19	11 4 2	5 50
20	11 5 12	5 45
21	11 6 20	5 40
22	11 7 29	5 35
23	11 8 39	5 30
24	11 9 50	5 25
25	11 11 4	5 19
26	11 12 17	5 14
27	11 13 31	5 8
28	11 14 46	+5 2

June 13, 1861.

Ephemeris of Leto (69).

	R.A.	Decl.
	h. m. s.	° ' "
June 16	13 41 29	-10 24
17	13 41 22	10 26
18	13 41 16	10 27
19	13 41 11	10 29
20	13 41 8	10 30
21	13 41 7	10 32
22	13 41 6	10 34
23	13 41 6	10 36
24	13 41 7	10 38
25	13 41 10	-10 41

C.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of "The London Review."

SIR,—In a late number of your most valuable *Review*, which from week to week contains gems in literature and science, I noticed with much satisfaction your reply to a query as to the proper sound of the letter C in the term Celt. However, I observed in the *Review* of the 11th inst. a note from Dr. Latham, showing his preference for the hard sound of C in that word; but, notwithstanding the deference due to such an authority, I take leave to differ from him, and fail to discover what arguments can be adduced in this instance to depart from a rule so generally followed in the use of C and G in words admitted into English from the learned languages.

We are aware that C in the term Celt was the *Kappa* of the Greeks; that the term was Keltai; but at the same time we maintain that its use now as C, in accordance with the English pronunciation, should do away with the original K sound. How would a student reading the English New Testament be listened to when pronouncing the words Aceldama, Cilicia, Priscilla, Laodicea, Macedonia, Caesar, Cæsarea, and the like, with their original K, instead of C softened as in ceiling? We find the *Gamma*, or hard g, undergoing a similar fusion when introduced into the English language, as Genesis, geography, genealogy, &c. In the Gaelic language we have neither a soft C nor G, and still we prefer the soft C in the term Celt and others of a similar kind.

While on this subject, I may also notice an interesting article that appeared in your journal of the 18th inst. on the Armenian Origin of the Etruscans. Like all matters of a pre-historic character, it is difficult at this time of day to trace out the origin and distinction of races. Nothing save reasoning from analogy and the affinity of languages can afford even an approximation to the early ethnological history of Europe. Etruria cannot be called purely Celtic, as Betham maintains; but it would be no less hazardous to say that the Celtic element was not in it. While following the earlier historians as our guides, notwithstanding the amount of fables in which their works abound, we are left to make the best use that can be made of their account of matters. When the Greek historians cast their eye on Europe, to the north and west, they found it peopled by inhabitants whom they termed Keltai. If from the Danube westward to the setting sun these people were in possession of it, they could not—seeing that Europe received its original inhabitants from Asia—be there without passing through, and living first, in the more eastern portions of it. We cannot admit the philosophy of Bunsen, and others of that school, in reference to the peopling of the earth. Etruria, as well as Greece, was first planted by the people found in Western Europe. These, as pioneers, had broken up the fallow ground, which may have contributed, to a certain extent, to attract adventurers to the soil of Greece. Two places, we are informed, particularly conduced to the early civilization of Pelasgia, viz., Egypt and Phenicia. Cecrops, Cadmus, and Danaus figure conspicuously as having advanced south-eastern Europe in the useful arts. We must bow to the testimony which establishes this fact, though it fails to explain by what means Egypt and Phenicia acquired their early civilization. Shall we be told that these countries acquired their advanced state by means of their proximity to the land of Shinar, the unquestionable cradle of the human race? It may be so. But how did Babylonia get the forestart of the other countries of the world? Will the intricate problem be solved by stating that wherever the human race has had the good fortune to associate and settle down after conquering the inconvenience and labour attending the first occupation of a country, regular dwellings succeeding living in the open air, villages succeeding houses, towns villages, and cities towns; agriculture succeeding the pursuit of the chase; traffic with one another, and, in course of time, with more distant parties? Civilization gradually sets in, and advances as time rolls on. To this, more than to any other circumstance, can the improvement of a people be ascribed? China could have no inter-communication with Babylon, Egypt, or Phenicia; neither could the Mexicans, in the absence of metallic implements and material, rise to a degree of civilization.

The connection of Greece and Etruria is a fact still more completely ascertained. Thrace became the hive whence so many swarms migrated to Macedonia, Greece, Pannonia, Illyria, Helvetia, Etruria, Italy, and other places. Whether they received so many colonies in the earliest times, as historians inform us, or not, it is a legitimate inference deduced from the above cause that the primeval settlers never wholly abandoned these countries. They may have been mixed to a certain extent with the new comers, and the amalgamated races mutually improved, and by that means may their power have been enhanced so as to acquire an earlier superiority over the Nomadic tribes who were still pressing on through the wastes of Western and Northern Europe.

Perhaps Etruria owed its earlier celebrity, like other places, to the permanence of its earliest settlement, rather than to the advent of colonists, either from Armenia or Lydia. Its improvement, by means of adventurers from the former place, is a doubtful matter, and its Tyrrhenian origin is a point wholly overlooked by Xanthus, the Lydian historian. We find, until our own day, the native historians of every country claiming for their respective nations a very distant origin, in order, as it were, to bestow a higher dignity on their ancestors. Our own historians were deeply imbued with this tendency, but it is now happily dying out. As the earliest settlers in Etruria might have some communication with Greece and Thrace, having emigrated from these places, and as a matter of course receive successive emigrants from them, the nation benefiting by the more enlightened comers would in course of time acquire eminence.

There are not wanting evidences that all Italy was first peopled by the aborigines that the Greeks distinguished as Celts. By the time that notice was taken of them by the Greek writers, they were found to be separated into many tribes. Historians took it for granted that these divisions represented distinct races. Passing over the Grecian tribes, which were numerous, Italy was occupied by Illyrians, Iberians, Liburni, Siculi, Veneti, Ligurians, Umbrians, Etrusci, Ausones, with the various tribes that sprang from them. Many of these are said to have been Celts. The probability is that they were of that Japhetic race that landed first in Europe, among whom the Celts really were, if they were not the very stock. Distinction of tribes does not necessarily imply a difference of race. The locality of a tribe for some time, or the name of some notable leader, perpetuated the distinction of tribes of the same race whose ancestry was lost in the mist of antiquity. The Romans met so many of these in Gaul and Germany that they took them to be wholly different nations, whose alienation rose merely from jealousy or distinctive appellations. Succeeding writers followed in the wake of their predecessors, so that the British Island—occupied by a Gaelic speaking population from the Land's End to the Pentland Frith prior to the Roman invasion—is represented as containing tribes unconnected with one another, whereas their only difference may have arisen from an earlier separation on the Continent, and their arrival in Britain at different periods.

We find, as one proof of the propriety of this view of the earlier races, the Celtic language forming a great number of the roots of Latin and Greek, entering largely into the Teutonic and other European languages, and leaving an indelible trace of its existence in the topography of Europe farther north and east than

any historian has ventured to assert. I state this confidently, having investigated the subject for my own satisfaction. I might refer to other testimonies were it necessary. Mr. Worsae says that, "in previous times they (the Celts) had undoubtedly occupied greater extent of the present country of Germany, particularly its middle and southern parts, where the names of localities, mountains, and rivers are very frequently of Celtic origin." Their existence farther north is admitted by Pinkerton and others. To me it appears evident that the Goths and Teutons were branches of the old Celts of Europe, emerging from the woods and morasses of the north, anterior to the Christian era, under new designations. An ancient geographer mapped out Europe under the name Celtica, and we may rest assured that the passion for ennobling our ancestors has contributed to multiply and bring from a distance races that never existed in our land. We have not been, notwithstanding, without a mixture of advent at a comparatively recent period, and in the southern parts of our division of the globe we are aware that Grecians, Trojans, and others mingled with the first settlers, and with one another, which circumstance contributed to the introduction of various languages.

I am, &c.,

Grandtully, Dunkeld, 28th May, 1861.

HUGH MACDONALD.

THE COTTON AND LABOUR QUESTION.

To the Editor of "The London Review."

SIR,—As at this distance one can hardly anticipate the subjects which will occupy your attention at home three weeks hence, so rapid in these days are political and social changes, you will pardon me if I am troubling you about things which have ceased to be of immediate interest. But, from the public papers generally, and I may say from your own in particular, we here are led to suppose that, apart from foreign affairs, the cotton and labour questions are the most important in your estimation at present, as to us that of production, involving of course that of labour, most assuredly is. Now since it appears to me that the respective wants of England and Brazil might in this respect be made to balance each other, or, as I might say, in the exchange to leave a profit to both, I venture to communicate to you some thoughts which have occurred to me upon the subject.

England is rich in labour capital, Brazil in land capital; both in excess of the means of utilizing them; but, if brought together, they would produce, on the one hand, the material for, and, on the other, means for the purchase of those manufactures which you at home make, and which the Brazilians continue, but which they would, of course, be only able to purchase in proportion to the productiveness of their country, which is now limited from scarcity of capital and labour.

That Brazil can produce excellent cotton, and has abundance of land to spare for the purpose may be assumed—that the cultivation of cotton is profitable no one doubts—how desirable it is that England should not be dependent on one country only for this important article of her consumption I need not say; but, these things admitted, may I ask why Englishmen should not profit by the cultivation of the raw material, as well as by its manufacture and its exportation when manufactured?

There appear to me but two obstacles which can possibly be alleged: 1. The climate; 2. The laws and customs of the people. On both of these great ignorance prevails in England, a fact which, as it cannot be disputed, so it is not surprising, when we consider that most of our countrymen who have resided in Brazil have been engaged in commerce, and have therefore seen little beyond the commercial places where they have resided, of which the principal and most flourishing, Rio de Janeiro, is at best a gigantic parasite; while those who have put themselves forward to inform others are few in number, and prejudiced by circumstances. Those who write to promote new lines of steam packets, or to engross political and commercial influence to one people, are not safe referees for those who have no personal knowledge.

Of this a recent article in the *Quarterly* affords a good example; for, while quoting fairly and reasoning conclusively, the writer of it presents as incorrect a view of the state of this country as if he had written by guess, the wish being father to the thought. And, first, as to climate. The extent of the empire and considerable elevation of many portions of its surface must give it a great variety of climates; but to speak of one part only, the province of Bahia, which, from its magnificent harbours, its railroad, its extensive water communication, its fertility, and central position, has great advantages over others, I may say without hesitation that there is nothing in the climate which should make Europeans fear it as a residence; but that, on the contrary, it is generally healthy, and many have excellent health here who would always be suffering at home. Low lands and the vicinity of swampy grounds are of course unhealthy here as they are elsewhere, but the higher and drier lands, which form by far the larger portion of the country, are universally healthy.

Before the yellow fever was brought here Bahia was considered one of the most healthy places in the world; it should be so now if we except its liability to yellow fever. Last year that fever was very prevalent, but, though almost all who had not had it before were attacked, the deaths were for the most part confined to engineers and workmen on the railroad, and sailors in the harbour; and in both the cause of death might, in most cases, be more correctly stated as intoxicating liquors; and in all the absence of sanitary regulations has aggravated the effects of the disease. In ordinary years the disease does not extend beyond the shipping and its immediate influence. Constant exposure to and hard work in the sun has, no doubt, predisposed some to disease; but this no reasonable man would propose for others or endure himself, although the temperature of this part of the country has been very much exaggerated.

The climate can, indeed, be termed tropical only in consideration of the geographical position of the country, and the fact that most tropical plants flourish there; it wants the extreme heat and regular wet season which go to make up the idea commonly entertained of tropical climates. Three years' observations, published in the *Bahia Price Current*, show extremes of only 90° and 68° Fahrenheit in the shade, in the sun 132° has been the highest observed limit even with a blackened bulb to the thermometer, and this never for more than an hour at a time; the sky is usually more or less cloudy, and a cooling breeze prevails during the hottest period of the day. The annual rain fall is probably not greater than in England, and more than four days' consecutive rain is uncommon.

Up the country, no doubt, the extremes of temperature are greater, as there is less rain; but the differences ascertained would not justify their extension beyond 3 or 4 degrees each way. I cannot therefore think the climate presents any obstacle; and, indeed, I am surprised that any one should prefer the climate of England to it. To immigrants its equality must be a great recommendation, as the process of acclimatization is proportionably rapid, and there is no danger of exposure to those extremes and sudden changes which are in other countries often fatal.

The political and social difficulties alleged against the employment of European labour in this country seem to me also more apparent than real.

The laws are eminently favourable; and if they were efficiently administered

there would be no difficulty; but in this country justice has the balance, but not the sword; and in the towns those who have money or interest are safe from her punishments, as in the country those who have a sufficient number of slaves or dependents can openly defy her. But though this state of things is to be deplored, it presents no obstacle, for a legal title to land being secured, a sufficiently large body of immigrants would be equally independent.

That European immigrants have never succeeded in this country, though it may be a reason for caution, cannot be accepted as conclusive against further attempts, until it be shown that those who have been hitherto introduced have been so under favourable auspices, into good localities, and under proper management; but as the contrary is notorious, nothing more need be said on this head; and I conclude that there is no reason why a colony of English in Brazil should not prosper if sufficiently numerous to be self-protecting and self-supporting, under intelligent management, and in a good locality, three conditions essential to success in any country, though of course variable in their proportions.

I take no account of two other things often alleged as impediments—religion and slave-labour,—because universal toleration is the law of Brazil, and the religion of the people consists, for the most part, in festas and histrionic performances, not much influenced by doctrine, or influencing morals, while slave-labour is necessarily decreasing, and the landed proprietors are, perforce, returning to the system of lavradores or small tenant-farmers, which was the making of this country, as the slave-trade and slave-labour have been nearly its ruin; and this system is most favourable to the majority of emigrants.

Labour is now no longer a disgrace as it was here a few years ago. And as it was under English influence, if not by English compulsion, that Brazil abandoned the slave-trade, which she did at last so honestly and thoroughly, it would be well for England to provide her with labour of a higher class and greater value; and this while it might prove the safety of one, must be for the good of both.

I would, therefore, suggest to your philanthropists and parish authorities, now apparently at their wits' end in many places—as at Coventry, and in the east of London,—to know how to provide for their starving populations, and to your manufacturers anticipating with fear a probable deficiency, or, at the least, great uncertainty in future cotton importation,—to lay their heads together and see if they cannot bring their capital in labour, useless in England, to our capital in land, now useless here, that so, by increasing the number of producers, they may not only increase the supply of the raw material for their own use, and reduce their own local taxes, but also add to the number of consumers of their own productions, to the advantage, not only of all personally concerned, but of both nations at large.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

Brazil, 11th May, 1861.

ANGLO-BRAZILIAN.

FINE ARTS.

PICTURES AT THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

AFTER the lover of art has been surfeited with the water-colour galleries and the Academy, he visits with extreme pleasure the British Institution, in which he is brought back once more to the repose of ancient art. In no country in the world but England would it be possible to give the public an annual exhibition of ancient masters, only inferior to the national collections of the first-rate powers. We know not exactly how many years this exhibition has been going on, but at least for so long that it is looked upon as an established institution of the country, and, as far as we can see, so it will continue as long as England is England. Certainly, it most clearly testifies to the inexhaustible wealth of the country in old masters of the highest character. From out old ancestral mansions, year by year, most precious gems of art find their way here for the delectation of the public, and the stream never appears to grow weaker. Do all the great works gravitate towards this country? What a public gallery England would possess if they were only focussed in one collection! Such are the reflections that occur to the spectator as, year by year, he visits this gallery.

This season the collection is certainly not strong in Italian masters. The largest picture in the exhibition, the *Noli me Tangere*, of Boraccio, is so affected in composition, and so totally devoid of all reverential feelings, that we question the propriety of its being hung here. Of early Italian painters there are several: "The Death of St. Francis," by Fra Angelico; "The Children of Media rescued by the Nurse," by Andrea Mantegna; and a picture by Mesaccio, but they are all rather curious than able specimens of their respective masters, and fall far short of the splendid specimens of early Italian art exhibited at the Manchester Exhibition.

This exhibition is generally very rich in Low Country pictures, and this year is no exception to the rule. There are several splendid Vandykes. We wish this painter had given us the names of some of his sitters instead of giving us so many portraits of "a gentleman." We should know something of these grand heads that come down to us upon canvasses and make us believe that he had to do with a more powerful race of men than we seem to have in our times. Let us instance No. 49, a grand picture of a man in armour, the head full of deep shadows, and the expression abounding with virile power. No. 23 is another of these portraits of "gentlemen," so characteristic that the mere formal appellation seems quite weak to express the vigour it delineates. The most striking portrait, perhaps, in the exhibition is No. 123, a portrait of an old lady by Rembrandt. The costume of his period was perhaps calculated to give power to the head. The large plate-like ruff of pure white cut it off from the rest of the picture, gave its hues brilliancy, and added depth to the eyes. The face, in fact, becomes the only observable portion of the picture, and the painter has made every line of its lustrous flesh alive with expression. The painting of the hands holding the closed Bible is, however, worthy of the observer's attention. No. 55, Moroni's portrait of Bartholomew Binqus, is a favourable specimen of Italian portraiture; the fur and velvet of the dress beautifully rendered, and the head replete with thoughtful power. No. 60, Lady Ann Fanshawe, and No. 15, Lettice Lady Falkland, are good specimens of the pencil of C. Janssen; the faces full of delicate pearly grey shadows, so delicate that they give an expression of ill health to their owners. The drawing is, however, very nearly perfection, and the flesh, however sickly, has flesh and blood beneath it.

There are three large and very uninteresting pictures by Herrera el Viejo, illustrating passages in the life of St. Bonaventura, which, although vigorously painted, nevertheless repel rather than attract the spectator; but there is a head of the Queen of Louis XIV., by Velasquez, hung near the ceiling, which is so finely painted that it should have commanded a better place. No. 24, "A Landscape, with a Chateau and Gypsies," is a fine specimen of Teniers's brush, of which there are several samples in the room. The cool and silvery atmosphere which this painter so loved, is without doubt a predominant one in Holland, but we must confess we grow tired of seeing nature always dressed in such Quakerish tones. Teniers never gives us anything else, although Hobbima and Rysdael clearly enough show that even in Holland bright and glowing light is often to be seen in conjunction with brooding storm. The finest landscape in the exhibition,

No. 50, "View of Bentheim Castle," by the former painter, should have been in our national collection. When on sale some time ago, the Government agent bid £1,200 for it, but was outbid by its present proprietor, Mr. Walter. Badly as we want specimens of this master in the national collection, we are surprised to find that it was allowed to slip for a ten-pound note; now, in all probability, it would fetch half as much again as it was lately sold for. The castle is situated high up on a richly wooded rock, and the cool, gray, granite-like tone of the latter alternates with the splendid foliage of the trees, and above all towers the reddish-gray castle, most picturesque in outline. At the foot of the picture lies a piece of water in shadow, the very picture of repose. The whole composition is grand and impressive with the serenity of nature.

Not far off from this picture is that of another great Dutch landscape painter, No. 54, "The Watermill," by Hobbema. To our eye this painter always is too black in his shadows, otherwise this is a charming subject. The sky has evidently been cleaned lately, as the silvery brightness of the clouds make the impossibility of the blackness of the shadows all the more remarkable. There are a couple of P. de Hooges here, No. 77, "A Garden Scene," and No. 188, "Children at Play," which are remarkable for the beauty of their foreshortening, and for the depth and clearness of their atmosphere. Some grave and reverend Mynheers are playing at bowls in a trim garden, and the light of the setting sun is streaming through the stems of some distant trees. You might walk over every inch of the sun-lit ground, so perfect is its truth to nature. Again, in the "Children at Play," the half light of the room, through which the spectator looks towards the open air beyond, is powerfully rendered; and the sunlight, falling from the chink in the door on the cool grey floor, is so wonderfully deceptive; that, on closer inspection, you are disappointed to find it is produced by a mere stroke of white. Our National Gallery is sadly deficient in atmospheric effect in interiors, if we may so term them, of this description. There are a good many articles in Burgham's of average merit, and of the usual subjects chosen by these painters. We must not forget to notice a most charming little picture, No. 70, "A Portrait of a Lady," by Teniers. It is a full-length, and pencilled in the sweetest yet freest manner, and the colouring is purity itself. This is a gem. The visitor cannot help stopping for a moment to laugh at the grotesque pencil of Cranach, "Judith, with the Head of Holofernes," is a picture of three Dutch dolls' heads, dressed as only Cranach ever could have dressed them. No. 40, "Lucretia," again, is an example of how ludicrously a subject may be misrepresented by the ultra-literal spirit of an artist. In our regrets at the inadequate manner in which the Italian school is represented, however, we must not be supposed to have overlooked No. 39, Perugino's "St. Michael," a young warrior, fully armed, resting with his shield in front of him. This charming picture is, we believe, a duplicate of one in the National Gallery. It is grand in colour, and in the sweet beauty of the face of the warrior saint.

The Vanderveldts are not particularly good; indeed, there are no very first-rate sea-pieces in the exhibition; No. 79, perhaps, is the best.

There are several of Canaletto's here, and two of the "Doge of Venice Marrying the Adriatic," full of detail, and, like all of this painter's efforts, making the sunlight as eclipse-like in effect as possible. One little Claude, No. 129, of average merit, is the sole representative of this master; and Gaspar Poussin is misrepresented by a great sprawling landscape, of which the colour has in places fled, and in which the composition is painfully artificial.

We had almost forgotten No. 53, "The Wife of Rubens,"—a full-length of the figure and face of a full-blown beauty we all know so well. We often think this painter must have been a marvellously constant husband, as he never seemed to dream there was any other face in the world worth painting than that of the fat, fair, and somewhat over-ripe beauty he claimed as spouse.

Rembrandt has two heads, both masterly. No. 72, "The Head of a Jew,"—a noble head, and No. 44, "A Woman looking from a Window." In comparison with these black, mysterious-looking features, in which the shadows seem to awe us, we may place No. 118, a lovely little picture of a girl, by Greuze—one of the most fascinating heads we have ever seen of this somewhat meretricious master.

But it is almost time that we enter the south room of the exhibition which always has to us the greatest attraction, as here we find generally hung the masterpieces of our Reynolds and Gainsborough, and other deceased English artists. We regret to find that of the latter painter's portraits there is only one this year; but Reynolds reigns triumphant. Surveying a room of his portraits, we are tempted to ask if our race has degenerated. Where do we see such lively maids now as he has transmitted to us on his canvas? where such superb matrons? where such distinguished looking statesmen, warriors, and great sea-captains? A foreigner, judging of our race by the engravings of this painter's pictures, must, indeed, think us a great people with a noble physique and striking aspect of countenance, very different from that stolid thick Saxon race their writers have spoken of. We scarcely know where to choose among the charming faces that look down upon us; but we cannot be far wrong in giving the palm to one of the loveliest profiles in the world (143) "The Lady Eardley." It is a face that would drive an artist mad, and withal it is purely English—fair, full of honest sentiment, with a playful delicate mouth. 182. "Lavinia, Countess Spencer," is another charming portrait of a great beauty of her day; in 162, we have the "Countess and her eldest son," older and more matured, but still lovely. 176. "John Charles, Viscount Althorp," aged four years, is another example of the simple grace of this great painter's pencil. 188. "Master C. J. Bunbury," a portrait of a boy with his hands upon his knees, looking up at the spectator is startlingly life-like.

Many of Sir Joshua's pictures in this room testify to the damage he did to his reputation by the tricks he played with the vehicles and colours he painted with. No. 189, "Sir George Beaumont," for instance, has in many cases slipped from the canvas, the medium in which he painted having melted from exposure to the sunlight. Again, No. 210, "The Countess of Pembroke," has faded to the colour of a slightly tinted pencil drawing. Others, however, are still in as perfect preservation as the first moment they were painted; let us instance No. 84, "Lady Ilchester and her two eldest daughters." This splendid picture was sold in 1791 for £75, now it would fetch, probably, £2,000, a splendid testimony to the growing public appreciation of this great artist. There are so many portraits by his brush that we cannot do justice to them all, but we cannot help drawing attention to No. 198, "The late Duke of Hamilton," the design and colour of which are most masterly. No. 161, "The Lord Chancellor Camden," by Gainsborough, is but an average portrait of the great master. Hoppner and Opie are also but poorly represented, and neither Wilson nor Moreland come out in strength. No. 197, "A scene from the Beggar's Opera," is a very characteristic sketch by Hogarth, which was exhibited at the Manchester Exhibition. There are three small sketchy landscapes by Gainsborough, which serve just as well as larger ones to show his consummate genius in this walk of art as well as in portraiture. In comparing the pictures of deceased British artists in this room with those of foreigners in the adjoining apartments, we feel we have nothing to be ashamed of, nay, we even question if within the last century the brush of any foreign painter has approached either that of Gainsborough or

Reynolds in the dignity with which they invested their sitters, or in the grand simplicity of their compositions. This gallery still maintains its prestige as one of the most delightful in the metropolis.

THE DRAMA.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE—FRENCH PLAYS.

WE doubt whether it is possible to surpass the exquisite truth of M. Geoffroy's acting. Whatever he does, be it small or great, every word, every look, every movement is so ripened, and in the acme of nature, that he is positively above criticism. That French actors are the most natural in the world, is nothing new. And that the "Premier Sujet" of the best theatre perhaps in Paris, the Gymnase, would be above mediocrity, we had a right to expect. But M. Geoffroy brings us not excellence merely, but absolute perfection. There is not a touch in the "Voyage de Monsieur Périchon" which we could wish altered. From beginning to end the impersonation is living and palpitating. Of course the subjects are taken from ordinary life. The broad comedy that can be derived from common French manners, not tragedy, melodrama, or mere burlesque, are the materials of the plays now acting at St. James's.

The French bourgeois *par excellence*—the common every-day Parisian father of a family, with all his little foibles and absurdities—not the Anglomane, nor the dandy, nor the buffoon—is the chief and best character of M. Geoffroy. But in that sphere his art has returned into the very nature of things. We have nothing to compare with him on our own stage. Great and varied talents we possess in all our theatres, and at the Olympic, even genius in Mr. Robson. But nowhere, in our opinion, do we find such a perfection of natural truth as in M. Geoffroy. Mr. Mathews wants his fire; Mr. Buckstone is always Mr. Buckstone—delightful in himself, but always there; the Wigans approach the nearest to French acting. Mr. Robson, with more versatility than any actor of the time, perhaps, cannot, from the very type of his earthly mould, represent an ordinary man in any of the higher spheres. His genius is great everywhere, but he can be natural only in a certain class of characters. On the whole, therefore, though we think that, taken in a body, our actors present a most respectable front to their rivals, M. Geoffroy is unequalled by any of them in his sphere.

St. James's Theatre, though not stuffed, attracts very respectable audiences. When we consider that they are picked audiences, composed of a limited number of French residents, and, for the most part, of English people of more than the usual cultivation and taste, who care for acting in its highest, that is to say, in its least exaggerated, form, and who can be wrapt in a refined comedy of manners without the flip of brutal murder on the stage, or melodramatic gunpowder plots, nothing more need be said in praise of the gallant little band who have visited our shores. Still we think the house would be better filled if people only knew how unusually good the acting really is, and what a great variety of pieces is indefatigably brought upon the stage.

With, perhaps, one or two exceptions, the other actors perform exceedingly well. Mdlle. Thérèse improves. She plays with far more freedom. We think, however, that she does better in the part of a *grande dame*, than in that of an *ingénue*, in which Mdlle. Milher succeeds to perfection. Mdlle. Milher has considerable talent. Her Adrienne, in "Le Feu au Convent," completely captivates the audience, and the emotion inspired is deep and felt, not noisy.

M. Huguot is infinitely amusing in all his by-plays. Of course he ranks below M. Geoffroy. But whatever the part, excellence is highly welcome wherever we find it. If a true London cockney wishes to see a true French frog, let him go and see M. Huguot acting "l'ancien notaire" in the play called "J'ai compromis ma Femme." M. Bertrand is a young actor of promise. His *minois* is excellent, his *verve* natural, and he has the serio-comic aspect, so great and so rare a gift in one who knows how to make use of it. The progress of M. Gravier since we saw him two years ago is marked and decided: his whole manner more masculine and free. Not to mince matters—he is less mawkish as a lover, and he has lost somewhat of his inclination to display the brilliancy of his gums. M. Lariou acts the licit lover with grace and candour often, with a little affectation sometimes.

The parts which Madame Leduc has to perform are never very wonderful, therefore all the more difficult and artistic. Her acting is always natural, often striking and forcible. We recommend Mrs. Billington to study the matron in Madame Leduc, and to learn, what in these days seems an easy lesson, that ranting, howling, and cursing—as Mrs. Billington does in the "Colleen Bawn"—until a sense of sickness creeps over the audience, are not acting. We cannot say much for Mdlles. Marchal and Delphine. Their acting is never bad, and always feeble. Mdlle. Pommier is tolerable, and is capable of better things. Mdlle. Julienne, clever and vigorous, is not very pleasing. On the whole, however, the band is excellent, and our enjoyment of the French plays at St. James's complete.

MUSIC.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA—GRISI AND MARIO.

THE first performance of Meyerbeer's *chef d'œuvre*, "Les Huguenots," given on Tuesday last, was somewhat retarded this season on account of Signor Mario's absence. In "I Puritani" and "Lucrezia Borgia" he was replaced, *tant bien que mal*, by Signor Tiberini; by Signor Neri-Baraldi in "Rigoletto;" but to find a substitute for him in "Les Huguenots" was out of the question. Nor is there an opera on the Anglo-Italian stage in which the names of Grisi and Mario are more firmly linked together. Both have won their latest laurels in this magnificent creation. Ever since Madame Viardot relinquished Valentine, her great part, Grisi has been her legitimate successor, while Signor Mario ever was and is now the most favoured and incomparable Raoul. There was a time when it would have been necessary to prove that Mario was not only a great singer, but also a great actor. Those who ever had the good fortune to witness his performance in "Les Huguenots," will no doubt agree with us that he has not found his superior in either capacity. The love-duet alone in the third act would suffice to establish his supremacy in the highest walk of the lyric drama. We need not go over old ground and relate what is known to every one. Our readers will, we hope, believe us when we honestly declare that both Grisi and Mario were as great as ever in their respective parts; that Mario was in splendid voice; that both were applauded to the echo, and recalled as often as it was possible to recall them. If we add, in the conventional language of modern criticism, that the opera went off with the greatest spirit, and delighted every one present, we think we shall have said as much, and perhaps more, than people will care to know.

But if anything could give lustre to the performance on Tuesday last, it was the rare presence of England's Prime Minister, who, while holding with a firm hand the reins of government, can yet loosen them for a while to applaud fine music and fine singing. It is just this happy combination of prudence, sagacity, vigour, and youth, which distinguishes Lord Palmerston from other men; while

the fact that, in the present convulsed state of the political world, the attraction of music in England is sufficiently powerful to give relaxation to the mind, and occupy the attention of its most illustrious statesman, speaks volumes for the prosperity and happiness of our country.

ITALIAN OPERA AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE.

This little house seems to have become a harbour of refuge for all shipwrecked operatic companies. After the fire of Covent Garden, Mr. Gye found a shelter under its hospitable roof, and now that Mr. Smith is unfortunately prevented from receiving the Upper Ten Thousand in Her Majesty's Theatre, his "troupe" has emigrated to the less aristocratic locality in the Strand. The campaign, which is to be a short one, opened last week with "Il Trovatore." If often repeated, it will scarcely add to the present attraction. The second opera on Tuesday last was "Lucrezia Borgia," in which Madlle. Titiens, Madame Alboni, and Signor Giuglini performed the principal parts, and obtained, as usual, great success. We have only space to add, that the house was not so well attended on the second as on the first night. The orchestra and chorus are the same as in former seasons, though on a smaller scale. Signor Arditi is the conductor, Mr. Blagrove the leader of the orchestra, and Signor Soldi, the indomitable tenor, of brazen lung, towers over the whole. Verdi's last opera, "Il Ballo in maschera," is in preparation at both houses. It is needless to say who will win the day.

MUSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

It can scarcely be denied that at present the orchestral concerts form the chief attraction of this society. Choral practices and *conversazioni* are doubtless very useful and pleasant, but they would hardly have raised the society to its deservedly high position. We leave it, therefore, to the Council, to consider whether the number of orchestral performances, at present limited to four, might not with advantage be extended, as it is almost impossible to introduce new or untried compositions, and at the same time to present the subscribers with the standard works of the great masters, if the existing arrangements are continued. It should not be forgotten that, both at the Philharmonic Society and the new Philharmonic Concerts, the symphonies of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven constitute the "conservative" programme, while the overtures of Mendelssohn, Weber, and Spohr have become stock pieces of every well-organized orchestra.

If the fourth and last concert of the Musical Society was not remarkable for great novelty, it was, nevertheless, one of the best of the season in the selection of music, in interest, and brevity. Nothing could be more satisfactory than the performance of the Pastoral Symphony, and the overtures to a "Midsummer Night's Dream" and "Euryanthe." Spohr's beautiful prelude to "Der Berggeist" came quite fresh to the ear, being less often performed than his other overtures. It was, however, Dr. Sterndale Bennett's third pianoforte concerto in C minor that attracted the greatest attention, not only on account of the music itself, but the manner in which it was played by Miss Arabella Goddard, who never, perhaps, distinguished herself more than on this occasion. There is a charm in Dr. Bennett's pianoforte compositions entirely his own. They may be heard by the side of the works of Mozart and Beethoven, and yet produce a great impression. Even if here and there we can trace the influence which the veneration for Mozart, or the admiration for Mendelssohn, has exercised on the muse of the composer, yet the peculiar grace and tenderness of his phrases, the exquisite delicacy in the treatment of the instrument, and his masterly manner of writing for the orchestra, all tend to single out these concertos from all other modern pianoforte compositions, and to secure for them an honourable place among our most "classical" works.

Nor would it be possible to bring out their various beauties more prominently than did Miss Goddard. One of the great features in the performances of this admirable pianiste is the utter absence of self-display, a quality so rare now-a-days in our modern "virtuosi." Miss Goddard not only charms us with her finished and artistic execution, she allows us to listen also to the effects of the orchestra, thus presenting us with the whole of the music, as conceived and intended by the composer. Now that Dr. Bennett has ceased to play in public, we must look to Miss Goddard if we wish to hear his works in all their perfection. We have already expressed our opinion on the excellence of the band; we must not omit, however, to compliment Mr. Alfred Mellon on the manner in which he has conducted these concerts. An efficient staff is, no doubt, of the first importance, but the body is nothing without its head. To him belongs the honour of having created the "prestige" which is attached to these meetings. The applause which greeted him at the close of the performance fully testified how highly his merits are appreciated. Madame Lemmens Sherrington and Signor Gardoni contributed to the pleasure of the evening by their singing of some music by Mozart, Spohr, and Boieldieu. Altogether, the fourth and last concert of the season was very successful, and well calculated to maintain the reputation of the Musical Society of London.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

The musical season is scarcely in its full bloom, and we are reminded of its approaching end. One more Philharmonic Concert, and one more concert under the direction of Dr. Wylde, and we must take leave of symphonies, overtures, and concertos for this year. It is much to be regretted that we are forced, either by necessity or fashion, to fill ourselves with as much music in the space of two or three months, as would satisfy us for a whole year. Nothing less, however, than a social revolution could possibly effect a change in our ill-organized proceedings; and as revolutions, we know, are not always attended with success, we shall do well, perhaps, to bear our fate, and await better times. Of course we have little reason to complain as it vastly facilitates the task of criticism. Here Beethoven's "Eroica," there his "Pastorale;" to-day Mozart's "Jupiter," to-morrow his symphony in G Minor. Mendelssohn's and Weber's overtures are always a *l'ordre du jour*. Nor do the performances vary much in point of execution. The old Philharmonic possesses a fresh and vigorous band. The Musical Society has fairly won its laurels; while the New Philharmonic Concerts continue to be attractive by reason of their interesting programmes. What else is there to say? If we wished to be hypercritical, we could speak of several points that are overlooked. We might remark upon the absence of delicacy in the accompaniments, or venture to call attention to the disagreeable habit of our orchestras, for ever tuning, before, during, and possibly after, the performance. All these ill-natured observations would not be out of place, and might, perhaps, be taken to heart by those who care about them. But why punish one orchestra, when all are at fault? One thing is certain: our orchestras are daily improving, thanks to Professor Bennett and Mr. Mellon.

The coarseness and carelessness which at one time marked our orchestral performances are fast disappearing, which encourages us in the hope that, ere long, our splendid bands will be inferior to none for delicacy and refinement. No better proof could be found than in the execution of Mendelssohn's symphony in A

(Italian), and the "Eroica," by Beethoven, both being played with the utmost care and precision. Nowhere is the influence of Dr. Bennett's artistic conception more felt than in the exact indication of the time which, being scrupulously retained during the entire work, enables the performers to do justice to compositions depending much for their effect on clearness and steadiness of execution. Thus, the "Ruler of the Spirits," and the overture to "Le Nozze di Figaro," were heard to the greatest advantage.

Mr. John Francis Barnet fully confirms the high opinion we have already expressed of his talent. The concerto in C minor, op. 37, by Beethoven, again gave him an opportunity of displaying his qualities as a player and a composer, the cadenza "ad libitum," which occurs in the first movement, being written by himself. We have felt it incumbent on a former occasion to advise Mr. Barnet to be less ambitious in his interpolated cadences. We must once more protest against the fashion of introducing long solo pieces in the works of Beethoven and Mozart, however clever and musician-like they may be.

The other instrumental piece was a concerto for violoncello, by Kraft, a celebrated player of the old school, whose music belongs to the same period. We wish Signor Pezzi, who possesses great qualities as a modern player, had been more judicious in his selection, as his success would have been more commensurate with his merits.

An American lady, Madame Guerrabella, made her first appearance before the Philharmonic audience, and gave unqualified pleasure by her beautiful voice, charming vocalization, and refined singing. We have seldom heard "Qui la voce," the aria from "I Puritani," chosen by Madame Guerrabella for her *début*, sung with more taste and purity. She was assisted in the duet from "Il Barbiere," "Dunque io son," by Signor Della Sedia, who made so favourable an impression at his late first appearance, and in a "Romanza," from "Torquato Tasso" and "Largo al Factotum," gave further proofs of his charming talent.

MORNING AND EVENING CONCERTS.

In looking through the list of concerts which have been given during the past week, we remarked two or three that were not "grand," and felt so pleased at the idea, that we at once determined to attend them, being convinced that the diminution in the title would prove an augmentation in the value of the concert. First in point of interest comes Herr Molique. This accomplished musician is sure to command attention in whatever capacity he may appear. His talents as a violinist have long been known and acknowledged, while his masterly compositions have gained for him a reputation such as few living composers enjoy. Herr Molique was assisted by his daughter, Madlle Anna Molique, who, in a quintet by Spohr, in D minor, Op. 130, for pianoforte, two violins, tenor, and violoncello, and the "Moonlight" sonata by Beethoven, displayed many high qualities as a performer of classical music. She was equally successful in the "Kreutzer" sonata (Beethoven's, of course—we wish there were another "Kreutzer" or another Beethoven), which could not well be otherwise when entrusted to such fully competent hands. Herr Molique confined his solo performances to one piece, a "fandango," and by his masterly playing brought out the beauty of the music no less than the capabilities of the instrument. The programme chiefly consisted of Herr Molique's charming compositions for the voice, sung by Mr. Sims Reeves, Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, and Miss Palmer, amongst which two or three airs from his oratorio of "Abraham" were heard with renewed pleasure. It was in every respect a delightful entertainment, quite worthy of the name of Molique.

It would fill a column to give the names of all the artists who assisted at Miss Messent's annual concert. This popular singer always takes care to provide her numerous patrons and friends with a first-rate bill of fare, whereby her concert becomes one of the most interesting of the season. Russia and Poland were represented by Messrs. Rubinstein and Wieniawsky, Italy by Signor Gardoni and a Signora Beati, France by M. Jules Lefort, and England by a host of singers, at the head of which were Miss Messent and Miss Eyles, Mr. Charles Braham—*et hoc genus illustre*. It would fill another column were we to give the names of the pieces, the "encores," and all further particulars. Suffice it to say, that the audience appeared highly delighted with the evening's amusement, and expressed their satisfaction to Miss Messent in the most flattering and cordial manner.

Amongst the morning concerts which gave us most pleasure, we would name that of the rising pianist, Mr. Cusins. Here we met some of the brilliant morning and evening "stars," with one or two exceptions belonging to England.

Besides the concert giver, we noticed Madlle. Parepa and Madame Louisa Vinning (English, in spite of their foreign title), Miss Augusta Thomson, Mr. Tennant, Mr. Whiffin, and Mr. Santley. Madame Rieder, Madlle. Behrens, M. Paque, and M. Buzian are of foreign extraction. To show that the whole was, however, "conducted" in a thoroughly English spirit, we need only mention the names of the three English conductors, Messrs. Harold Thomas, Baumer, and George Russell. Mr. Cusins is not only a capital pianoforte player, he is also a clever composer. In the "Grand Septuor in D minor," of Hummel, and the duet in "Les Huguenots," by Thalberg and De Bériot, with M. Buzian, he gave proofs of his fine talent as a pianist, while in several songs of his own composition, the one sung by Mr. Santley, "Her love my life adorns," in particular, his merits as a composer were most happily displayed. Mr. Cusins, besides the above pieces, performed with much effect a sonata by Beethoven (Op. 31); Bercense, by Chopin; and "Valse Caprice," No. 6, by Liszt; the same that were played by M. Rubinstein at the Musical Union.

NECROLOGY OF EMINENT PERSONS.

MRS. SMART.

On Sunday, the 2nd instant, at Tumby Lawn, Lincolnshire, aged 53, Mrs. Smart. The deceased lady was Catharine Anne, eldest daughter of the late Sir Henry Hawley, Bart., of Leybourne Grange, near Maidstone, Kent, by Catharine Elizabeth, daughter of the late Sir John Gregory Shaw, Bart., of Kenward, and married in 1831 Major George John Smart, by whom she had issue a son, Captain George Joseph Smart, of the Royal Artillery.

A. J. HAMBROUGH, ESQ.

On Thursday, the 6th instant, at 14, Prince's-terrace, Hyde Park, aged 40, Albert John Hambrough, Esq., F.L.S., F.G.S., of Steephill Castle, Isle of Wight. He was the eldest son of John Hambrough, Esq., of Pipewell Hall, Northamptonshire, by Sophia, youngest daughter of the late Gore Townsend, Esq., of Honnington Hall, co. Warwick, and granddaughter of the 4th Earl of Plymouth. He was born in 1820, and married, in 1845, Charlotte Jane, daughter of the

late John Fleming, Esq., M.P., of Stonham Park, Hants, by whom he has issue. Mr. Hambrough was educated at St. Mary's Hall, Oxford; he was a Magistrate and Deputy Lieutenant for Hants, and held a commission as Lieutenant in the South Hants Militia.

A. WORSLEY, ESQ.

On Monday, the 3rd instant, at Malvern, from neuralgia in the region of the heart, aged 30, Arthington Worsley, Esq. He was the second son of Sir William Worsley, Bart., of Hovingham Hall, Yorkshire, by Sarah Philadelphia, fourth daughter of the late Sir George Cayley, Bart. He was born in 1830, and married in 1860 Marianne Christina Isabella, youngest daughter of Colonel the Hon. Henry Hely-Hutchinson, of Weston Hall, Northamptonshire, who survives him as his widow.



THE REV. K. C. BAYLEY.

On Sunday, the 2nd instant, at the Rectory, Copford, Essex, aged 62, the Rev. Kennett Champain Bayley. He was the second son of the late Right Hon. Sir John Bayley, Bart., sometime a Judge of the King's Bench, afterwards a Baron of the Exchequer, by Elizabeth, youngest daughter of John Markett, Esq., of Meopham Court Lodge, Kent. He was born in 1798, and educated at Cambridge, where he graduated in due course. He was Rector of Acrise, Kent, from 1827 to 1845, when he was appointed Rector of Copford. He married, in 1831, Charlotte, eldest daughter of James Drake Brockman, Esq., of Beachborough, Kent, by whom he had, according to "Burke's Peerage," three sons and one daughter.



CALVERLEY R. BEWICKE, ESQ.

On Friday, the 7th instant, in his 63rd year, Calverley Richard Bewicke, Esq., of Ripple House, Kent. According to Sir B. Burke, he was the only son of the late Rev. Thomas Bewicke, who died in 1842, by his wife Sarah, daughter of the Rev. R. Etheridge, Rector of Stanton, Norfolk, and grandson of Benjamin Bewicke, Esq., of Hallaton Hall, co. Leicester. He was born in 1798, and married his cousin Emma, elder daughter of the late Rev. Calverley John Bewicke, of Hallaton Hall (by his second wife, Caroline, daughter of Colonel Nathaniel Newnham, of Barn Rocks House, Sussex), by whom he had issue Arthur Newnham and another son, and also three daughters.



HON. ARTHUR KAYE H. LEGGE.

On Saturday, the 8th instant, at Brighton, aged 26, the Hon. Arthur Kaye Howard Legge. He was the fifth son of William, fourth and late Earl of Dartmouth, by his second wife, the Hon. Frances Barrington, second daughter of George, fifth Viscount Barrington, in the peerage of Ireland, and was, consequently, half-brother to the present Earl. He entered the Royal Navy in 1848, and at the time of his death he had attained the rank of lieutenant. He served in the *Vesuvius*, paddle-wheel steam-sloop, on the African coast in 1858.



THOMAS P. COURTENAY, ESQ.

On Friday, the 7th instant, at Kenton, Devon, aged 51, Thomas Peregrine Courtenay, Esq. He was the eldest son of the late Right Hon. Thomas Peregrine Courtenay, M.P. (uncle of the present and brother of the late Earl of Devon), who was accidentally drowned at Torquay, July 8, 1841. His mother was Anne, daughter of the late Mayow Wynell Mayow, Esq., of Sydenham, Kent. He was born in 1810, and held for some years the office of a clerk in the Treasury and Customs. His next brother is the Right Rev. Reginald Courtenay, D.D., Bishop of Kingston, Jamaica.

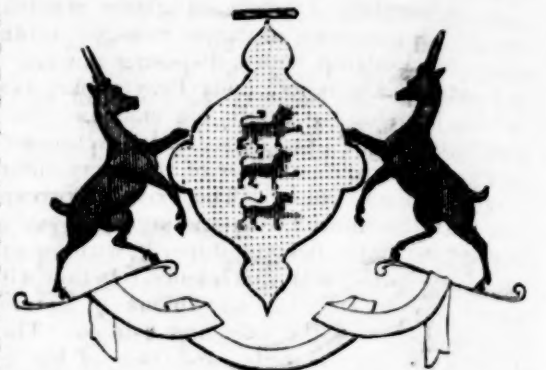


THE REV. P. BRONTE.

On Friday, the 7th instant, at Haworth Parsonage, Yorkshire, aged 84, the Rev. Patrick Brontë, incumbent of that place. He was of Irish extraction, and was born on St. Patrick's Day, 1777. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and had been in holy orders considerably more than half a century. He was the author of two volumes of "Poems," as also of a "Tale of Irish Life," and another small volume, entitled "The Cottage in the Wood; or, the Art of becoming Rich and Happy." Mr. Brontë, however, was never "rich," and though he might be considered fortunate as the father of Charlotte, Anne, and Emily Brontë (Currer, Acton, and Ellis Bell), he could hardly be deemed "happy," as he looked on their early graves. Mr. Brontë had been for many years a widower.

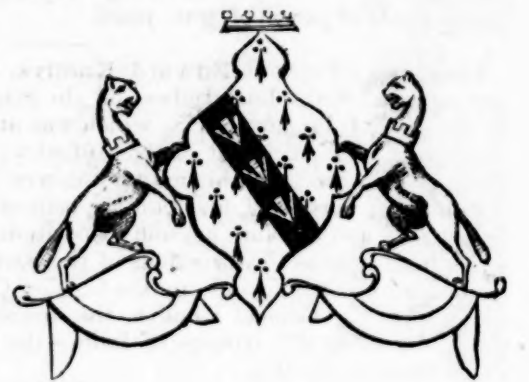
LADY CAREW.

On Saturday, the 8th instant, at Hacombe, Devon, aged 44, the Lady Carew. Her ladyship was Anne Frances, daughter of the late Major-General Thomas William Taylor, C.B., of Ogwell House, Devon, some time Lieutenant-Governor of the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, and was born in 1816. She married, in 1837, Sir Walter Palk Carew, eighth and present Baronet, of Hacombe, Devon, by whom she has left a son, Walter, lieutenant in the Royal Horse Guards, and two daughters.



LADY DORCHESTER.

On Friday, the 7th instant, at Greywell, near Odiham, Hants, the Right Hon. Lady Dorchester. Her ladyship was Anne, daughter of T. Wauchope, Esq., and married in June, 1837, Guy, present and third Lord Dorchester, in the Peerage of England, by whom she has left two daughters, the Hon. Henrietta Ann and Maria Georgiana Carleton, born respectively in 1846 and 1847.



THE HON. MRS. KNELLER.

On Sunday, the 2nd inst., aged 48, the Hon. Mrs. Kneller. The deceased lady was the eldest daughter of Henry, fourth and late Viscount Bolingbroke, by Maria, second daughter of the late Sir Henry Paulet St. John Mildmay, Bart., and was born March 13, 1813. She was married, in March, 1839, to John Lauriston Kneller, Esq., who survives her. Mrs. Kneller was sister of the present Lord Bolingbroke.

LADY WHITE.

On Monday, the 3rd instant, at Grasmere, Westmoreland, Lady White. Her Ladyship was Mary Euphemia, daughter of Wm. Ramsay, Esq., of Gogar, N.B., and granddaughter of the sixth Lord Belhaven. In 1827 she became the second wife of Sir Thomas Woollaston White, Bart., late Lieutenant-Colonel of the Royal Notts Militia, and Lieutenant-Colonel of the Royal Sherwood Rangers Yeomanry Cavalry, by whom she has left two daughters and also two sons, of whom the elder, Thomas, is Major 16th Lancers, and heir to his father's title.



MRS. SYNGE.

On Saturday, the 8th instant, at 4, Pembroke Villas, Clifton, in her 62nd year, Mrs. Syngé. She was the eldest daughter of the late Sir Richard Steele, Bart., of Hampstead, co. Dublin, by Frances Mary Collette, daughter of Edward, Count d'Alton, a Lieutenant-General in the Austrian service, and married John Syngé, Esq., of Glanmore Castle, co. Wicklow, but was left a widow several years ago. She was sister to the present Sir John M. Steele, Bart., of Mickleton Manor House, Gloucestershire.



MRS. NOEL.

On Saturday, the 8th instant, at Bell Hall, Worcestershire, aged 60, Mary, wife of Charles Noel, Esq. She was the daughter of the late Rev. John Wyldé, sometime Rector of Aldridge and Great Barr, co. Stafford, and married, in 1828, Charles Noel, Esq., of Bell Hall, Bellbroughton, near Stourbridge, by whom she had issue. Her eldest son is Captain Charles Perrott Noel, of Bradford House (a Magistrate for Worcestershire and Staffordshire, and formerly an officer in the 48th Foot), who is married to the only daughter of the Rev. James N. Palmer, Rector of Breamore.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The Right Hon. Richard Cornwallis Baron Braybrooke, of Braybrooke, Northamptonshire; Audley End, Essex; Billingbere, Berks; and Burlington-street, London, who died in February last, executed his will in 1858, a short time after he came into possession of the title and estates. Probate was granted by Her Majesty's Court, on the 5th instant, to the executors, Baron Wenlock and the testator's brothers, the present Lord Braybrooke and the Hon. and Rev. Latimer Neville, Master of Magdalen College, Cambridge, and Rector of Heydon and Chishill, Essex. The personalty was sworn under £80,000. The family of Braybrooke are well known, and take a prominent position amongst our nobility, they have large landed possessions and a considerable portion is entailed, and are situate in the counties of Essex, Cambridge, Suffolk, Berks, and Wilts. The testator, who died also possessed of the personalty above mentioned, has left his estates, over which he had the power of disposition, to his relict, Lady Braybrooke, appointing his two daughters residuary legatees. There is a sum of £30,000 apportioned amongst younger brothers, to come out of the estates of which his lordship had a disposing power. There is also an immediate legacy of £1,000 to his relict, Lady Braybrooke, besides many other specific bequests; and his lordship has left to his chaplain, the Rev. J. L. Oldham, the handsome annuity of £400. The late Lord Braybrooke's father was a contributor to literature, he being the editor of that very interesting and popular work "Peppy's Diary," and also edited "The Private Correspondence of Jane Lady Cornwallis." The testator himself was distinguished as an antiquarian, to which study he appears to have devoted himself with much ardour, and has bequeathed his books, connected with this science, together with his cabinet of antiquities, weapons, ancient rings, and his specimens of natural history, &c., as heir-looms, to the successors of the title and estates. The late baron was formerly a Captain in the Grenadier Guards, and two of his brothers devoted themselves to the service of their country; they entered the army, and were engaged in the Crimean war, the one being unfortunately killed on the field of Inkermann, and the other shortly afterwards dying from the wounds received at Balaklava, and it is also a melancholy circumstance that the late nobleman himself died at the premature age of 40 years, having only enjoyed his elevated rank and estates during the brief period of three years.

Lieutenant-Colonel Edward Knollys, of Her Majesty's 75th Foot, died at Raneeange, in the East Indies, on the 8th of March last, having made his will on the 27th of January, 1858, which was attested by Charles J. Otway Mayne, Lieutenant 15th regiment Native Infantry, and Augusta Mayne. This gallant officer, who terminated his military career and his life in the burning clime of India, in the service of his country, bequeathed all his property to his relict, for her sole and absolute use and disposition; the will contains no other bequest, which is as brief as the directions of the bestowal of the property. Probate was granted, on the 4th instant, by the London Court, to Mrs. Knollys, the relict and sole executrix. Colonel Knollys, the testator, who appears to have fallen a victim to that direful scourge of India—the cholera—in his 50th year, was the son of General Knollys.

John Clark, Esq., M.D., Staff Surgeon (first class), her Majesty's Forces, died on the 27th April last, at his residence, St. Luke's-place, Cork, Ireland. He had executed his will on the 29th November, 1856, appointing his nephew, John Charles Weir, Esq., and his nephew-in-law, James Cathcart, Esq., executors and trustees. The personalty was sworn under £9,000, and probate granted by the London Court on the 1st of the present month. This medical gentleman is stated to have been an army surgeon of the first class, and to have been placed on the medical staff. He has bequeathed his property as follows:—To his sister, Elizabeth Clark, he gives a life interest in his entire estate, and on this lady's decease it is directed to devolve to his nephews and nieces enumerated in the will in equal proportions amongst them. Dr. Clark possessed some pictures and prints, which were in the possession of some members of his family; these he has bequeathed to the respective parties under whose charge they were so entrusted. It has been frequently remarked that, during the reign of the late Emperor Napoleon, the French army surgeons were the most skilful, expert, and scientific medical operators in the world, and, unfortunately, the wars in which Buonaparte was so constantly engaged afforded them too many opportunities of acquiring this eminent efficiency. Since that period our own army surgeons have acquired a celebrity as distinguished as those of the French, and we most earnestly trust, through the mercy of Almighty God, that nothing will occur to disturb the present harmony existing between France and England, again to call into requisition the surgical talents of these gentlemen.

Joseph Tasker, Esq., of Middleton Hall, Essex, died at his town residence, 87, Marylebone-road, on the 8th of April last, having executed his will in 1854, with a codicil on the same day, and a second codicil on the 21st January, 1860. The executors and trustees nominated are his daughter, Helen Tasker, and Alexander Fletcher Wood, Esq., of Crown Court, Threadneedle-street, to whom probate was granted by the London Court on the 24th ult., the personalty being sworn under £500,000. This gentleman was possessed of realty also, and seems to have been particularly solicitous that the entire bulk of his large fortune should be kept in perpetuity by his family exclusively, and indeed to be considered in the nature of an heir-loom, having bequeathed the whole of his estates to his daughter and to her issue. Should this lady have no children, there are a variety of directions as to the future distribution of the property, which are very minutely described. Mr. Tasker has been very liberal in his bequests to his servants, to most of whom he has left very handsome annuities, varying in amount, but sufficient, we should say, to pass the remainder of their days in ease and comfort. This is, indeed, a right bestowal, and we honour and respect the memory of those testamentary persons who are actuated by such considerate and benevolent feelings. We must not omit to mention there is a singular bequest with respect to a chapel at Hammersmith; it appears there was a debt on this building, towards the liquidation of which, the testator has bequeathed 500 guineas, but should this debt have been previously cleared off, the Rev. Joseph Bull, the minister of the chapel, is to receive a legacy of 200 guineas. There is also the sum of ten guineas left to the poor of Shenfield, Essex, to be distributed in coals and bread.

Lieutenant-Colonel Walter Warde, formerly residing at Warwick Villa, Maida Hill West, St. John's Wood, but late at Blackheath, Kent, where he died on the 4th of May last, having executed his will so far back as the year 1845, which was attested by L. Cotton, solicitor, Lothbury, and W. C. Smith, his clerk. Probate was granted in the London Court on the 5th instant, to his relict, the sole executrix. This gallant officer, at the time he made his will, was a captain, unattached; he attained to the rank of major in 1854, and acquired his lieutenant-colonelcy so recently as 1860, and was a staff-officer unattached. The will, which

is very brief, disposes of his estate, real and personal, to his wife absolutely, in full confidence, as the colonel states in his will, "that she will dispose of the same for the benefit of herself and children, and I do not impose any restriction upon her discretion in respect thereof." The above form the contents of the will, which, although executed so many years since, has never been altered or added to by any codicil.

Alexander Milne, Esq., C.B., formerly one of the Commissioners of her Majesty's Woods, Forests, Land Revenues, Works, and Buildings, died, at his residence, St. James's-place, on the 3rd of April last. His will, with a codicil, both executed in January last, were proved in the London Court on the 30th ult. by his nephew, John Gardiner, Esq., of Westbourne-terrace, the sole executor. The personalty was sworn under £12,000. This gentleman, though not generally, was very familiarly known to all persons engaged in government and official employments. Mr. Milne was a Commissioner of her Majesty's Woods and Forests for many years, and it is not long since that he retired from its active duties. Mr. Milne has left his property as follows:—To his niece, Mrs. Jane Mitchell, he bequeaths a legacy of £500, with the option of occupying the testator's residence in St. James's-place, with the furniture, and also leaves her other specific bequests, amongst which is one which will no doubt be considered by that lady as a valuable gift and heirloom in her family; it consists of the Prayer Book and foot-stool used by her present Majesty Queen Victoria at her coronation, Mr. Milne being present at that ceremony, and, we presume, received these articles by virtue of his office. To his nephews, John Gardiner and James Robert Gardiner, Esqrs., legacies of £500 each, besides other bequests, are also bestowed; and he has also appointed Mr. John Gardiner, the executor, residuary legatee of his estate. There are legacies left to many personal friends, and Mr. Milne has most kindly and liberally bestowed bequests upon his servants. We infer that the testator was partial to that branch of natural history, conchology, as he has been particular in his directions with respect to some volumes (twenty in number) upon this subject, which are to be bound at the expense of his estate, and then presented to Mr. Francis Charles Alexander Mitchell; these volumes consist of descriptions of the various species of shells, the produce of Southern America.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTICES.

Oliver Ellis; or, the Fusiliers. By James Grant, Esq. (late 62nd regiment), author of "The Romance of War," "The Aide-de-Camp," "Mary of Lorraine," &c. London: Routledge, Warne, & Routledge, Farringdon-street. New York: 56, Walker-street.—This novel is a curious combination of positive facts and incredible fictions—a portion of it seems to be an absolute biography; but the greater part of it consists of improbable incidents heaped upon each other in dazzling and wasteful confusion. It professes to be the autobiography of a lad in poor circumstances enlisting in the army as a common soldier, and attaining, through the chances of war and his own good conduct, a captaincy in the Scotch Fusiliers at twenty years of age! And this is said to have happened in the olden time when commissions in the army were more rarely given to men in the ranks than they have been of late years. This, however, is the least incredible of many marvellous circumstances introduced as occurring to the hero. The most valuable part of the book is its accurate description of the condition of Scotland towards the close of the last century. The state of degradation to which Toryism had reduced the people is well illustrated by the following passage, referring to circumstances that took place in 1792:—

"I was conducted by the guards, with their bayonets fixed, to the presence—not of the magistrates, but of the City Chamberlain, who, in those strange times, possessed a power and a perquisite that will scarcely be recognised now. He received a fee—some ten or fifteen shillings—for each boy whom he sent into his Majesty's sea-service, and thus every unfortunate urchin whom the guard could glean up after dark, whether innocent or guilty of crime mattered not, stood a very good chance of being sent off to see 'the mysteries of the great deep,' with a cat-o'-nine-tails at his back by way of an appetiser. In this way, during the early part of the last war, the Chamberlain of his Majesty's ancient capital of Scotland realised a pretty round sum. In Aberdeen this system of atrocious kidnapping was carried to a still more abominable extent by a magistrate, who sold the boys of the city as slaves to the Dutch and Spaniards."

Such facts deserve to be remembered. Our regret is, Mr. Grant did not write a book giving to the public the advantage of what he actually knows, instead of composing a novel which, in extravagance of absurdly incredible incidents, can only be compared to one of Marryat's later novels, but wanting in Marryat's untiring wit and rich humour.

The Massacres in Syria. By J. Lewis Farley, author of "Two Years in Syria." London: Bradbury & Evans, 11, Bouverie-street.—The author of this valuable contribution to modern history has resided some years in Syria; he is well acquainted with the different races—their virtues and vices—and he undertakes to "give a faithful and impartial record of the events which have recently taken place." We recommend this work to general perusal, and though we do not enter into the details upon which it treats, we consider a clear notion of its contents, and of the spirit in which the whole book is written, will be found in the following extract. The author is dealing with the important interrogatory—"Who," in the late horrible massacres, "were the aggressors?" He thus replies to the question:—

"But supposing that the assertion, so recklessly made, were true, and that in the recent civil war, as it is called, the Maronites were, indeed, the aggressors, a moment's consideration would show that such a fact ought not to militate against them. If my next-door neighbour amuse himself by constantly abusing me; if, day by day, insult is added to insult; if my premises are continually invaded; if, one day, he take a fancy to my cattle, and the next day again to my orchard; if, in fact, my family are outraged, my servant killed, and my house no longer protect me from his attacks; and if, at last, finding the law will give me no redress, I lose all patience and strike down my tormentor, will the verdict of man or the justice of Heaven condemn me as the aggressor?"

Queensland, Australia; a highly eligible Field for Emigration, and the future Cotton-field of Great Britain. With a Disquisition on the Origin, Manners, and Customs of the Aborigines. By John Dunmore Lang, D.D., A.M., Senior Minister of the Scots Church, Sydney, and one of the Representatives of the City of Sydney, in the Parliament of New South Wales, &c. London: Edward Stanford, 6, Charing-cross.—A very valuable and interesting work, emanating from one who has thoroughly studied the various subjects to which he desires to direct the attention of the public. The objects aimed at in this book are fourfold, and cannot be more clearly described than in the words of the Rev. author himself. They are—"First, to point out to the British public the highly eligible field which the new colony of Queensland presents, under the liberal and enlightened arrangements of the local government, for the emigration and settlement of thousands and tens of thousands of the industrious classes of Great Britain and Ireland. Secondly, to demonstrate the perfect suitability of the soil and climate for the growth, by means of European and British labourers, of cotton, sugar, and other tropical productions that are elsewhere raised almost exclusively by coloured and slave labour, and thereby to create a counterpoise in Australia to negro slavery."

in America. Thirdly, to prevent the threatened influx of coolies and Chinamen into Queensland—a consummation which would not only effectually destroy the thoroughly British character of the colony, and greatly impede its material progress, but would form an insurmountable obstacle to its moral welfare and general advancement. And finally, to interest the future colonists of Queensland in the fortunes and fate of the aborigines." We recommend all who take an interest in these various important topics to a study of the very able work of the Rev. Dr. Lang.

The Pirates of the Prairies. Adventures in the American Desert. By Gustave Aimard, author of "Trail Hunter," "Tiger Slayer," "Indian Scout," &c. London: Ward & Lock, 158, Fleet-street.—Whether the fault be attributable to the original author, or to the manner in which his work has been translated in the present volume, we cannot venture to affirm; but the result, we regret to say, is a very wearisome work.

Forgiveness. A Novel. By J. C. Bateman. Three volumes. London: Newby.—Most of the mishaps that befall the lovers in this novel arise from a defective organization in the Post-office. All explanatory letters are either intercepted, or mislaid, or never come to hand at the proper moment. The story is well told, the characters nicely drawn, a good moral inculcated, and a book given to the public which, we hope, may be as popular as it deserves.

BOOKS RECEIVED.—*My Satire and its Censors.* By Alfred Austin, author of "The Season, a Satire." London: George Manwaring, 8, King William-street, Strand. *The Icarus Poems.* Sybilline Leaves from "Icarus," and other poems. London: George Manwaring, King William-street, Strand. *Tannhäuser; or, the Battle of the Bards.* A Poem. By Neville Temple and Edward Trevor. London: Chapman & Hall, 193, Piccadilly. *Fables and Poems.* By T. London: Saunders, Otley, & Co., 66, Brook-street, Hanover-square. *Esther, and other Sacred Pieces.* By the Rev. Charles B. Grentex. London: Saunders, Otley, & Co., 66, Brook-street, Hanover-square, W. *Pictures for the Mind's Eye.* By Edwin Davis. Edinburgh: William P. Nimmo, St. David-street. London: Houlston and Wright, Paternoster-row. *Sin; its Causes and Consequences.* By the Rev. Henry Christmas, M.A., F.R.S. London: Wm. H. Allen & Co., 7, Lendenhall-street. *Causes of the Civil War in America.* By J. L. Morley, LL.D., author of "The Rise of the Dutch Republic," &c. London: George Manwaring, 8, King William-street, Strand. *A Visit to the Purton Spa:* with a short account of the extraordinary properties and effects of its sulphated and bromo-iodated spring. By Robert H. Bakewell, M.D., &c. London: J. Snow, Paternoster-row. *Germany, Denmark, and the Scandinavian Question.* London: David Nutt, 270, Strand. *The Errors of Homoeopathy.* By Dr. Barr Meadows. London: Henry Renshaw, 356, Strand. *A Selection of Poetry for the use of Schools.* Part I. York: Thomas Brady, 15, Ousegate. London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co. *The British Controversialist and Literary Magazine.* New Series. No. 30. London: Houlston & Wright, 65, Paternoster-row. *The Study of Sanskrit in relation to Missionary Work in India.* By Monier Williams, M.A., of University College, Oxford, Baden Professor of Sanskrit, &c. London: Williams & Norgate, 14, Henrietta-street, Covent-garden, and 20, South Frederick-street, Edinburgh. Oxford: J. H. & James Parker. *The Ladies' Treasury.* Vol. V. No. 52. Edited by Mrs. Warren. London: Cassell, Petter, & Galpin, Ludgate-hill, and Park-buildings, New York; and Ward & Lock, 158, Fleet-street.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

AMONG Messrs. Smith & Elder's recent announcements may be mentioned the third and fourth volumes, completing the work, of Mr. Muir's "Life of Mahomet," and a very useful little book on "Indoor Plants, and How to Grow them."

During the past week Mr. Manwaring has published a pamphlet by John Lothrop Motley, on "The Causes of the Civil War in America;" also, "A History of the American Compromises," by Harriet Martineau, reprinted, with additions, from the *Daily News*.

The Rev. G. G. Perry's "History of the Church of England," from the death of Elizabeth to the present time, will be published in a few days by Messrs. Saunders & Otley.

Messrs. Routledge will publish immediately the "Last Travels" of the celebrated Madame Ida Pfeiffer, inclusive of a visit to Madagascar. It will also include a biography of the authoress, compiled from her own notes.

During the present month Messrs. Thickbroom Brothers will publish Books IX., X., XI., making the fourth volume of the "Political History of the Papacy."

We hear that the new volume of travels by Mr. Algernon Sidney Bricknell, which Mr. Manwaring is about to publish, will throw a new light upon the excursionists who went out to join Garibaldi. The work will be accompanied by a portrait of the hero, taken from life, and a plan of Gaeta.

A public meeting is shortly to be held with a view of raising a national monument to Shakespeare, to be inaugurated at the Tercentenary Festival, April 23rd, 1864. It is proposed that the subscriptions shall range from one penny upwards.

Mr. Hardwicke will shortly publish a little volume on "Wild Flowers worth Notice," which is said to be written by Mrs. Lankester. The book will be illustrated by Mr. J. E. Sowerby.

The first number of a new weekly journal made its appearance last Saturday, June 8th, but for what class of readers it is almost difficult to say. It is called *The Covent Garden Journal*, and is to contain the latest intelligence on local matters, gardening, fashionable bouquets, and flowers. The fernery and aquariums will also receive particular attention, with the theatrical, volunteering, and other information, for the charge of one penny.

Messrs. Parker, Son, & Bourn announce a new tale, by the author of "Guy Livingstone," and "Sword and Gown," to be commenced in *Frazer's Magazine*, on the completion of "Ida Conway." Messrs. Parker & Co. will publish, during the present month, the second volume of "A System of Surgery," theoretical and practical, in treatises by various authors, arranged and edited by T. Holmes, M.A.

The demand for Mrs. Yelverton's "Martyrs to Circumstance" has been so great, that every copy at the various railways was sold off in a few hours, and as fresh supplies reached them, were as speedily disposed of. Four thousand were sold at once, and the demand goes on increasing. The second part is promised shortly.

Dr. Charles Mackay has issued the prospectus of a new magazine which partakes of the character of *All the Year Round*. It is to be published weekly, price twopence, under the title of *Robin Goodfellow*.

The seventh volume of Documents and Correspondence, written or dictated by Napoleon I., is just out from the imperial press, and contains the emanations of that great mind from February, 1801, to August, 1802. At this rate the probable estimate of the whole collection cannot be less than 30 volumes.

It is reported that the Emperor of France has sent Madame George Sand a present of 20,000 frs. as a consolation for her defeat by M. Thiers.

The third edition of M. Proudhon's "La Guerre et la Paix" has just appeared in Paris. The success appears to be extraordinary. Numbers could not be printed fast enough to supply the demand, and for some days the public inquired for the work in vain.

Messrs. Guillaumin & Co. have just published the eighteenth volume of their excellent "Annuaire" of political economy and statistics, one of the cheapest and most valuable works of the kind.

During the month of June some important sales will take place at Messrs. Pattick and Simpson's rooms in Leicester-square. On Tuesday, the 18th, and the four following days, will be sold the valuable library collected by the late Mrs. Jameson. Many of the fine art works contain notes by Mrs. Jameson. The sale is particularly rich in old English dramatists,—best editions by Gifford. The works of Addison, Bacon, Burke, Burnet, Cecil, Fuller, Johnson, Lardner, Leighton, Locke, Reynolds, &c., &c. During the present month will be sold the first portion, a five days' sale, the entire, extensive, and valuable collection of autographs and manuscripts of Robert Cole, F.S.A., comprising autographs of royal, noble, and celebrated persons, from the time of Henry VII. to Victoria. The catalogues are also preparing for the sale of a rare collection of books and manuscripts, some of which formed part of the famous Surrenden library, collected by Sir Edward Derrington, in the time of Charles I.

Messrs. Sotheby & Wilkinson concluded last week the six days' sale of the valuable library of Archbishop Tenison. Among the most important works offered during the sale may be mentioned:—Lot 849, Knox, John, "Historie of the Church of Scotland," 8vo., original edition, excessively rare, good sound copy, in the original binding (Edinburgh, 1584); strictly suppressed, nearly the whole impression having been seized and destroyed by order of the then Archbishop of Canterbury. This copy was purchased by Mr. Toovey for £10. 15s. Lot 1,215, Quakers, a rare collection of twenty-eight tracts, in one volume 4to., £10. Lilly. Lot 999, Higden, R., "Polycricon" (Englysshed by one Trevisa, vicary of Barkley, at the request of Syr Thomas, Lorde Barkley), folio, black letter, woodcut title-page; good sound copy, with the introduction (in verse) on the back, being perfect and genuine. Westmestre, by Wynkyn de Worde, 1495. This was purchased by Mr. Thorpe for £11. 5s. The amount realized by the six days' sale exceeded £1,410.

ERRATUM.—The second edition of Dr. Forbes Winslow's work on "Obscure Diseases of the Brain" was not published by Mr. Churchill, as erroneously stated in our Review of that work last week. The publisher of the second edition is Mr. John W. Davies, Medical Bookseller and Publisher, of 54, Princes-street, Leicester-square, W.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS.

FROM JUNE 7TH TO JUNE 13TH.

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| Binn (W.). On Orthographic Projections. 8vo. 9s. Spon. | Lambert (B.). A Lecture on Wit, Humour, and Pathos. 12mo. cloth. 1s. Tresidder. |
| Brinton (William). On Food and its Digestion. Post 8vo. cloth. 12s. Longman. | Monsell (L. R.). The Beatitudes. Feap. 8vo. cloth. 3s. 6d. Parker, Son, & Bourn. |
| Bo (Theodore). St. Wilfrid and Mary: a Domestic Comedy of American Slave Life. Feap. cloth. 2s. 6d. Simpkin. | Moore (T.). British Ferns, and their Allies. Illustrated by W. S. Coleman. Printed in Colours. Feap. cloth. 3s. 6d. Routledge. |
| Bullock's (T. & F.). Illustrated History of England, with Questions. 12mo. cloth. 2s. 3d. Simpkin. | Morris's House for the Suburbs: Socially and Architecturally Sketched. Second Edition. 8vo. cloth. 10s. 6d. Simpkin. |
| Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress. 12mo. limp cloth. 1s. 2d. Blackwood. | Newman (F. W.). Homeric Translation in Theory and Practice: A Reply to Matthew Arnold. 8vo. cloth. 3s. Williams & Norgate. |
| Campin's (F.). Practice of Hand Turning. Post 8vo. 6s. Spon. | Petersdorff (C.). Concise Practical Abridgement of the Common and Statute Law, as at present administered. Second Edition. Royal 8vo. cloth. Vol. I. £1. 10s. Simpkin. |
| Chronicles of Etheldred. Post 8vo. cloth. 6s. Hall. | Pfeiffer (Madame). Last Travels. Crown 8vo. cloth. 5s. Routledge. |
| Christmas (Rev. H.). Sin and its Causes. Post 8vo. cloth. 6s. 6d. W. H. Allen. | Pix (Rev. H.). Miscellaneous Examples in Arithmetic. Third edition. 12mo. cloth. 2s. 6d. Longman. |
| Commercial Handbook. 12mo. limp cloth. 1s. Blackwood. | Rae (Morton). Side Winds. One vol. Post 8vo. cloth. 10s. 6d. Saunders & Otley. |
| Cumin (Patrick). Popular Education of the British and Plymouth District. 8vo. cloth. 5s. Longman. | Strickland (Miss). Bachelor Kings. Crown 8vo. cloth. 10s. 6d. Simpkin. |
| Dundonald's (Lord) Life. 12mo. 1s. 6d. Blackwood. | Social Life and Manners in Australia, by a Resident. Post 8vo. cloth. 5s. Longman. |
| Goldsmith (Oliver). The Vicar of Wakefield. Illustrated by Thomas. Third edition. Crown 8vo. cloth. 5s. Low & Son. | Solomon's Precept: A Tale of the Flogging System. Feap. 8vo. cloth. 3s. Simpkin. |
| Harding (J. D.). Picturesque Selections. 4to. £4 4s. Kent. | Tallack (William). Malta and the Phenicians. Crown 8vo. cloth. 7s. 6d. Bennett. |
| Heuley's Handful of Paper Shavings. Square 32mo. 2s. 6d. Simpkin. | Tegetmeier (W. B.). First Lessons of Botany. 18mo. cloth. 2s. 6d. Darton. |
| Herring (Richard). A Few Recollections of the Rev. Dr. Croly. Feap. 8vo. cloth. 5s. Longman. | Timbs (J.). Something for Everybody. Post 8vo. 5s. Lockwood. |
| How (W. W.). Plain Words. Second series. 12mo. cloth. 3s. 6d. Morgan. | The British Evangelist: A Christian Magazine for the Home Circle. 8vo. cloth. 2s. Tresidder. |
| Jeaffreson (J. C.). Book about Doctors. Second Edition. Post 8vo. 10s. 6d. Hurst & Blackett. | Valentine (Mrs. R.). Baby Bianca; or, the Venetians. Feap. 8vo. cloth. 4s. 6d. Parker, Son, & Bourn. |
| Jeefs (W. E.). Supremacy of Scripture: Answer to Dr. Temple. 8vo. 5s. Saunders & Otley. | Wardlaw (Dr. R.). Posthumous Works: Lectures on the Romans. 12mo. 5s. Fullerton. |
| Jeans (H. W.). Navigation and Practical Astronomy. Part I. 12mo. cloth. 5s. Longman. | |
| Jones (Mrs.). Gardener's Receipt Book. Fifth Edition. 12mo. 2s. 6d. Groombridge. | |

LEARNED SOCIETIES.

MEETINGS FOR NEXT WEEK.

TUESDAY.

8 P.M. Statistical.—12, St. James's-square.

WEDNESDAY.

8 " Geological.—Burlington House. 1. "On the Lines of Deepest Water around the British Islands," by the Rev. R. Everest, F.G.S. 2. "On some Volcanic Cones at the foot of Etna," by Signor G. G. Gemmellaro. Communicated by Sir C. Lyell, F.G.S. 3. "On the Ludlow Bone-bed and its Crustacean Remains," by J. Harley, Esq. Communicated by Prof. Huxley, Sec.G.S. 4. "On some Fossil Fishes from the Old Red Sandstone." By Sir P. Egerton, Bart., F.G.S. 5. "On some Geological Phenomena on the coast of Coromandel, India." By J. W. B. Dykes, Esq. In a letter to Sir C. Lyell, F.G.S.

THURSDAY.

8 1/2 " Royal.—Burlington House.
8 " Linnæan.—Burlington House.
8 " Chemical.—Burlington House. "On the application of the induction coil to Steinholz's apparatus for spectrum analysis." By Dr. Roscoe.

FRIDAY.

3 1/2 " Botanic.—Inner Circle, Regent's-park.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—The FIFTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION IS NOW OPEN, at their GALLERY, 5, Pall-mall East (close to the National Gallery). From Nine till Dusk.—Admittance 1s. Catalogue 6d.

JOSEPH J. JENKINS, Secretary.

HOLMAN HUNT'S GREAT PICTURE.—The EXHIBITION of HOLMAN HUNT'S celebrated PICTURE of the "Finding of the Saviour in the Temple," begun in Jerusalem, in 1854, and completed in 1860, is now OPEN to the Public, at the GERMAN GALLERY, 168, NEW BOND STREET, from 12 to 6.—Admission, 1s.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.—The President's (Lord Ashburton) LAST SOIREE for the Season will be held at BATH HOUSE on WEDNESDAY Evening, JUNE 19th.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.—ANNIVERSARY DINNER.—The Right Hon. the Earl of ELGIN, K.T., K.C.B., in the Chair.

The ONE HUNDRED and SEVENTH ANNIVERSARY DINNER of the Members and their Friends will take place at the Crystal Palace on WEDNESDAY, the 19th JUNE.

Applications for Tickets, price 10s. 6d. each, to be made at the Society's House, John-street, Adelphi, London, W.C.

By order, P. LE NEVE FOSTER, Secretary.

June 10, 1861.

SAVAGE CLUB.—AMATEUR PERFORMANCE.—An Amateur Performance, supported by Members of the above Club and other gentlemen connected with literature and art, will take place at the ROYAL LYCEUM THEATRE, on WEDNESDAY, JUNE 19th.

The following gentlemen have already promised their assistance:—Mr. Chas. Dickens, Mr. Blanchard Jerrold, Mr. J. R. Planché, Mr. F. Talford, Mr. William Brough, Mr. Henry J. Byron, Mr. Leicester Buckingham, Mr. Andrew Halliday, Mr. E. Draper, Mr. Edmund Falconer, Mr. J. Palgrave Simpson, Mr. W. H. Wills, Mr. J. Hollingshead, Mr. Sussex Milbank, Mr. J. Lowe, Mr. Horace St. John, Mr. Percy B. St. John, Mr. Frederick Lawrence, Mr. E. F. Roberts, Mr. J. Kenney, Dr. G. L. M. Strauss, Mr. Godfrey Turner, Mr. Kenny Meadows, Mr. C. S. Lidderdale, Mr. Julian Portch, Mr. W. M. Connell, Mr. Chas. Watkins, Mr. H. Otley, Mr. Chas. W. Quinn, Mr. H. Vizitelly, Mr. W. Romer, Mr. J. Barnard, Mr. Grattan Cooke, Mr. C. Furtado, Mr. Thos. Archer, Mr. J. C. Brough, Mr. Lionel Brough, Mr. William Daiton, &c. The performances will commence with THE WRECK ASHORE (by permission of Benjamin Webster, Esq.), in which Mrs. Charles Young will sustain the part of Alice. Followed by a new and original burlesque, written expressly for the occasion, by Messrs. Planché, Talford, Byron, Buckingham, Halliday, Falconer, and William Brough, founded upon the popular legend of VALENTINE AND ORSON. The greater number of the gentlemen named in the list given above will sustain characters in both pieces. Full particulars will be shortly announced. Stage manager, Mr. Edmund Falconer. Acting manager, Mr. William Brough.

Private boxes, from £2. 2s. upwards; stalls, £1. 1s. Admission to the stalls can only be obtained by means of vouchers issued by the committee, for which application should be made, by letter, to the acting manager—Savage Club, 11, Catherine-street, Strand.

MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED, WITH MR. JOHN PARRY, will give their entirely new and ORIGINAL ENTERTAINMENT, "OUR CARD BASKET," and the "TWO RIVAL COMPOSERS," EVERY EVENING (except Saturday) at 8; THURSDAY AND SATURDAY AFTERNOONS at 3, at the ROYAL GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION, 14, REGENT-STREET. Unreserved seats, 1s., 2s. Stalls, 3s. Stall Chairs, 5s., can be secured at the Gallery, in advance, and at Messrs. Cramer, Beale, and Co's., 201, Regent-street.

BENEDICT'S GRAND ANNUAL CONCERT, MONDAY MORNING, 24th JUNE, at Two o'clock. The full Programme is now ready. Doors open at One o'clock. Sofa stalls, 21s.; reserved seats, 10s. 6d.; area, 5s.; Gallery, 3s.; for which early application is solicited. 2, Manchester-square.

MR. WILHELM KUHE'S GRAND ANNUAL MORNING CONCERT, at ST. JAMES'S HALL, on THURSDAY, JUNE 20, 1861, to commence at Half-past Two o'clock precisely. Vocalists—Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Madame Reider, Mr. Tennant, Herr Hermanns, and Signor Gardoni. Instrumentalists—Violin, M. Wieniawski; Harmonium, M. Engel; Pianoforte, Mr. Kuhe. Conductors, MM. Benedict and Francesco Berger.

Sofa stalls and reserved seats, 10s. 6d.; unreserved and balcony seats, 5s.; gallery, 2s. 6d. each; to be had of Mr. Kuhe, 12, Bentinck-street, Manchester-square, W.; of Mr. Austin, ticket-office, St. James's-hall; and at all the principal music-sellers.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.—The OVERLAND ROUTE and ADVENTURES OF A LOVE LETTER, on Monday, June 17th, and during the Week, in consequence of their great success. Mr. Charles Mathews, Mr. Buckstone, Mr. Compton, Mrs. Wilkins. Mrs. Charles Mathews, &c. Concluding, every evening, with the Spanish Ballet of THE GALICIAN FETE.

NEW THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.—Sole Proprietor and Manager, Mr. B. WEBSTER.—Re-appearance of Mr. and Mrs. DION BOUCICAULT, in the great sensation Drama of THE COLLEEN BAWN.—The ADELPHI CENSUS taken every evening. On MONDAY and during the Week, a new Farce, A TURKISH BATH.—Messrs. J. L. Toole and Paul Bedford.—THE COLLEEN BAWN—Messrs. Dion Boucicault, D. Fisher, Billington, Stephenson, Mrs. Dion Boucicault, Miss Woolgar, Mrs. Billington, and Mrs. Chatterley.—THE CENSUS—Messrs. J. L. Toole, Eburne, and Miss H. Kelly, Miss E. Thorne. Commence at Seven.

CONSUMPTION HOSPITAL, BROMPTON, S.W.—Nearly TWO HUNDRED IN-PATIENTS and some hundreds of Out-Patients are constantly under treatment at this Hospital. The severity of the past season having heavily increased the demands upon this Charity, FUNDS are GREATLY NEEDED, and are earnestly solicited.

PHILIP ROSE, Hon. Sec.
HENRY DOBBIN, Sec.

ALBERT AND MEDICAL LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.

HEAD OFFICE: 7, Waterloo-place, Pall Mall, London, S.W.

CITY BRANCH—63, Moorgate-street, E.C.

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1,000	397 10	1,397 10
100	39 15	139 15

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SUPPLEMENT TO THE LONDON REVIEW.

No. 50.—VOL. II.]

SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1861.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.—JUNE.

THE FASHIONABLE WORLD IN VACATION-TIME: THE GARDENS AND WELLS.

WE have now arrived at the season of the year when even the fashionable society in London began to seek recreation outside the town, and, as this practice formed rather a characteristic feature of London life in the last century, we will in the present paper endeavour to give a sketch of the history of these external places of amusement. We have already alluded to the fashion for public gardens, and to the Spring-gardens adjoining to St. James's Park, and the New Spring-garden at Vauxhall. These establishments were at first found chiefly in the vicinity of the great fashionable promenade, the park; for it was natural that, after the weariness of walking in the dust of the latter, people would be glad to change it for a garden of trees and shrubs, in which they could find pleasant arbours, where they might be more private, and where they could obtain refreshments. The Spring-garden was fitted up with such arbours, which are frequently alluded to in the comedies of the latter half of the seventeenth century. At the other end of the Park, on the site of Buckingham Palace, was the Mulberry Garden, which had been originally planted by order of James I., in 1609, as part of a plan for introducing the breeding of the silk-worm into this country. After the Spring-garden had been closed by Cromwell, the Mulberry-garden became a very favourite place of resort, and it continued to support this character during the reign of Charles II. Pepys visited it in 1668 and 1669, and calls it "a silly place, worse than Spring-garden," with "only a wilderness here that is somewhat pretty." In the latter of these years Sedley wrote a comedy, entitled "The Mulberry-garden," which gives a good picture of the general character of the company and entertainment. In Wycherley's comedy of "The Country Wife," 1688, the following is part of a conversation:—

Mrs. Pinchwife.—"Pray, sister, where are the best fields and woods to walk in in London?"
Althea.—"A pretty question. Why, sister! Mulberry-garden and St. James's-park."

In Caryl's comedy of "Sir Salomon," printed in 1691, Hyde-park and the Mulberry-garden are spoken of as noted places of intrigue. The Mulberry-garden appears to have ceased to be a place of public entertainment between this time and the end of the century. Not far from it was another place of public resort, called Barn Elms, stated in Otway's comedy of "The Soldier's Fortune" to have been near Rosamond's Pond; and there were other gardens in Chelsea, and there was a Spring-garden at Knightsbridge, perhaps attached to the Bear, which is spoken of as a well-known place of entertainment there in the latter part of the seventeenth century. All these became in that libertine age more or less places of intrigue. "H," says one of the female characters in Congreve's "Love for Love," published in 1695; "if I had gone to Knightsbridge, or to Chelsea, or to Spring-garden, or Barn Elms, with a man alone, something might have been said." Knightsbridge also possessed a rather celebrated place of public entertainment, known by the sign of The World's End.

Similar places of entertainment were found at the other extremity of the metropolis, in the far east, which were also resorted to at times by fashionable company. There was a mulberry-garden in Whitechapel, which is mentioned in the course of the evidence in a trial at the Old Bailey for robbery in 1750; and there was a very celebrated Spring-garden at Stepney. A newspaper advertisement in 1751 announces that "The ancient Spring Gardens at Stepney, formerly the place of residence of King John, are now laid out in elegant taste, and the long room fitted up in the most commodious manner, for the reception of company every day, with tea, coffee, hot loaves, &c." Wine and all other liquors were also to be had; and there was "an oval basin in the garden stored with thousands of gold and silver fish; and a great number of waxwork figures and other curiosities." The compiler of a book entitled "London and its Environs described," published in 1761, informs us that "vast crowds of both sexes resorting thither on Sundays, and at Easter and Whitsun-holidays, to eat Stepney buns, and to regale themselves with ale, cider, &c."

For those, however, who sought for a moment to get farther from the din of the town, and wished to mix somewhat of rural character with their gaiety, the northern outskirts of London offered the greatest attractions, for the ground there was much more uneven and picturesque, and green lanes led at but a short distance to the pleasant hills of Hampstead and Highgate. On this side, too, the town had extended itself far less than on the west, and until an advanced period in the last century, some of the most densely populated parts of modern London were covered with lanes and green fields. Moor-fields were then the resort of shows and conjurors, and there was a place of entertainment bearing the sign of "The Gun," at which music was provided. The reader of "Tom Jones" will remember how Mr. Nightingale, in pursuit of the sailors whose evidence he wanted, "traced them from place to place, till at last he found two of them drinking together, with a third person, at a hedge-tavern near Aldersgate." In Tom Dufey's "Fond Husband," published 1685, people talk of going "a fowling as far as Holloway;" and Ned Ward, in 1709, speaks of "Hockly-i'-th'-Hole sportsmen." Further west, the streets extended a very small distance to the north of Holborn. St. Pancras remained, until late in the last century, a very secluded rural village. "This place," says a guide-book to London, published in 1763, "is solitary, but very agreeable in summer-time for its walks and pleasant situation in the fields." The beauty of this spot drew visitors from a very early period, while its secluded character held out a temptation to robbers, which made it dangerous to the visitors. It was noted, even in the time of Queen Elizabeth, for the vicious characters who infested it, and old Norden, in a short notice of it, says somewhat pithily, "Walke not ther too late." It long continued to "enjoy" this reputation. In Johnson's "History of Highwaymen," published in 1734, we find an engraving of "Colonel Jack robbing Mrs. Smith going to Kentish Town," in the background of which is a view of old St. Pancras church and the Wells, and the robbery takes place at the top of Gray's Inn-lane. The thieves are described as going "into fields near a place called the Pinder of Wakefield, where are abundance of brick-hills; here it was agreed to spread from the field path to the roadway towards Pancras church." The Pinder of Wakefield is still the sign of a public-house between Bagnigge Wells and St. Chad's Well, at the top of Gray's Inn-lane.

But, above all others, the favourite resort of Londoners from a remote period was the rural town or village of Islington. To go no farther back than the days of Pepys, that most amusing of diarists talks of his frequent visits to Islington after church on Sunday. He usually went by Gray's Inn Walks, and thence over the fields, and he treated himself at what he calls "the great house," which he elsewhere calls the King's Head, a tavern which stood opposite the church, and where, in his boyish days, his father had taken him to eat cakes and ale. For these two articles the place was especially celebrated. Ned Ward writes in 1709,—

"In little time to Islington we came,
For cakes and ale a town of ancient fame."

In another tract, Ned Ward talks of "gobbling up" his meal "with as much expedition as a citizen's wife does an Islington cheesecake, when treated by her husband." At this time Islington was celebrated for its pastures and dairies. In 1735 appeared a little dramatic piece entitled "The Merry Milkmaid of Islington; or, the Rambling Gallants Defeated." It was, perhaps, in reference to the pastures that an inn near Islington turnpike bore the sign of The Cow and Calf. "Islington swineherds" are also spoken of.

Accidental circumstances raised Islington in popular favour. A great mass of what was considered the fashionable society in London in the latter half of the seventeenth and earlier part of the eighteenth centuries, were men and women who possessed not much more money than principle, and held rather tenaciously to the neighbourhood of the metropolis. Bath was, at that time, the fashionable lounging place, and, while in the then state of travelling, it was at too great a distance to be accessible to the needy, it had given a taste for inland watering places. Two of these, which were much resorted to, were within a short distance of London—Epsom and Tunbridge; and, at the opening of the long vacation, the London beaux and fops, and the citizens who were ambitious of associating with those who gave the *ton* to society in town, repaired thither. In a poem entitled "The Long Vacation," published in 1691, we are told,—

"So now in droves, on pads and tits,
The road is fill'd with scampering cits,
For Tunbridge, Epsom, and such places,
To drink, and bowl, and lose at races."

In fact the town fashionables lived by plundering those who came here in the foolish ambition of associating with them. We are again informed, in a burlesque poem printed in 1701, under the title of "A Rod for Tunbridge Beaus," that this was—

"In the dull time of long vacation,
When each man seeks his recreation,
And to some rural place resorts,
To save his pence, or mind his sports."

In 1683 a man named Sadler built a new house of entertainment at Islington, on the banks of the New River, and in the progress of the work discovered a mineral spring, which had formerly been opened by the monks of the priory of St. John of Jerusalem, and the water of which is said to have closely resembled that of Tunbridge Wells. This discovery created a great sensation; the place was known as Sadler's Wells, and became immediately the resort of multitudes of people of all sorts, although it was soon found that the whole of this district abounded in chalybeate springs. One of these became known as the Islington Wells, and was often spoken of by the title of New Tunbridge Wells, and others were opened in the parish. Islington Wells are frequently mentioned by the popular writers of the day. In Mountfort's comedy of "Greenwich Park," published in 1691, Sir Thomas Reveller says to Raison, "Egad, if she were mine, I should be loth to trust her in such public places as thou dost; as Epsome, Islington Wells, and Greenwich Park." In 1691, there appeared a rather coarse satirical poem, entitled, "Islington Wells; or, the Threepenny Academy." The price of admission was at that time threepence each. The writer pretends that, heated with wine of the previous night's debauch, he had left his bed at six o'clock in the morning, and proceeded to Islington Wells, which were kept open during the months of May, June, July, and August. He found there,—

Fine modish sparks, and dressing beaux,
Who charm the women with their cloaths.

Islington was, indeed, resorted to by people of fashion. He goes on to say, I—

Planted myself in arbour green,
So shaded that I scarce was seen,

from which he made his observations on those who were to be the subject of his satire. He reached Islington at seven o'clock, which was one hour too early for the company. The carriages came thickest towards ten o'clock, when the gardens were crowded with fops, sparks, and beaux, and he made his way with difficulty through the mob,—

Till I arriv'd at rails which hem in
This famous well, where two old women
Do kindly give the water gratis.

The dancing-room opened at eleven. In 1699, the well-known writer, Ned Ward, published "A Walk to Islington: with a Description of New Tunbridge Wells, and Sadler's Musick-House," in burlesque metre. After "sauntering about near the New River Head," he comes to a gate

"Where abundance of rabble press'd in at a grate,
To gaze at the ladies amidst of their revels,
As fine all as angels, but wicked as devils."

The admission was still threepence each. He entered the walks,

"Where lime-trees were placed at a regular distance,
And scrapers were giving their wofull assistance."

Arbours were arranged beside the walks, and there was a shed for dancing. When tired of the amusements of this place, the rhymester and his companions resolve

"To turn into Sadler's for sake of the organ."



We enter'd the house, were conducted up-stairs,
Where lovers o'er cheesecakes were seated by pairs:
The organs and fiddles were scraping and humming,
The guests for more ale on the tables were drumming.

By this time the drawer had brought us our wine,
With tarts, cakes, and custards, and all that was fine."

In 1744, Sadler's Wells were presented by the grand jury of Middlesex as a place injurious to public morals, and soon after the wells seem to have been covered up, and the place was turned into a theatre. At that time the other wells in Islington seem to have been almost forgotten. Our cut,



which is made up from Hogarth's engraving of "Noon" (the "Four Times of the Day"), represents, on the left, the entrance to Sadler's Wells, as it then appeared—the house within the enclosure is the music and refreshment rooms, and on the right the tavern known as Sir Hugh Myddelton's Head. In the distance are the hills of Hampstead and Highgate; and the foreground is the footpath to Islington, which ran between the Hugh Myddelton's Head and the New River.

The secluded village of St. Pancras was also celebrated for its wells, which were a favourite resort on account of their secluded position, and were popularly called Pankridge Wells. They continued in vogue till the latter half of the last century. Our cut, from a contemporary engraving, represents



them as they appeared about 1740, with the old church of St. Pancras in the background, and the hill of Highgate in the distance. There were several other wells in the district between Sadler's Wells and St. Pancras, the most celebrated of which were Bagnigge Wells, opened in 1767, when two mineral springs were discovered there. They are described as situated in a valley by the side of a stream coming from Kentish Town; and they also had their gardens of entertainment, which were frequented by the beaux and belles of the day. The spot derived an additional interest from the circumstance of its having been the residence of Nell Gwynne. These wells also offered the occasion for satire, and there appeared, in 1779, a poem, entitled "Bagnigge Wells," in which the character of a part of the company at least is described as follows:—

"Thy arbours, Bagnigge, and the gay alcove,
Where the frail nymphs in am'rous dalliance rove;
Where 'prentic'd youths enjoy the Sunday feast,
And City matrons boast their Sabbath's rest;
Where unfledg'd templars first as fops parade,
And new-made ensigns sport their first cockade."

And here the poet invites his readers to accompany him:—

"Will you with me these rural scenes review,
And make past pleasures in idea new?
Scenes where the evening tea first broke your fast,
And rolls and butter proved a rich repast."

There were wells at Hampstead; and we have on a former occasion mentioned those at Marylebone. Others were discovered on the southern side of the river, as the Lambeth Wells, which are alluded to in the older dramatists; and the Deptford Wells. The latter gave a fashionable reputation to the neighbouring town and park of Greenwich. The society collected here is well described in Montfort's comedy of "Greenwich Park," in one scene of which Dorinda says, "I'll to the Wells;" and the next scene is described as "A garden; in the middle, Deptford Wells; enter several as drinking the waters."

Tunbridge Wells had been discovered about the latter end of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and sustained their popularity during a great part of two centuries. As we have already remarked, it was one of the principal resorts of

the London fashionables during the long vacation. In 1678, an anonymous comedy was brought out under the title of "Tunbridge Wells; or, a Day's Courtship," a poor imitation of Shadwell's "Epsom Wells," ascribed to an obscure writer named Rawlings. A gambler, Owmuch, and a beau, Fairlove, meet and address each other as follows:—

"Owm. (the gamester).—What hurricane of love drove thee from London, before our beauties do desert the Mall, the dusty park, and treating Mulberry?"

"Fair.—You appear to me the stranger miracle; have Maribone and Putney lost their charms that you forsake the town this bowling season?"

Tunbridge was often celebrated by the occasional writers of the time when it flourished. In 1693, an anonymous rhymist produced a small volume under the rather odd title of "Metellus his Dialogues, the First Parte, containing a relation of a Journey to Tunbridge Wells." From him we learn that up to that time the Wells had been rough structures, without ornament, but that then the place was beginning to be "fine;" that the ladies, contrary to the practice in London, here went always without masks; and that the promenade had houses on one side and a grove on the other, and ended at the Wells.

We have another description of Tunbridge in 1726, in "Tunbridgiale: a Poem," an early effusion of John Byrom. The company are here described as rising early in the morning to go to the walks and drink the water, but more truly to see the fine ladies in their *deshabille*. They returned to breakfast, then went to church, thence to the tavern to dinner, at which wheatears were served as a delicacy of the place; and passed the afternoon in different amusements, until they again congregated in the walks:—

"To the walks, about seven, you trace back your way,
When the sun marches off, and the ladies make day."

The evening was employed in gambling. In a comedy by a writer named Baker, published in 1736, and entitled "Tunbridge Walks; or, the Yeomen of Kent," the manner in which the visitors to this popular place of amusement spent their time is described with more detail. The prologue tells us:—

"This night our author, to divert your spleen,
'Mongst crowds o' fools, at Tunbridge lays his scene;
Where beaux and city-wives in medley come."

London, we are here told, was at this season of the year a mere solitude; even the lawyers were absent on their circuits; and Tunbridge had become "the seat of pleasure." The company was,

"Like most public assemblies, a medley of all sorts, fops majestic and diminutive, from the long flaxen wig with a splendid equipage, to the merchant's spruce 'prentice that's always mighty neat about the legs; 'squires come to court some fine town-lady, and town-sparks to pick up a russet-gown; for the women here are wild country-ladies, with ruddy cheeks like a Sevil-orange, that gape, stare, scamper, and are brought here to be disciplined; fat city ladies with tawdry atlases, in defiance of the act of parliament; and slender court ladies, with French scarfs, French aprons, French night-clothes, and French complexions."

Their principal diversions were,—

"Each to his inclination; beaux raffle and dance,—citts play at nine-pins, bowls, and backgammon,—rakes scoure the walks, bully the shopkeepers, and beat the fiddlers,—men of wit rally over claret, and fools get to the Royal Oak lottery, where you may lose fifty guineas in a moment, have a crown return'd you for coach-hire, a glass of wine, and a hearty welcome,—in short, 'tis a place wholly dedicated to freedom, no distinction, either of quality or estate, but ev'ry man that appears well, converses with the best."

The "Foreigner's Guide" to London, for 1763, adds, in a more serious tone, a few particulars:—

"The coming to the wells to drink the waters is a mere custom; some drink, more do not, and few physically; but company and diversion, in short, are the main business of the place. After the appearance is over in the morning at the wells (where the ladies are all in an undress), and the chapel service done, the company go home; and as if it were another species of people, a little while after, you see the walk covered with ladies, completely dressed, and gay to profusion: where rich clothes, jewels, and beauty, dazzle the eyes from one end of the walk to the other. Here you have all the liberty of conversation in the world; and any person that looks like a gentleman, has an agreeable address, and behaves with decency and good manners, may single out whom he pleases, that does not appear engaged, and may talk, rally, be merry, and say any decent thing to them, but all this makes no acquaintance, nor is it understood to mean so. If a gentleman desires to be more intimate, and enter into any particular acquaintance, he must do it by proper application, and not by the ordinary meeting on the walks."



The accompanying engraving, taken from a drawing made in 1748, will give the best notion not only of the appearance of Tunbridge Walks at that

date, but also of the class of people who then frequented them, for the artist has in the original inserted the names of the persons he intended to represent. The figure to the extreme left is described as "Dr. Johnson," but he can, to judge by his appearance, hardly be intended for Samuel; next to him is the Bishop of Salisbury, talking with Lord Harcourt, and behind the latter appears Colley Cibber. The couple a little more in advance are intended to represent David Garrick and Mrs. Frazer, the singer. The three figures farther off, with their backs to us, represent Miss Chudleigh (afterwards notorious as the Duchess of Kingston), with Mr. Nash on her left, and the great William Pitt (afterwards Earl of Chatham) on her right. The group in the front, taking them in order from left to right, are the Speaker Onslow, Lord Powis, the Duchess of Norfolk, Miss Banks (behind), Lady Lincoln, and Mr. Lyttleton. The last figures to the right represent Richardson the novelist, the author of "Pamela," and Clarissa Harlow.

At this period Epsom had already lost its popularity as a watering place, and was soon to be known only for its races and its salts. It was in the latter half of the seventeenth century, chiefly, that Epsom flourished as the chosen resort of the citizens and their wives, the former of whom went to bowl and play, and the latter to intrigue with the fashionable beaux and fops, who crowded thither to make their advantage of both. Shadwell, in one of his best comedies, "Epsom Wells," brought out in 1673, has given us an amusing and interesting picture of life at Epsom at that period. Just ten years before Pepys visited Epsom for the first time, and he has made the following entry in his diary on Sunday, July 26th, 1663:—

"Up and to the Wells, where a great store of citizens, which was the greatest part of the company, though there were some others of better quality. . . . Then rode through Epsom, the whole town over, seeing the various companies that were there walking; which was very pleasant to see how they are there, without knowing what to do, but only in the morning to drink waters."

Pepys was at Epsom again on the 14th of July, 1667, and appears to have been resolved to do himself credit at the wells, for he informs us that he "did drink four pints of the water!"

These notes picture to us a society which has long passed away, yet, although they extend over a considerable period before that at which we set out, that society continued to exist with no great alteration in its spirit or forms only a hundred years ago. People still continued eagerly to mix together, with little distinction of persons, in the gardens of entertainment around the suburbs of London, and to drink at their wells, and, although Epsom had become obsolete, the fashionable society of the metropolis migrated during the summer months to Tunbridge Wells, instead of spreading abroad in every direction as they do now.

THE NUMBER OF THE PEOPLE.

THE first official report of the census commissioners, Messrs. Graham, Farr, and Hammack, was presented to both houses of Parliament on the 7th inst., almost the day we anticipated, two months ago, it would be. It consists of eleven tables, stating the number of people actually in existence on April 8th in England and Wales only, distinguishing the sexes, the number of houses,—inhabited, uninhabited, and building,—combining with these the figures of the last and of some previous enumerations, as terms of comparison, showing the increase in different periods. The information supplied is limited to the number of the people in this part of the empire, and their local distribution, and tells us little more than that they have increased since the census taken on March 31st, 1851, by upwards of two millions, and this increase is chiefly or wholly in towns,—facts which were previously well known,—which we stated, on April 13th, almost in the same figures as we find in the report, and therefore they have little novelty for the public. The details, however, describing the movements of the population, cannot be otherwise than interesting, and these we shall lay before our readers.

The number of the people in England and Wales, exclusive of the army and navy and merchant seamen abroad, and exclusive of the inhabitants of the islands in the British seas, was, on April 8th, 1861, 20,061,725, of whom 9,758,852 were males and 10,382,873 females. In ten years the increase of people has been 2,134,116, 977,627 males and 1,156,489 females. The excess of females over males noticed in former enumerations continues, and is, according to the present census, increased.

The decennial rate of increase between 1851-61 was 12 per cent. "The actual increase of population in the period was greater than in any previous period, but the rate of increase had somewhat diminished." It is, in fact, as on April 13th we stated it probably would be, the lowest decennial rate of increase in the century. To guard against the supposition, consistent with a famous theory, that a progressive retardation of the rate of increase in population is in conformity to a general law, we must state that the present returns are full of examples of a small population dwindling to be still smaller, and of a large population aggregating to itself a continual increase from the other. Population or industry supplies the means of subsistence, and, consequently, the means of increase. Men help one another, and by their multiplied arts they enable each other to live.

The 20,061,725 people now in England and Wales live in 3,745,463 houses, and the 17,927,609 people of 1851 lived in 3,278,039 houses. They are somewhat better accommodated with houses now than in 1851. If each model lodging-house be enumerated as one, it will probably turn out that the house accommodation of the multitude has been considerably increased in the interval. Houses uninhabited now number 182,325; then, 153,494: building, now, 27,580; then, 26,571. The proportion of houses to people, inhabited and uninhabited, is greater now than then, and the proportion building is smaller. These figures all relate to the positive increase of the people and their dwellings in the whole country: their increase or decrease in different localities is of still greater interest.

Amongst the counties "proper," or as everybody knows them, not as they are cut and carved into poor-law districts, the following have suffered a decrease of population:—Cambridge, 9,455—upwards of 5 per cent.; Norfolk, 7,292—2 per cent.; Rutland, 1,124—5 per cent.; Suffolk, 964—0.3 per cent.; Wiltshire, 4,778—less than 2 per cent.; Anglesey, 2,781—4 per cent.; and Montgomery, 260—0.3 per cent. In every one of these counties, though the population has diminished, the number of inhabited houses has increased,

confirming the statement just made that the multitude, badly as it is ye lodged, has obtained more house accommodation.

Amongst the counties in which the population has increased, Lancashire stands first, 397,508—nearly 15 per cent.; Middlesex, 319,195—upwards of 16 per cent.; the West Riding of Yorkshire, 182,016—less than 14 per cent.; Surrey, 147,603—nearly 22 per cent.; Stafford, 137,868—20 per cent.; Durham, 118,021—30 per cent.; Kent, 117,909—19 per cent. So there is an increase in all the other counties, except those already enumerated as having lost population, but in no other does the increase amount to 100,000. We will not further refer to these, as the places where the population has increased and where it has decreased, is, we think, more explicitly shown by the eighth table—"an account of the houses and population in the principal cities and boroughs."

In Abingdon, Arundel, Ashburton, Barnstaple, Bath, Beccles, Berwick, Bewdley, Boston, Brecknock, Buckingham, Bury St. Edmunds, Calne, Cambridge, Carmarthen, Carnarvon, Chichester, Clithero, Cockermouth, Dartmouth, Daventry, Droitwich, Eye, Frome, Gloucester, Grantham, Great Marlow, Honiton, Kidderminster, King's Lynn, Knaresborough, Lancaster, Launceston, Lichfield, London City, Lyme Regis, Lymington, Macclesfield, Malmesbury, Malton, Marlborough, Newbury, Newport (Isle of Wight), Northallerton, Rye, Saffron Walden, Sandwich, Shaftesbury, South Molton, Stamford, Stroud, Tewkesbury, Tiverton, Totnes, Wallingford, Wareham, Warwick, Westbury, Whitehaven, Wisbeach, and Woodstock, the population has decreased within the last ten years.

Every one of these towns, except London City, Bath, Macclesfield, and Oxford, contains less than 20,000 people; and every one of them, except Macclesfield, Kidderminster, Lancaster, and Stroud, is unknown as a manufacturing town; very few of them, as Boston, Wisbeach, Dartmouth, Gloucester, Whitehaven, &c., are known as trading towns. They are generally small country towns, and the counties or districts in which they are situated are generally agricultural. So the counties in which an actual decline of population is recorded are chiefly agricultural; and in some of them, as in Norfolk, in which Yarmouth and Norwich are situated, in Suffolk, containing Ipswich, there is a considerable increase of town population. In other counties, containing a population engaged in agriculture and in other arts, we find districts exclusively rural—such as Hollingbourne, Sevenoaks, Tenterden, in Kent; Battle, Hailsham, Uckfield, Ticehurst, West Hampnett, Midhurst, in Sussex—losing their population; and the increase in these and other counties is confined to such towns as Chatham, Gravesend, Woolwich, Hastings, Eastbourne, and Brighton.

The increase of the population has been chiefly or wholly in large towns. Between 1851 to 1861 the metropolis has increased from 2,362,236 to 2,803,034—19 per cent.; Birmingham, from 232,841 to 295,955—27 per cent.; Bristol, from 137,328 to 154,093—12 per cent.; Coventry, from 36,812 to 41,647—13 per cent.; Derby, from 40,609 to 43,091—6 per cent.; Devonport, from 38,180 to 50,504—28 per cent.; Dudley, from 37,962 to 44,975—19 per cent.; Greenwich, including Woolwich, from 105,784 to 139,286—32 per cent.; Hull, from 84,690 to 98,994—17 per cent.; Leeds, from 172,270 to 207,153—20 per cent.; Liverpool, from 375,955 to 443,874—19 per cent.; Manchester, from 316,213 to 357,604—13 per cent.; Merthyr Tydvil, from 63,080 to 83,844—30 per cent.; Newcastle-on-Tyne, from 87,784 to 109,291—24 per cent.; Nottingham, from 57,407 to 74,531—30 per cent.; Portsmouth, from 72,096 to 94,546—31 per cent.; Preston, from 69,542 to 82,961—19 per cent.; Sheffield, from 135,310 to 185,157—21 per cent.; Stoke-on-Trent, 84,027 to 101,302—20 per cent.; and Wolverhampton, from 119,748 to 147,646—23 per cent. In all these, except Derby, the decennial rate of increase has been above the average. They are all examples of towns already very large, gathering to themselves from small towns and from rural districts a great increase of population.

The most valuable addition made by the present report to the usual census returns, is a column containing the excess of registered births over deaths in every poor-law district in the ten years, 1851-1861. It is conjoined with a column showing the increase or decrease of the population in the same period in every district. From these two columns most complete information may be obtained of the movement of the population. In Table VII. the Registrar-General has generalized and condensed the results of these two columns; and the ascertained increase of population in England and Wales between 1851-61, being 2,134,116, he states the excess of births over deaths as 2,260,576. In the whole country, then, the people are fewer than according to the registered births and deaths they should be. On the contrary, the increase of the people in large towns is greater than it should be by the excess of births over deaths. In London the increase is 440,798; excess of births over deaths only 253,989. A similar increase of population greater than the excess of births is noticed in the South-Eastern, in the North-Western, and in the Northern Divisions. It is noticed in all the large towns. On the contrary, in the South-Midland, the Eastern and South-Western Divisions, that the excess of births over deaths is much greater than the increase of population. In the South-Western, comprising Wilts, Dorset, Devon, Cornwall, and Somerset, the excess of births over deaths is 200,673, and the increase of population only 32,290.

From these districts the population has emigrated which has so largely swollen the population of the large towns. Of them it will be noticed that even the most flourishing, which owe their prosperity to manufactures or commerce, have scarcely increased so much per cent. as the arsenal towns,—Chatham, Greenwich, including Woolwich, Devonport, and Portsmouth. From this it follows that to the preparations for national defence or for war, a full proportionate share of the national increase and the national gains has been devoted. The stream of immigration noticed by the Registrar-General goes wherever there is food and employment, and is not confined, though it goes thither, to the "centres of trade, and the seats of mining and manufacturing industry."

We shall not notice the political deductions which these facts warrant; but we must observe that the dissatisfaction expressed by Sir James Graham in the House of Commons, at the increase of the urban and the decrease of the rural population, seems not to agree with the facts, for many towns are becoming depopulated, if fewer hands be engaged in agriculture. We require now to have some other distinction than that between urban and rural to designate the difference with which Sir James is dissatisfied. We have no walled towns, and where our towns end and where the rural districts begin, it is hard to

say. In the fact, however, that a considerable proportion of the labour on the farm is now performed by steam-engines, which plough and thrash, we find a surer basis for a proper distinction. The use of machinery so increases power, that the more it can be used the more wealth is produced by an equal quantity of labour. It is, therefore, the use of machinery which enables one man, one class, or one nation to produce more, and consequently to sustain more life than another. Hence, where machinery is much used subsistence is commanded, life is sustained, and life increases.

More produce is now obtained in rural districts by the use of machinery than before, and if the people who produce it do not remain there to consume and enjoy it, and create an additional quantity, the reason is that the wages of agricultural labourers, though they may use machinery, are comparatively poor and low. The real distinction is not now between town and country, but between men engaged in new arts and in old arts, between skill and awkwardness; and the change which dissatisfies Sir James Graham is from ignorance to knowledge. He is dissatisfied, too, no doubt with an east wind and a wet summer, but they are not more under his control than is the change in the dwelling-places and occupations of the people, which is the most interesting fact made known by the Census.

The present returns, we must remind the reader, are avowedly incomplete, only approximations to the real facts. At a later period all the matter, revised by the commissioners and the registrars, will be published, and the information will then be more complete and more accurate.

Reviews of Books.

BUCKLE'S HISTORY OF CIVILIZATION IN ENGLAND.*

MR. BUCKLE adopts and modifies the positivism of Comte in all his records and researches. Both Comte and Buckle reject a divine revelation, but they differ in their adoption of a substitute. Comte proposes a creed which must be propounded by a recognized ecclesiastical power; while Buckle adopts a creed the supposed spontaneous evolution of the individual mind. Well, Buckle's intellect is hierarch, creed, and convocation, the mightiest and most dominant force. Mr. Buckle also holds, that the actions of men are the produce, not of independent volitions, but of their antecedents; and that these antecedents are to be gathered from exact statistics. Hence, with him mind is as much governed by law as matter, and in precisely the same sense freedom of the will he spurns as absolute heresy, and consciousness, which assures us that the will is free, he brands as a common liar. We do not see how it is possible to hold man so situated to be responsible for his actions, or how the man that fires a rifle and kills another can be more criminal or responsible than the rifle. Mr. Buckle throws morals into the background as relatively stationary and inoperative, and sets forth "intellectual truths" alone as the increasing and influential forces of the world. His theory, "that the progress of mankind depends on the success with which the laws of phenomena are investigated"—in other words, that the governing powers of the volitions of mankind are to be collected and ascertained from statistics, is liable to fatal objections. Suppose that twenty murders were committed in London in 1860—in 1861 there will be twenty-one. The twenty-first murderer is therefore less the criminal, and far more the unfortunate victim. The lot has fallen on him, as it must fall on some one, and we may pity; but it is scarcely just to condemn one so unlucky. This is surely as destructive as it is immoral and false. So he tells us—

"The number of marriages is determined not by the temper and wishes of individuals, but by large general facts over which individuals can exercise no authority, and that marriages instead of having any connection with personal feelings are regulated by the earnings of the great mass of the people, so that this immense social and religious institution is not only swayed but is completely controlled by the price of food and the rate of wages."

It is the admixture of truth in this theory or rather assertion that makes it plausible. But its truth is partial and one-sided. He omits vastly more determining elements which common sense and the conscious feelings of mankind recognize as supreme—the inclination of human hearts—love, affection, the desire of offspring, and the instinctive passion of home. But these refuse incorporation with his theory. Merle D'Aubigné says, "God in history" is the solution of phenomena. Mr. Buckle rejects this divine element altogether. His Gods are facts and phenomena. Hence it follows that, however vast and varied his information, however elaborate his research, however interesting and instructive the mass of materials he brings together, the central string on which he threads them is utterly unequal to the strain laid on it, and still more unsatisfactory as a consistent and philosophical source of harmony amid discordant and distantly-related events.

His history is rich in materials, but poor in arrangement. It is a mine, not a cabinet—the highest testimony to the industry of a collector, but in no degree creditable to the Christian, the philosopher, or the moralist.

We regret to be compelled to add to these charges an accusation which, to one holding the theory of Mr. Buckle, is fatal. He is often reckless and regardless in his statement of facts, yet all his laws are professedly based on exact induction from facts. If his facts are not facts, the very foundation of his system on his own grounds is shattered. We will give a few instances. Owen, the celebrated and learned Nonconformist, is linked with Hales, and both are set forth as the opponents of the High Church party. The answer to this is the simple fact that Hales was promoted by Archbishop Laud, because of his clique, and Owen was cast out by his successors in the Church and the inheritors of his ecclesiastical bigotry.

Another very grave perversion of fact—so grave that nothing but the perversion sustains the theory or induction he attaches to it,—is Mr. Buckle's assertion that "all the great sculptors come from Spain and Italy." Spain has given birth to no great sculptors, and Italy recently to few. Thorwaldsen, Chantrey, Gibson, and Powers are of Northern descent. As this incorrect statement is the foundation of his law of climate, it alone should teach Mr. Buckle greater modesty and reserve in fulminating against the theories of others, and so dogmatically asserting his own.

Another of Mr. Buckle's facts is inadmissible. He says, "the French Calvinistic pastors were insignificant priests," and hence he ignores them as in any degree elements worthy of adoption or incorporation into his structure. No one will endorse this judgment who recollects the names, and is acquainted with the works of Claude, Blondel, Rivet, Daillé, Dumoulin, and in more recent days Monod, D'Aubigné, Vinet, Grandpierre, and Puaux. In the list of Mr. Buckle's "insignificant priests" is Bochart, pronounced by Bayle to have been one of the

most learned men in Europe, and Chamier, the acutest and most accomplished controversialist of the age in which he lived.

The nineteenth century, he says, has produced "nothing in the English tongue in any department of theological scholarship which is of value, and makes a mark on the age. Has he heard or read of the names of Whateley, Trench, Arnold, Chalmers, Coleridge, and Moses Stuart? But as that erratic and miserable genius, the late Theodore Parker, is referred to as his authority, his readers will attach to it less importance than he. Had the notoriety of the "Essays and Reviews" reached his ears, his intense sympathy with their illogical reasoning would have induced him to make them exceptions to the universal barrenness. Mr. Buckle assures us, that the "historical value of the writings of Moses is abandoned by all enlightened men even among the clergy themselves." If we except Dr. Williams, Professor Jowett, Baden Powell, and Mr. Wilson, we shall find that the exact reverse is the actual truth. Recent discoveries in Egypt and the excavations of geology alike contribute to the almost universal conviction not only that Moses is scientifically exact in all he narrates, but that he must have been inspired in the construction of his narrative. Not the least remarkable and discreditable statement of Mr. Buckle is his allegation, that "not only Necker but also Rousseau drew their earliest ideas from that great nursery of the Calvinistic theology—Geneva." From this it would be reasonably inferred, not only that Necker, as Mr. Buckle asserts, was "notoriously a rigid Calvinist," but that Rousseau was one also. Geneva, at that time, was Socinian, not Calvinist. Every ecclesiastical appointment was made from the Socinian party. Voltaire states that at that time, he did not know of a single Calvinist in Geneva. The truth is that Geneva, at the time Mr. Buckle says it was rigidly Calvinistic, was loosely Socinian; yet the alleged Calvinism of Geneva at this period is essential to the very existence of one of the essential laws which Mr. Buckle evolves.

But the truth is patent, in every reference Mr. Buckle makes to the Christian faith, that, unhappily, he not only disbelieves it as a divine revelation, but loses his temper and self-possession almost every time he refers to it. Had he constructed his theory on data from which he purposely excluded Christianity, we could have regretted the omission, but we should have had no right to censure the historian. But he rarely omits a fling at it; and it seems to haunt him as an apparition, to intrude on his theories as a disturbing force, and to be, what it unquestionably is, the chief obstruction to those fanciful corollaries which he delights to spin. Hence he says,—

"The system of morals propounded in the New Testament contains no maxim which has not been previously enumerated, and some of the most beautiful passages in the apostolic writings are quotations from Pagan authors. To assert that Christianity communicates moral truths previously unknown, argues on the part of the assertor either gross ignorance or wilful fraud."

Really, neither the accuracy nor the temper of these remarks indicates a high qualification for the great duties of a faithful and impartial historian. It is these and similar passages that have very much shaken our confidence in the judgment and literary honesty of Mr. Buckle. There are about five quotations in the New Testament from pagan writers, and none of these are possessed of any remarkable beauty, or worthy in any sense or degree of being singled out as "the most beautiful passages in the apostolic writings." One of "these most beautiful passages" is "the Cretians are always liars." Surely this classic quotation is unworthy of so lofty praise. "We are also his offspring," and "Evil communications corrupt good manners," are also extracts from pagan writers given by St. Paul.

But what reliance can we place on the temper, not to say the judgment, of an historian who selects that poor commonplace quoted defensively by the sacred writer as proofs that "the most beautiful passages in the apostolic writings are quotations from Pagan authors." A favourite opinion of Mr. Buckle, based, as he alleges, like all his other inductions, on statistics, is that religious youth almost universally ripens into atheistic old age. This is just as untenable on the ground on which he bases it as those rash assertions we have disposed of. We maintain, in the face of Mr. Buckle's unqualified assertion, that the whole current of human experience bears a very different impress, and runs in the opposite direction. Southey, Coleridge, and Wordsworth, are no obscure instances of the exact reverse of Mr. Buckle's theory. Henry Robert Hall and John Newton are no less remarkable and familiar proofs of early scepticism culminating in earnest and dying Christian conviction. His statistics are false, and therefore his deduction is illogical. Newton, Kepler, Galileo, Pascal, Copernicus, and Black, among the dead, and Brewster, Whewell, Sedgwick, Owen, and Murchison, among the living, are examples of old age reposing after elaborate and splendid investigations in the hopes of Christianity. The most brilliant names in Germany are old and Christian men.

It is thus that in his own field—that of statistics—we prove Mr. Buckle to have been rash. On higher and yet more conclusive ground we might prove some of his propositions to involve the height of impiety. But we are content to decide our estimate of the principles and temper and impartiality of our author on that arena on which he thinks himself invincible. These criticisms are the more important because his first volume has created considerable interest, and left impressions of a very distinctive type on many minds. They are necessary, too, in order to enable our readers to discover the thread that runs along every page of his history, and links together his elaborate but one-sided quotations. It is impossible rightly to estimate an author so fertile in resources and so decided a master of the English tongue, unless we first lay down the governing principles by which he is actuated and inspired. He has been imperfectly read, and, therefore, inordinately praised. It will be our task to lay before our readers a faithful and impartial exhibition of the great talent and unsound principles with the help of which Mr. Buckle proposes to complete his "History of Civilization."

We turn now to what occupies by far the largest part of the second volume—the condition of Scotland especially, but not exclusively, in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. He begins his discussion with the fourteenth. Apart altogether from the defective and unsound theory on which he professes to explain all the facts and phenomena of history, he exhibits on this his selected field an anti-Scottish hatred and contempt perfectly Johnsonian. We are not conscious either of an Anglo-mania or a Scoto-mania, but, if we are ever tempted to take up and defend the cause of a people, it is when they are unfairly and fiercely dealt with. In this case it is not the Scottish people only but their religion which Mr. Buckle assails with all the fierceness and little of the caution of an ancient inquisitor. His second volume should be called an ecclesiastical history. Having denounced Christianity at the outset of his statistics as a religion very obstructive to his march through phenomena and facts, he feels particularly at home in denouncing the Scottish type of it, which, unhappily, is not without many weak points and stubborn developments. But in his disquisition he is anything but fair, especially in his facts and references. Mr. Buckle, no doubt, would be a great theologian if he had only studied theology, and a good historian if he would consent to put in abeyance his intense, and, we must add, intolerant theological antipathies. It would be amusing, were it not a serious offence, to notice how

* History of Civilization in England. By Henry Thomas Buckle. Vol. II. London: Parker, Son, & Bourn. 1861.

careful he is to quote extreme episcopal writers when he refers to the misdoings of Presbytery, and how well he repays his debts by quoting extreme Presbyterian writers for evidence of the excesses of episcopacy. But if he find a good hit at religion in any shape, he is not troubled by any consideration of the antecedents or the party of the writer. The ecclesiastical polity of the Scottish Reformers was not, we allege, the creation of the circumstances in which they were placed. In this he is mistaken. It was a deliberate and solemn adoption. Be it right or wrong, ancient or modern, it was the conviction of the founders of the Protestant Church in that country, that all the ministers of the Gospel, as ambassadors of the King of Kings, were of equal dignity, that they were all of them bishops, and that the assumption of the Pontifical and prelatic party to place over them superior officers with absolute jurisdiction was unwarranted and unfounded.

The word Presbyterian was a controversial name, intended to distinguish them from their opponents. Had they not been forced to adopt it by the necessity of their position, they would, in all likelihood, have retained the older name of Episcopacy. It was their idea not to reduce the clergy, but to have them all bishops. The spirit, however, which bore them downward to democracy, arose from what Mr. Buckle justly animadverts on, the avarice of the nobles at that era, who, many of them, cared very little whether Pope, prelate, or presbyter ruled, if they only received the fruits of their benefices.

"Even the small stipends (says Mr. Buckle) which were allotted to the Protestant clergy were not regularly paid, but were mostly employed for other purposes. When the ministers complained they were laughed at and insulted by the nobles, who, having gained their own ends, thought that they could dispense with their former allies. The Earl of Morton, whose ability as well as connexions made him the most powerful man in Scotland, was especially virulent against them, and two of the preachers who offended him he put to death under circumstances of great cruelty. He seized upon all the benefices which became vacant, and retained their profits in his own hands. His hatred of the preachers passed all bounds."

It was this, the scandalous conduct of the nobility, that accounts for the result stated by the present Duke of Argyll—"The breach between the clergy, with the great body of the people, and the government, or higher nobility, was widening rapidly." They did not adopt Presbytery out of any jealousy of Episcopacy or ambitious ends, but from conscientious impressions, and as they believed, whether right or wrong, from Scripture and antiquity. Mr. Buckle is entirely mistaken here, or, rather, misled by his fundamental theory. The strong feelings of dislike to the nobility were provoked by the governing classes themselves, and in their origin, and duration, and effects, are directly traceable to the attempts of avarice and power to crush the Church and appropriate its funds.

The Reformers did not, as Mr. Buckle asserts, abandon in the "Second Book of Discipline" "the notions of obedience and subordination they formerly retained and expressed in the First Book." The nobles began to attack the Church property they formerly defended, and the clergy therefore resisted the power they were previously allied to. Nor did the clergy act thus out of any selfish or mercenary feelings. They insisted on the endowments of the Church being retained, a moiety for the pastors and a moiety for schools and teachers. They may have erred in judgment—for this is human; they may have acted violently, for the provocation they received was very great; but that they were influenced by the purest motives and the sublimest aims is evident alike from their sacrifices and sufferings. Mr. Buckle says,—"In the First Book of Discipline they established a regularly ascending hierarchy, according to which the general clergy owed obedience to their ecclesiastical superiors, to whom the name of superintendents was given. But in the Second Book every vestige of this was swept away." This is a total misapprehension. The superintendents were essentially presbyters, appointed for executive purposes, and responsible to the Presbyteries whose mandates they carried out. They were temporary officers, necessary for a transition and troubled state, and in no respect in prerogative or power diocesan bishops. It is painful to see a writer of so great talent and research indulging in unbounded uncharitableness, and attributing every act and manifestation on the part of an oppressed and struggling Church to the meanest and most mercenary motives, and describing a body of conscientious and earnest men as "restless and unscrupulous, greedy of power, and grossly intolerant." But, as if ashamed of the insulting conduct he has recklessly attributed to them, he tries to make amends by adding—"One thing they achieved, which should make us honour their memory and repute them benefactors of their species. At a most hazardous moment they kept alive the spirit of national liberty. By their care the dying spark was kindled into a blaze. When the light grew dim and flickered on the altar, their hands trimmed the lamp and fed the sacred flame." Yet men equal to this arduous enterprise, and successful in accomplishing it, were "unscrupulous, greedy, and intolerant."

The subsequent attempts of James, King of Scotland, afterwards King of England, and of Charles, to force episcopacy on an independent National Church, form the saddest chapters in the history of Scotland. What the people of Scotland suffered at the hands of Sharp, "a cruel and rapacious man," turned into Archbishop of St. Andrews, and of Lauderdale, the obsequious puppet of the prelates, would have broken the spirit of any nation upon earth. But the Scottish people died in every cruel form, and endured unparalleled atrocities, excusing the worst retaliation they inflicted, and handed down to us liberties worth the sacrifice. Even Mr. Buckle's hard and unyielding statistics stagger at the sublimity of this spectacle. A singular blunder on the part of so laborious a statistic as Mr. Buckle is, occurs in his account of the rebellions in 1715 and 1745. After recording the sufferings of the clergy and people of Scotland, he observes:—"So far from wondering at the rebellions of 1715 and 1745, the only wonder is that they did not break out sooner." The fact is, these rebellions had nothing to do with the sufferings of the Protestants of Scotland. Most of the Highlanders, if anything at all, were Papists. But even their rising Mr. Buckle attributes to base and unworthy sources. He sees no trace of a lofty though mistaken loyalty to a discredited dynasty, no noble spirit of devotion and devotedness to "the Prince;" nothing, in short, but the love of plunder and blind submission to barbaric chiefs. "They burst into insurrection because insurrection suited their habits, and because they hated all government and all order. They were thieves and murderers. No one who is really acquainted with their history will think them capable of having spilt their blood on behalf of any sovereign." This is ignorance or deliberate calumny. This low and wretched materialism, which traces all acts to the lowest and basest portion of our nature, pervades every estimate of Mr. Buckle. The wine of his nature has ceased to be vinous, and has become vinegar. He might write a splendid history of Pandemonium. Anywhere else he is all but out of his place.

Certainly, whatever censure may be passed on the Scottish Church and on its pastors and presbyteries, it is impossible to defend the miserable caitiffs who were selected from their number and made bishops. These bishops were created from the most unworthy of the Presbyterian clergy, and were ready to execute any mean and mercenary task—were it the betrayal of country, kindred, and religion if it pleased their employers, and increased their income. Episcopacy in Scotland was so degenerate, and so justly associated with all that was hateful to a proud and independent people, that it died down to its roots, and at this hour lives as a parasite on the crumbs thrown to it by the great and powerful Church

of England. Were the Scotch bishops and ministers of their body to give up sending yearly appeals for money into England, they would become extinct. The Scottish soil does not take to the episcopal communion, and this piece of statistics shows there is some force in the induction of Mr. Buckle that climate is a formative power in the life and history of nations. We regret to notice that in his examination of Scotch intellect during the seventeenth century, Mr. Buckle has collected the incidental follies and superstitions which were the lingering clouds on a steadily brightening sky, and these he has woven into a charge as unjust as it is monstrous. "The clergy, partly because they shared in the general delusion, and partly because they derived benefit from it, did everything they could to increase the superstition of their countrymen, and to familiarise them with notions of the supernatural world, such as can only be paralleled in the monastic legends of the middle ages." Among the proofs which he adduces is an extract from Fleming to the following effect—"There can hardly be instanced any great change or revolution in the earth which hath not had some such extraordinary herald going before—such as a flaming sword in the air—the appearance of armies fighting," &c.

Fleming here quotes the very words of Josephus, the Jewish historian, who states that such signs appeared at the fall of Jerusalem, and the statement of that faithful historian, who did not believe in the claims or predictions of the Messiah, has been adduced by writers on the Christian evidence as one proof of the fulfilment of those predictions which were enunciated on the sacred mount. Mr. Buckle says:—

"It was generally believed that the world was overrun by evil spirits, who not only went up and down the earth, but also lived in the air, and whose business it was to tempt and hurt mankind. At their head was Satan, whose delight it was to appear in person, ensnaring or terrifying every one he met. With this object he assumed various forms."

That these preachers of the seventeenth century so believed is absolutely true. They may have been wrong. But if wrong they are wrong with nine-tenths of the clergy of the Church of England for three hundred years, with the master minds of Christendom, and, what is equally true, with the inspired Scripture itself. The very charge we have quoted is nearly in the words of Scripture, and the ministers who were ordained, not to preach paganism, but Christianity, would have been betrayers of a sacred trust if they had kept back any truth clearly enunciated in the Divine record which it was their duty and their oath to inculcate. The incidental sketches of visions which good men believed to be actual were, no doubt, delusive. But they were the remaining traditions of a once universal superstition, which, like patches of snow in sheltered glens, had not yet dissolved in the advancing sunshine.

His next charge is that the Scotch clergy believed in a future hell or place of torment. This they doubtless did. If no such place exist Mr. Buckle must not stop here, he must carry his destructive assaults against the sacred volume and the Apostles. Lopping off the bad rhetoric in which some of the Scottish clergy indulged, the flowers of which our historian has gathered and set forth as the substance of their teaching, and repudiating the taste by which their sermons were too often defiled, they have stated what the Bible repeatedly asserts. If the notorious "Essayists and Reviewers" are right in their exegesis, Mr. Buckle's horror is well founded. So ignorant must he be of the language of Scripture, that he unconsciously quotes its very words from the pages of Binning, and Bishop Cowper, and Hutcheson, for his ridicule, indignation, and contempt. At pp. 377-379 his foot-notes contain most remarkable and unpardonable instances of this ignorance. At p. 384, "According to this code, all the natural affections, all social pleasures, all amusements, and all the joyous instincts of the human heart were sinful, and were to be rooted out. It was sinful for a mother to wish to have sons." This absurd exaggeration is founded on an observation in Wodrow's "Analecta":—"Lady Colfield had born two or three daughters, and was sinfully anxious after a son." Does not the word "sinfully" explain and justify the thought? What is the burden of the sublime morality pronounced on the Mount? Take no thought (*μη μετρω*), i.e., "sinful" anxiety, for to-morrow. What is meant by "Be careful for nothing?" What was the recorded sin of Rachel? What was the rebuke administered to Martha? She was "careful," i.e., "sinfully anxious," "about many things."

"To write poetry was a grievous offence." How does he prove this? In this way. The minister and magistrates of Greenock refused to appoint a schoolmaster who was a poetaster, and was "addicted to poem-making." He says, "the clergy forbade music during the festivities of a marriage." The evidence he adduces is, a solitary Kirk session "enacted that there should be no pipers at weddings." The Session showed its musical taste; and Mr. Buckle's admiration of bagpipes at a wedding, or in any civilized house, does not, in our judgment, indicate a very sensitive ear. His charge against the learned Dickson, Professor in the University of Glasgow, is, that he says, "the least sin cannot but deserve God's wrath and curse eternally." This may be wrong, but Revelation must be so too, for there we read, "Cursed is every one who continueth not in all things that are written in the law to do them;" and "whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all." It is not our province, nor is this the place to explain these things. It is sufficient to show that Mr. Buckle flings his charges nominally against imperfect men, but really against the inspired writers of the New Testament. Mr. Buckle denounces the clergy of every nation and creed with a ferocity totally unbecoming a historian. "The clergy in Catholic countries do more harm than in Protestant countries. The difference depends, not on the nature of the creed but on the power of the class." Nothing but an inveterate antipathy explains a remark so absurd. Every historian of mark is against him; every traveller of any observation contradicts him.

It is consoling that Mr. Buckle, after traversing a stunted desert, comes, in the eighteenth century, to a garden of Scottish literature. But even amid the flowers and foliage of the garden he cannot cool down his fretted spirit; "the Baillies, the Binnings, the Dicksons, the Durhams, the Flemings, the Gillespies, the Guthries, the Hendersons, the Rutherfords, and the rest of that monkish rabble," &c. &c. These men had grave defects, created very much by the age in which their lot was cast. The exposure of these errors becomes a literary duty. But no man who is acquainted with their writings, or conversant with the exalted piety they cherished amid sufferings martyrs only can meet, would dare to brand them as a "monkish rabble." Ignorance may excuse mis-statement, but it does not explain that intolerant and proscriptive spirit which feeds on garbage, and turns into vituperation and insult what the learned have admired, and the good have loved.

Mr. Buckle winds up his laborious investigations by showing that miracles are impossible—that cause and effect explain all. In the complex web of the history of mankind he discovers no openings for the manifestation of Deity. He regards the world as in a state of physical optimism, finished off and able to transact its own business, and carry on its own operations without a providence. We deny his corollary drawn from the positions accepted by divines, "that Omniscience has been deceived, and Omnipotence defeated." We deny his assertion that the Deity is lowered by being regarded "as inflicting punishments and bestowing rewards."

We prefer the poet to the historian, when he says—

"There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will."

No one can refuse to Mr. Buckle the credit of great research, vigorous language, and occasionally brilliant pictures. But no one who looks higher than the plane of this life, and sees sweep across the earth and the sea the shadow of a diviner presence than man, can accept either the hypothesis with which he starts, or the solution of events and phenomena which that hypothesis supplies. We regard Mr. Buckle's history as defective in all those inspiring and elevating lights which man needs to assure him he is not a dumb animal—a cog or crank or pin in a complicated machine—a sequence, or even a cause. He is great even in his littleness. He has a thirst which such springs as Mr. Buckle unseals can never remove—aspirations which he would but cannot repress, and a nature too magnificent for any created thing to satisfy.

OUR SOCIAL BEES.*

"Our Social Bees" is the general title to a collection of papers written at various times by Dr. Andrew Wynter, the author of "Curiosities of Civilization." The subjects treated of in this volume are manifold, as may be surmised from the mere titles of a few, such as "The Post-Office," "London Smoke," "Mock Auctions," "Hyde Park," "The India-rubber Artist," "A Chapter on Shop-windows," "The Wedding Bonnet," "Aërated Bread," "Club-chambers for the Married," "Needle-making," "Preserved Meats," "London Stout," "Palace-lights, Club-cards, and Bank-pens," "Wenham Lake Ice," "Candle-making," "The Sewing-machine," "The Philosophy of Babydom," "Brain Difficulties," "Human Hair," &c. &c. &c.

The author of this instructive volume possesses two gifts which are rarely combined together—patient investigation and a lively fancy. The happy union of such gifts enables him to make any matter that has engaged his own attention most attractive. Things that would be passed by without regard, and considered perhaps not worth a moment's notice—things suggestive of no idea outside of themselves—things that seem to be the merest, every-day, common-place matters, when touched by the skillful hand of Dr. Wynter, when analysed by his keen mind, and when illuminated by his brilliant imagination, are adorned with a new dignity, rise into importance, and are found well worthy of study, if not of admiration. There is the patience of the chemist conjoined to the sensitiveness of the poet; and every paper to be found in the volume is pregnant with instruction, abounding in the most curious information, and from the very profusion of materials supplied, suggestive of thought to every intelligent reader.

In the title which Dr. Wynter has given to this volume he reminds us of a Roman writer—Martial—whom, in one respect, he very much resembles, and that is in the power of imparting an importance to things that are apparently insignificant, by the manner in which he treats, and the mode in which he describes them. For Martial there is no subject, however humble, permitted to escape his versification. In his thirteenth and fourteenth books, for instance, he has written epigrams upon "lettuces," "cheeses," "mushrooms," "vinegar," "oil," "wines," "roses," "ivory and parchment tablets," "parasols," "dentifrice," "lanthorns," "iced-water," "over-coats," &c. &c. A specimen of his manner in treating all such topics is exhibited in the following lines "Upon a Bee in Amber," sufficient of themselves to have immortalised their author:—

"Et latet, et lucet, Phaetontide condita gutta,
Ut videatur apis nectare clausa suo:
Dignum tantorum pretium tulit illa laborum,
Credibile est ipsam sic voluisse mori."†

The Latin poet was satisfied with a pretty conceit, or a well-balanced line upon the subjects he wrote about; but such is not the case with the English author. He is not content with mere good writing, he penetrates the mystery of everything, analyzes, dissects, turns it inside out, "ventilates" it, shows why the public should take an interest in it, wherefore it is of importance, what is its usefulness, and "the reason why" it should be no longer passed by, without due consideration being attached to it. Martial enshrined "a bee" in the amber of his own poetry; but if Dr. Wynter had to deal with the same topic, he would have told his readers all that it was useful or interesting for them to know, not only as regarded the insect itself, and the material in which it was enclosed, but how it was connected with the trades, the occupations, and the amusements of "our Social Bees," the shoemakers, wax-chandlers, fashionable society, &c.

In a volume like this, which deals with so many different subjects, it is difficult to make one or two extracts, and expect the reader to be satisfied with such as adequate specimens of the author's manner in discussing a topic to which he invites public attention. We cannot render sufficient justice to the author by such extracts, but we desire to do so; and in the hope that we may, in some respects at least, succeed, we take the following from an article on "brain difficulties," a subject of vital importance, treated by Dr. Wynter with the hand of a master:—

"Dr. Brigham, of Boston, in the United States, gives a most deplorable account of the increase of cerebral disorders in his own country, in which he asserts that insanity and other brain diseases are three times as prevalent as in England. This statement would seem to confirm the notion that go-aheadism—if we may be allowed the term—is straining the mental fabric to its breaking point. And we must remember that the mischief must not be gauged merely by the number of those who fall by the wayside; there must be an enormous amount of latent mental exhaustion going on, which medicine takes no count of. It is a matter of general observation, that the children of men of intellectual eminence often possess feeble if not diseased brains, for the simple reason that the parents have unduly exercised that organ. What applies to individuals, in a certain modified degree applies to the race. A generation that overtakes its brains is but too likely to be succeeded by a second still more enfeebled in its mental organization, and this exhaustive process must go on increasing if the social causes producing it continue in operation."

Our author, it will be seen, laments, like Horace, a diminution of the "rusticorum mascula militum proles;" and his complaint is an unintentional version of the lines—

"Ætas parentum, pejor avis, tulit
Nos nequiores, mox daturos
Progeniem vitiosorem."

Without stopping to compare the present state of society, and the mental deterioration consequent upon such periods of convulsion as prevailed in Rome for fifty years prior to the despotism of Augustus, or that shook the world from the outbreak of the French Revolution in 1789 until 1815, and that have agitated Europe from 1848 to the present hour, we may show what are the means suggested by Dr. Wynter for arresting an awful malady. One part of the fol-

* Our Social Bees; or, Pictures of Town and Country Life, and other Papers. By Andrew Wynter, M.D., Author of "Curiosities of Civilization," &c. London: Robert Hardwicke, 192, Piccadilly. 1861.

† A proof that Martial himself was greatly pleased with his own composition, is that he has treated the same subject a second time.—See his lines "Upon an Ant enclosed in Amber," lib. vi., ep. 15.

lowing extract we have taken the liberty of marking in italics; its importance, we believe, cannot be overrated:—

"If we could take count of the number of able men who, at the very height of their efficiency, and in the very plenitude of their power, are struck with insidious cerebral disease, such as softening of the brain, and drop out of life as gradually and as noiselessly as the leaf slowly tinges, withers, and then flutters to the ground; if medicine had any system of statistics which could present us with a measure of the amount of paralysis that comes under its observation, or of the apoplectic seizures which so suddenly blot out life, we should doubtless be astonished at the very large increase which has of late years taken place in affections of the brain. It is just possible that the tendency lately observable in the community to take a little more breath in the race of life, to *prolong its annual holiday, and to favour the habit of physical exercise, of which the Volunteer movement is a noble example, will do something to check the degenerating process at present undoubtedly going on*; meanwhile we must see what we can do to remedy the existing evil. It is, we believe, within the province of art to arrest in its early stages many disorders of the brain, if notice were only given in time; but the golden opportunity is allowed to slip, and disordered function slowly but surely merges into disordered organization. We know full well that at least eighty per cent. of cases of insanity are curable if treated early; and we also know that of those received into the great county asylums scarcely ten per cent. ever recover. The difference between the two drop through into the condition of drivelling idiots, or of raving maniacs, simply because the counter influences of medicine have been sought too late."

Here, then, are most valuable suggestions given to all persons in all classes of society; but in treating of such a subject—one that the author has deeply studied in all its ramifications—he does not omit imparting to the casual reader a useful warning. As he has told the public of the dangers of neglect, so here he apprises them of the perils of over-anxiety. The warning cannot be conveyed in better, more brief, or more effective terms than the words of Dr. Wynter himself:—

"There can be found no more curious chapter in the history of the human body and mind than that which relates to the phenomenon of morbid attention directed to the different organs. The power of influencing any particular portion of the animal economy by the concentration of our attention upon it, is so marvellous, that we wonder the method of its action has not been more thoroughly investigated than it appears to have been. It would seem as though the mind possessed the power of modifying the functions of distant parts of the body, and of exciting sensations quite independent of any act of volition. The mere act of attention to any particular organ over which we possess no muscular control, is sufficient to produce some alteration of its functions. Thus we may will that a spot on the skin shall itch, and it will itch, if we can only localize our attention upon the point sufficiently; by directing our thoughts to the heart, it rapidly beats; by soliciting the lower intestine it is quickly brought into action. There is scarcely an organ of the body which is not liable to be interfered with by simply concentrating the attention upon it. Whole regions of superficial nerves, such as those of the skin in the neck, may be excited in their action to the highest degree by the mere expectation of being tickled there. The nervous attention may become so persistent as to cause actual disease. We have a familiar instance in dyspepsia, where the patient is for ever thinking of his stomach, and at last diseased function degenerates into diseased organization, and he falls into the condition of a helpless hypochondriac. But if an altitude of concentrated attention upon his mere animal functions is thus capable of producing disease in them, what effect has it upon the mind itself? Sir Henry Holland has very subtly remarked, that it appears to be a condition of our wonderful existence, that while we can safely use our faculties in exploring every part of outward nature, we cannot sustain those powers when directed inward to the source and centre of their operations—in other words, the mind, when it persists for any length of time in analyzing itself, scorpion-like, stings and destroys its own action. That we can as readily injure our brains as our stomachs by pertinaciously directing our attention to fancied diseases in them, cannot be doubted, and that mere perversion of ordinary modes of thought, such as may exist in minds only functionally disordered, may be fixed by the action of morbid attention, so as to constitute permanent aberration, is equally certain."

With these extracts we must close our notice of this book. We have quoted but from a single article, and the volume is composed of articles which afford alike instruction and amusement. A more pleasant book to read in one's study, or to have as a travelling companion, there cannot be, than Doctor Wynter's collection of essays, entitled, "Our Social Bees."

THE ANGLO-SAXON CHRONICLE.*

THERE were few monasteries, at any period of the Middle Ages, which did not possess something in the shape of a library, however small; and, by the industry of monks, whose taste from time to time led them to employ their leisure in transcribing, as well as by the generosity of benefactors, they became gradually enlarged. At first the small stock would probably consist of liturgical and theological works, but the difference of individual tastes in transcribers and donors, and the wants of the monastery itself, would soon give it greater variety. As the monastery became endowed with possessions, its monks wanted a chartulary, and would become desirous of any treatises calculated to assist them in the management of their lands; and, in their discussions among themselves or in their relations with others, questions must frequently have arisen in which they wanted books of historical reference, both general and local. It was out of this want that arose what we call monastic chronicles. The easiest way of obtaining a book of this kind was to borrow some approved history from another monastery and copy it; but this only half supplied what was required, and a remedy was found in leaving a margin in the copy where historical notes relating to the particular monastery and its neighbourhood might be entered as they were obtained, or in mixing up the two series of materials in one text. The particular manuscript of the history became thus identified with the house to which it belonged. In many monasteries, one member of the fraternity undertook, or was appointed to, the task of keeping the monastic chronicle, and continuing it by noting down contemporary events. Thus, in many instances, the monastic chronicle is, in its groundwork, a mere copy of some well known general chronicle or history, with interpolations of matter of a more local character than the original text, and with original continuations.

These remarks seem necessary to explain to the general reader what the "Anglo-Saxon Chronicle" is, and why it is edited in its present form. The "Anglo-Saxon Chronicle" is by far the most important record of our national history down to the middle of the twelfth century. Seven manuscripts of it, one or two imperfect, remain, which have originally belonged to monastic establishments in different parts of the island. It is written in the Anglo-Saxon language, and a very considerable portion of the text is identical materially and verbally, so that it cannot be doubted that there was one original model from which all the copies were derived. The copyists from this model, in executing their tasks, sometimes abridged the original, but more frequently added to it, and these additions are often of the most important kind, and belong more or less to the particular district which possessed the manuscript. Thus, one is most full on southern events, and probably belonged to a West-Saxon library; another belonged to the monks of Canterbury, and contains matter peculiar to itself relating to Kentish history; a third belonged to Peterborough, and contains matter relating to that important monastic house and to East Anglia; another, again, was perhaps written at Worcester, and runs upon events of Mercian history; and a fifth contains its own notices of events which occurred in Northumbria. It is quite evident from the very nature of these different copies, that the old plan of editing the "Anglo-Saxon Chronicle," either by making one text out of the whole, or by arbitrarily choosing one text and giving the principal additions of the other manuscripts at the foot of the page, was a very unsatisfactory one; for it led the reader to assume that he was using one uniform book, and left him in the dark as to the particular antho-

* The Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, according to the several original authorities. Edited, with a Translation, by Benjamin Thorpe. Published by the authority of the Lords Commissioners of her Majesty's Treasury, under the direction of the Master of the Rolls. 2 vols. royal 8vo. London: Longman & Co. 1861.

city of each part, whereas, in fact, each manuscript is one separate book, and together they form, according to what we have said above, a collection of chronicles of monastic houses. We, therefore, approve entirely the plan adopted by Mr. Thorpe in the present edition, of printing the complete text of each manuscript separately, and placing them side by side in parallel columns.

As to the history of the formation of this celebrated chronicle, we are totally in the dark. Down to a certain point it is evidently a compilation, and some have supposed that this earlier part was translated from a Latin original, but it is not even by any means clear at what point of the history it begins to be, strictly speaking, a contemporary record. None of the manuscripts appear to us to be older than the latter half of the tenth century, and we are inclined to ascribe the compilation to about that period, when the Anglo-Saxon language was so largely adopted by the clergy in place of the Latin. Several reasons, of which we have not here space for the discussion, lead us to reject Mr. Thorpe's suggestion, that the original "Anglo-Saxon Chronicle" was compiled by King Alfred, or by some of his ecclesiastics under his direction. We are generally so well informed, either by Alfred himself or by old writers of some authority, on the history of that king's literary works, that we think that, if he had executed so remarkable a work as a model chronicle of England for the use of his countrymen and their descendants, such an act would have been fully recorded in history. If this were the case, why should we not find attached to the "Anglo-Saxon Chronicle" a preface like those with which most of Alfred's books were furnished? Nor can it be pleaded that such a preface might have existed, and may have been lost in the remaining manuscripts; for the "Anglo-Saxon Chronicle" was well known to the English chroniclers and historical writers of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, and if such a preface had existed then, they would hardly have overlooked the information it would have given relating to the authorship of the book, if its author had been King Alfred the Great.

The name of the "Anglo-Saxon Chronicle" is so well known that it is not necessary for us to enter into any examination of it, any more than if we were noticing a new edition of Milton or Shakspeare. It is a clear and authentic account, the great part of it contemporary and expressed in the language of the people, of some of the most momentous events of our history. Mr. Thorpe, also, is too well known as an Anglo-Saxon scholar to render it necessary for us to say that the texts are carefully edited, and that the excellent English translation with which it is accompanied renders it accessible to every class of readers. The "Anglo-Saxon Chronicle" has been edited and translated several times; but the present edition is so much superior to anything that has been done before, and in this new form it is so much more useful, that the Master of the Rolls was, we think, fully justified in departing, in this instance, from the rule of publishing only texts previously inedited.

PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY.*

THIS is a reprint in a separate form of the article published in the new edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," and will probably be found to be a valuable addition to those priceless treatises in which the rigour of exact scientific knowledge and the utmost scope of learning are united with a purely classical style, and thus placed within the range of national perusal. Perhaps no part of the long and eminent labours of Sir John Herschel has been, intellectually speaking, more purely philanthropic, and inspired by a more noble sense of the true sources of discovery than his early and constant devotion to the object of rendering the exact sciences intelligible, in some important degree, to the generality of the people. Our literature now abounds with popular manuals upon almost every conceivable subject. But this has not long been the case. True popularisation is yet in its infancy. Moreover, a mere manual purporting to be popular does not necessarily fulfil its object. Very peculiar qualifications are required for the task, a combination of opposite faculties very rarely to be met with, at least in so high a degree as to ensure the luminous simplicity and the living warmth essential to its success. On the one hand, to master the theory of any one of the great sciences requires, in the present day, powers of abstraction of an uncommon order. On the other hand very few men who have those powers of abstraction have also the versatility of mind required for the translation of abstract results into the common images of popular thought. The very process is almost a science in itself, and one of which, in this country, Sir John Herschel has given the very highest examples. In beauty and purity of style, depth of illustration, and mastery of his subject, his treatise on astronomy is probably unsurpassed, and it would not be easy to overrate the benefits conferred upon the progress of science both by this work and his early discourse on the study of natural philosophy, which may fairly be said to have helped to inspire the career of a whole generation of scientific men now beginning to rest upon their laurels.

The treatise now before us on physical geography is peculiarly valuable, coming from Sir John Herschel's pen. His long and intimate connection with the labours of all the learned societies in the world, has placed the richest materials at his disposal, and the result is a volume equally welcome to the student and to the more general reader. Geography may be considered either in its political and historical aspects, as it deals with states and empires, communities and races, their habits, manners, occupations, their commerce and statistics, their military aptitudes, available products, intercommunication, and relative dependence upon soil, climate, and other influences. Descriptive geography, on the other hand, neglects political boundaries, and is concerned with the scientific picture of the outer face of our globe. The exact delineation of coast-lines, internal seas, lakes, the courses and embankments of rivers, the configuration and mould of the surface of the land—mountains, valleys, plains, their external aspect, soil, scenery, animal, vegetable, mineral productions, irrespective or but little respective of their uses to man, or of their connection, *inter se*, or of the causes which have operated upon them—these are the objects of "Descriptive Geography." "Of all these," to use the words of the author, "it would be the business of a perfect 'Descriptive Geography' to exhibit a true and faithful picture, a sort of daguerreotype, without note or comment. Such comment it is the object of 'Physical Geography' to supply."

The aim of physical geography is to exhibit the particulars gathered and stored up by descriptive geography, as constituting a harmonious whole, under the operation of the general laws of physics, and as "bound together by mutual relations and interdependencies, and subordinate to a great scheme of providential arrangement." These words assign a place to Sir John Herschel in the ranks of those philosophers who believe in the doctrine known by the name of "final causes," repudiated by the positivists. But physical geography does not enter into the proof of the general laws of physics which belong to other sciences. It accepts the results of astronomy, dynamics, geology, meteorology, and merely exhibits their laws as displayed in operation, "wherever they project in relief, and stand forward as luminiferous examples (*instantiæ luciferæ*) of the application of theoretical views on the great scale." Thus, from astronomy we learn that the

superficial area of the globe is about 197,000,000 of square miles, its solid contents about 260,000,000 millions of cubic statute miles. Thus it appears that the surface of the globe is about 2,200 times as great as that of England, Scotland, and Wales together, or that our island comprises the 224th part of the area of the globe. Again, the average density of the globe is calculated at 5½ times that of water, whence the whole weight of the globe is computed at about 5,852 trillions (5,852,000,000,000,000,000) of tons. But according to Perkins' experiments upon the increased density of water under every additional pressure of 100 atmospheres, the whole ocean would flow into a channel less than a square mile in sectional area, opened from the bottom of the sea to the centre of the earth, under an actual pressure of 300,000 atmospheres, supposing the same ratio to hold good under all pressures.

One of two things must then happen: either the water would be compressed into solidity, or must be sustained from so doing by an increased elasticity, the effect of an exceedingly high temperature. If the former, the whole globe would be inconceivably heavier than it is. But, in reality, its mean density is only 5½ times that of water. Whatever the internal contents of the globe, therefore, the immense pressure must be counteracted by some immense elasticity. Experiments show an increase of 1° Fahrenheit for every 90 feet of depth, and the phenomena of volcanoes and hot springs tend to show that this elastic internal force which counteracts the solidifying effect of pressure is, in fact, heat. Moreover the density of the materials is believed, on strong scientific grounds, to follow an increasing progression as we proceed downwards. Hence we can assume the absence of upward currents, and may look upon the earth, considered on the great scale, to be in a state of absolute quiescence, enough so at least, at all events, to prevent the central heat from being carried to the surface by the material transfer of heated and molten matter.

"Under such circumstances, we learn from Thermotics that the escape of heat from the interior, through the external shell of the earth out into the air and free space, must be of the most inconceivable slowness; so much so, that no appreciable share in producing or maintaining the warmth of the surface can be attributed to it, and that the difference of climates and local temperature is the result entirely of external influences, which it belongs to Meteorology to develop."

Again, from dynamics we learn that the elliptic form of the earth is due to its rotation on its axis, and that a shifting of its axis would entail a submergence of the existing land; and it also teaches us that no such shifting ever can have taken place, or ever will. But geology assures us that continents have once been submerged, and ocean beds laid bare, not once only, but repeatedly, nay, that the process is actually going on. We must therefore look elsewhere than to a change in the axis of rotation for the causes of such a fact. Geology teaches us that the land is maintained in its present elevated state by the action of an internal force resisting the levelling action of the external waters; while its actual position, the configuration of our continents and islands, the courses of our rivers and soundings of our oceans, are not things primordially arranged in the construction of our globe; but results of successive and complex actions on a former state of things; that, again, of similar actions on another still more remote; and thus an interminable vista is opened up before and behind us, while the habitability of our planet is secured amid the total abolition on it of the present theatres of terrestrial life.

Successive submersions and reconstructions, fresh corresponding fauna and flora, even the denizens of the ocean itself having no exemption from this great law of a change operating, neither exclusively by a gradual progressive variation of species, nor exclusively by a sudden abolition of one race and introduction of another entirely new, but by a series of overlappings, leaving the last portion of the old in co-existence with the earlier members of the new series, higher forms appearing, moreover, at every stage of the process up to the final and culminating point of humanity, and the existing order of things; such is the geological picture of the revolutions of the external aspects of the globe, conceived and presented to us by Sir John Herschel. It is utterly impossible for us in our restricted space to give an account of the immense amount of information so admirably and lucidly compressed in the volume before us. But in connection with the geological portion of the work we will quote a note added in 1861 by Sir John Herschel, containing his views upon Mr. Darwin's book on the Origin of Species, a passage which will be read with no little curiosity:—

"This was written previous to the publication of Mr. Darwin's work on the Origin of Species, a work which, whatever its merit or ingenuity, we cannot, however, consider as having disproved the view taken in the text. We can no more accept the principle of arbitrary and casual variation and natural selection as a sufficient account, *per se*, of the past and present organic world, than we can receive the Laputan method of composing books (pushed à l'outrance) as a sufficient one of Shakspeare and the 'Principia.' Equally, in either case, an intelligence, guided by a purpose, must be continually in action to bias the directions of the steps of change—to regulate their amount—to limit their divergence—and to continue them in a definite course. We do not believe that Mr. Darwin means to deny the necessity of such intelligent direction. But it does not, so far as we can see, enter into the formula of his law; and without it we are unable to conceive how the law can have led to the results. On the other hand, we do not mean to deny that such intelligence may act according to a law (that is to say, on a preconceived and definite plan). Such law, stated in words, would be no other than the actual observed law of organic succession; or one more general, taking that form when applied to our own planet, and including all the links of the chain which have disappeared. But the one law is a necessary supplement to the other, and ought, in all logical propriety, to form a part of its enunciation. Granting this, and with some demur as to the genesis of man, we are far from disposed to repudiate the view taken of this mysterious subject in Mr. Darwin's work."

PRISON BOOKS.*

MR. LANGFORD has hit on a good subject. It was a bright idea to bring together some of the more illustrious prisoners who had beguiled the weary hours of their captivity by noble essays or beautiful poems, and to show by them how far superior to circumstance is the imperishable thought—how the mind surpasses and overtops the frail and miserable body.

"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage:
A spotless mind, and innocent,
Calls that a hermitage;
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free,—
Angels alone that are above
Enjoy such liberty."

So sang Richard Lovelace, cavalier, soldier, poet, prisoner, when he had only his own high heart to bear him up over the frets and troubles of a painful fortune, and the gracious beauty of song to shed its light in the narrow darkness of a cell. And so felt, and in their various ways expressed, the nobler of the men of whom Mr. Langford has undertaken to be the chronicler and critic: they all experienced that divine freedom of the soul which no bars could hem in, and no chains bind down to servility or despair. It is above all things instructive to mark how the cause for which a man suffers helps to degrade or ennoble him; how the martyr to oppression, for freedom's sake rises up all the nobler for his martyrdom, while the victim of his own discovered vice sinks as low as that vice

* Physical Geography. By Sir John F. W. Herschel, Bart., K.H., M.A., F.R.S.L., F.G.S., &c.

* Prison Books and their Authors. By John Alfred Langford. London: William Tegg.

would have him. Read the difference in the bearing of Dr. Dodd—that popular preacher of his day, vain, licentious, ostentatious, unprincipled, yet so hardly dealt with by the law that from a criminal he was transformed into a victim—and that of John Bunyan, our brave old Puritan, suffering for conscience sake, yet suffering also because of the leaven of obstinacy and self will, the old Adam of fierce dogmatism that hung round him, and we can see at once how much the cause contributes to the manner of endurance, how frail men may be made strong and strong men frail by the nature of the thing for which the thoughts and curbs are laid on them. See with what hearty gallantry Lovelace bore his fate! Rich in his own beautiful fancies, strong in his devoted loyalty, he carried his imprisonment with the bravery of a bright and joyous nature, sure of the future, content in the present, and revelling luxuriously in the gayest memories of the past; then turn to Southwell, and try to measure the strength of his deep, fervent, ascetic piety, test that burning zeal, that passionate conviction, that yearning desire for all mankind to come to the truth as it was to him, which no prison walls could narrow—that inner light of earnest conviction which no prison gloom could darken—and surely we must acknowledge that it was not only in the character of the individual that this vast difference of manner lay, but in the character of the thing as well—in the essential power of the cause. One indeed, and this the noblest of them all, we must except from the list of the unfalteringly brave. But this exception is only for a moment, and does not touch the real worth and beauty of the man. Raleigh, whose very name stirs one's blood with the poetry and heroism that elings about it, for one little moment forgot his better self and belied his grander instincts. He was "broken in his brains," and the desire of life was strong within him. How should it not be, with such work lying undone as only his hand could have wrought into completeness? But he craved for life with something of a selfish feeling as well, though for only a moment; even going to the folly of taking drugs to make himself look white and ill, that so the men who saw him might sympathise with him, and give him back his freedom from the contemptuous pity which deems a man too weak to bear his manly burden; and he attempted an escape which was so obviously impossible and compromising, that one feels his great mind must have been weakened indeed, ere it could have received such unstable shadows for realities. But the weakness passed, when the "broken brains" recovered their strength and health, and Raleigh lived in prison as he had lived out of it, in confinement as in the world of action and adventure, the brave hero, the noble thinker, the philosopher, poet, statesman, girt with the fire of genius and endowed with the power of energy—one of the rarest souls and most bewitching natures of all that heroic time, so rich as it was in great worth and noble work. "None but my father would keep such a bird in such a cage!" said Prince Henry, with the grieving of ineffectual sorrow; and he was right. It was reserved for vile and clumsy James, who thought vice less deadly than freedom, and believed in a king's divine right to commit sin as well as to rule irresponsibly—it was reserved for him to become the executioner of such a subject as Walter Raleigh—a man whose lustre was too great for that jealous kingdom to bear beside it, and whose mighty stature dwarfed to unendurable meanness the baser nature sitting crowned and throned above the better man. Very sad and touching, while so thrilling, is the whole life of Raleigh; such a picture as it is of great aims so often missing their point, of nought but collateral good resulting from direct and passionate endeavour. Raleigh obtained little of what he sought; but, like the old alchemists, he gained for humanity and posterity incalculable advantages indirectly discovered and never actually looked for. It is a life which possesses the most marvellous fascination for any reader, standing as it does on the very confines of romance, yet without losing anything of the sharpness and incisive distinctness of reality. His prison hours were rendered valuable for all time; and James, who kept this glorious bird in so unworthy a cage, could not hinder the strong-winged flight heavenward, nor shut out the light of the sun from the bold and yearning eyes.

A worthy requiem, and sung by worthy lips!

"Sir John Eliot, the victim of the tyranny of Charles the First, as Sir Walter Raleigh had been of his father James the First, found consolation in similar studies, and employed his prison hours in like labours. In his immortal Prison-Book, 'The Monarchie of Man,' he thus eloquently and nobly writes of his great predecessor:—'Shall I not add, as parallel to this, a wonder and example of our own? Such as if that old philosopher (Ramus) were yet living, without dishonour he might acknowledge, as the equal of his virtue. Take it in that—else unmatched—fortitude of our Raleigh! the magnanimity of his sufferings, that large chronicle of fortitude! All the preparations that are terrible presented to his eye—guards and officers about him—fetters and chains upon him—and then the axe, and more cruel expectation of his enemies! And what did all this work on the resolution of this worthy? Made it an impression of weak fear? or a distraction of his reason? Nothing so little did that great soul suffer! but gathered more strength and advantage upon either. His mind became the clearer, as if already it had been freed from the cloud and oppression of the body; and the trial gave an illustration to his courage, so that it changed the affection of his enemies, and turned their joy to sorrow, and all men else it filled with admiration, leaving no doubt but this, whether death were more acceptable to him, or he more inclined to death!'"

Surrey and Cervantes, too, were noble names to be inscribed on the fatal register of prisons; but round the one hangs nothing but the sweetest odour of honour and nobility, enshrined in the dim light of fable and romance as it is, while the other has just that one touch of practical incapacity by which certain men are always landed, poor and helpless, to the door of death. Great powers of mind, and the brightest marvels of intellect, are not enough for a man's safe-conduct through the world. He wants, besides, that indescribable touch of "business faculty,"—that nameless quality of common sense and practical ability which, better than any gift of genius, makes his walk secure and his holding firm. Without this faculty, we find the highest names in art and science and genius, always miserably poor; hunted by duns, and haunted by debts; living half their days in prison, and, when out of it, trailing a painful existence on doles and alms and the casual help of the noble patron, but for the most part starving in garrets or rotting in dungeons, while the whole world is laughing at their jokes, or revelling in their royal fancies of grace and beauty, or revolutionizing the age by the help of their immortal discoveries. It is not the world's fault that this should be so. It is scarcely to be expected that even the nobler of the incapables should find a succession of dry-nurses ready and willing to help them to live. As man is, so must his future remain to him; and it is rare indeed to find one so completely the victim of circumstances that he could not, if he would, have made himself their master. When he is so thoroughly the victim, it is because he is unfit to be their master,—because he is under the inexorable law which punishes weakness and incapacity, no matter what its special form, and because he cannot escape the decree of the inevitable. These are not too harsh words to say even of the great Cervantes; for his imprisonments were for nothing more heroic than debt and difficulty, and that finest effort of human genius, "Don Quixote de la Mancha," was planned, if not actually written, under the pressure of incarceration for debt—by no means the first of the long series. For poor Cervantes was for ever being pounced upon by the harder-hearted of his creditors, who cared less for wit than they did for punctuality of payment, and who made him nurse his

fancies in the stifling atmosphere of a Spanish debtor's prison, for lack of gold to buy him back to freedom and fresh air. A most unsatisfactory life, in spite of the great guerdon of genius with which it was dowered, and sadly eloquent of the normal incapacity for every-day duties of one of the finest minds of the age. But Mr. Langford sees only the poetic side of even this phase of failure, and turns its lessons to good account, and, indeed, what he says of the value of his special experiences of the author is perfectly just and true.

"Stern and sorrowful and full of suffering as was the life of Cervantes, it is to be doubted if any other would have been so profitable to him as an author. His trials and adventures were material upon which his genial nature fed and grew strong. His experience as a soldier, as a captive, as a money collector, was all so much capital on which he wisely drew, and which yielded him ample returns, outweighing all those of money which a more thrifty man might have gathered therefrom. This face-to-face communion with the world made him a brave, wise, large-experienced man, and gave him such a rich store of character and adventure that his genius is never at a loss, because it was based upon the actual. He knew men and women as they are, not as they are drawn in books by authors who create their own men and women; and thus his pages are vital, his characters have flesh and blood, and, with one or two exceptions, we enter as heartily into the doings of Don Quixote and his renowned squire as do those worthies themselves. These few exceptions are the pastoral love tales which, in accordance with the custom of the age, he now and then introduces into his romance. But even these are not the insipid things which for the most part such tales are. These are sometimes introduced in a perplexing manner, interrupting the course of the adventure; but, for the most part, we always read them with pleasure; and where there is too much of the pastoral sentimentalism about them, there are always touches of Cervantes which redeem them from the ordinary fate of such intrusions—a malediction and a rapid passing on to the next chapter."

Mr. Langford repeats, but in a foot-note honestly corrects (why, then, keep the blunder still in the text?) the old fable of how Cervantes in Spain, and Shakespeare in England, yielded up their souls to death, and their names to immortal fame, on one and the same day—the 23rd of April, 1616. But this was a mistake, though one very natural for casual chroniclers to make; for the English had not then altered their calendar, so that there was a difference of ten days between the Spanish date and this, which destroys the coincidence of even the month.

Mr. Langford's book is only a glimpse of what might have been done with the subject; and, indeed, is only an instalment of his own future intentions. He has but alluded to many of the most interesting prison authors, such as Tasso, Silvio Pellico, Sir John Eliot, while James IV. of Scotland, Henry Marten, Béranger, Lammenais, and others to the full as noteworthy, he has passed over altogether in silence. Perhaps these are to come after in the future volumes which the world is to have if the critics are kind. So, at least, says a boyish and somewhat silly and undignified preface. As it is, the list is not a very long one, beginning with Boethius and his "De Consolatione Philosophiæ," and ending with Thomas Cooper and his "Purgatory of Suicides," including between these two limits slight sketches of Surrey, Cervantes, Raleigh, Southwell, George Wither, Lovelace, Bunyan, Dr. Dodd—miserablest of most miserable shams and "windbags"—James Montgomery, Leigh Hunt, and Cooper. The book does not quite please us. It is one of those with more sound than substance in it, fuller of words than of ideas, and with a certain strain after Carlyle-like effects and modes of speech which makes it not unlike the old fable of the frog and the ox. There is, too, a want of the true ring in it, which makes it less than profitable reading. It is very slightly done, yet it assumes to be comprehensive and exhaustive; it aims at being lofty, heroic, full of noble thoughts and high-souled sentiments, yet, stripped of its wordiness, it is singularly meagre and poor, and adds nothing to our sources of inspiration or encouragement. The subject is a first-rate one, and Mr. Langford might have made a striking book, had he been so minded; but he has contented himself with skimming instead of diving, and has put a few fine phrases in the room of philosophic thoughts. This is a common mistake at the present day, and one into which the ardent, the indolent, and the young are specially liable to fall; but Mr. Langford has better stuff in him than what he has used up in his "Prison Books," and we trust that his second series will be of firmer material and stouter workmanship than his first. One word on the portraits. When will publishers learn that such trash as the things given here are no "illustrations," but hideous blemishes on the pages, false in art, unconscientious in morality, and infinitely damaging to both author and publisher? The rage for cheap art is ruining all the truth, and beauty, and usefulness of art, and soon we shall have nothing left us but these catchpenny cuts which do not fulfil one single requisite of illustration or adornment.

RONEY'S MONTH IN IRELAND.*

THIS is a shilling book, and the best arranged work, as a guide and instructor of travellers, we have met with. Sir C. Roney is a great authority upon the subject which he writes about, for there is no man living who has done so much to introduce and extend railway travelling in Ireland, whilst his name is identified with one of the most difficult railway projects ever yet successfully accomplished, viz., the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada. He commences his book in the proper manner, by pointing out what are the different routes to be taken for a person who has resolved upon making a month's tour in Ireland; he then shows what is the expense of travelling to that country, then what it will cost to travel through Ireland, whether by railway, coaches, or cars. Another, and a very material point dwelt upon by the author, is the cost of hotel accommodation, its cheapness as compared to such accommodation in England; and, lastly, the advantages enjoyed by the British traveller in Ireland as compared with the annoyances and inconveniences to which he is exposed upon the continent. Amongst the reasons which the author urges to induce English men and women to visit Ireland we quote the following, written in the spirit of an honest and hospitable Irishman:—

"Go there, and in addition to finding scenery as interesting, as grand, and as picturesque as you can meet with in any part of the world, you will see a country that was badly governed, but that is now rapidly evincing the happy results which flow from just laws, equal for all, and administered with good feeling and impartiality. You will also come in contact with a peasantry who, you will learn, were degraded, but who, at the present day, are industrious, well clad, and well fed, and able to bring to their labour material strength and intelligence. In the society of your own rank, you will meet the combination of the well-educated Englishman with the less restrained familiarity of continental habits. From all classes you will experience courtesy, kindness, and a heartiness that will quickly convince you you are among fellow subjects, that you are in a father-land, that as much belongs to you as it does to those who dwell in it."

We have but one fault to find with this book. We do not think the author has sufficiently dwelt upon the advantages of travelling from London to Ireland by Milford Haven and Waterford. Such a route combines together all the beauties of scenery accessible by the South Wales Railway, as well as those which are at once within the tourist's reach in Ireland the moment he lands at Waterford.

* How to spend a Month in Ireland, and what it will cost. By Sir Cusack P. Roney. London: W. Smith & Sons, 186, Strand. Dublin: McGlashan & Gill, Upper Sackville-street; Smith & Sons, 21, Lower Sackville-street. 1861.